JOHN A. SEAVERNS

CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN.

Second Series.

—

VOL. II.

CELEBRITIES I HAVE KNOWN;

WITH

EPISODES, POLITICAL, SOCIAL, SPORTING, AND THEATRICAL.

BY

LORD WILLIAM PITT LENNOX.

Second Series.

" Papillon du Parnasse, et semblable aux abeilles,
A qui le bon Platon compare nos merveilles;
Je suis chose légère, et vole à tout sujet,
Je vais de fleur en fleur, et d'objet en objet."

LA FONTAINE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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AUTHORS AND WITS.

JAMES AND HORACE SMITH, ALBERT SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

HORACE AND JAMES SMITH—"THE REJECTED ADDRESSES"—ALBERT SMITH—ASCENT OF MONT BLANC—PASSPORTS.

JAMES SMITH, one of the authors of the "Rejected Addresses," the son of a solicitor to the Ordnance, was born in 1775. In 1802 he joined the staff of the "Pic-Nic" newspaper, which, after changing its name to the "Cabinet," died the following year. In 1812 the two Smiths became famous by their inimitable parodies on the writings of Wordsworth, Cobbett, Southey, Coleridge, Crabbe, Byron, Theodore Hook, &c. Never was anything better hit off than the faults of Wordsworth; the savage scorn of Cobbett; the extravagance of theme and unwise experiments in rhythm of Southey; the dreamy indistinctness of Coleridge; the homely pathos of Crabbe; the poetical images of Byron; and the inexhaustible puns of Hook. The copyright originally offered to that "Anak of publishers," as Byron called Mr. Murray, for twenty pounds, was purchased by him in 1819,

after the sixteenth edition, for one hundred and thirty-one pounds. James Smith was the chief deviser of the elder Mathews' entertainments. He wrote the "Country Cousins" in 1820, and in the two succeeding years the "Trip to France" and the "Trip to America;" for the last two works he received a thousand pounds. Well did he earn it, for although he was wont to call these entertainments nonsense, they were replete with true touches of wit and pathos, faithful traits of life and character, admirably illustrated with songs set to the most popular tunes. James Smith I knew intimately, and a more agreeable companion I never met. He was the essence of good humour, politeness, and witty to the greatest degree. Although a victim to gout, probably his only enemy, he never showed the slightest symptoms of irritability. He was quick at repartee, a clever punster; perhaps, however, his most available talent was the readiness with which he gave epigrammatic point to ordinary sayings. Many of his best jokes were attributed to Theodore Hook, who was not overscrupulous in adapting them as his own. A few have never, I believe, appeared in print.

One evening when I had promised to meet him at the Garrick Club to dine early, I was, owing to the fog and the crowded state of the streets, ten minutes late.

"What you have *mist* your way in the fog, and got hemmed in with the crowd?"

"Yes," I replied, "and am quite out of breath hurrying here."

"*Hemmed* in the crowd," he rejoined, "then you will naturally have a *stitch* in your side."

Again, the conversation turned upon ladies dyeing their hair.

"I've often seen a carrotty poll," said Smith, "converted into 'sweet auburn, loveliest *visage* of the plain.' But there's some excuse for it, for we know, 'Those whom the Gods love *dye* early.'"

Among the many *bon-mots* unfairly attributed to James Smith was the following, which owns its paternity to Edward Walpole, that gourmand (gourmet is too refined a word,) who one day at the Garrick Club helped himself to the whole of the kidney under a joint of veal. At the above most delightful of all clubs, he was told that the confectioners had a way of discharging the ink from old parchment into isinglass for their jellies.

"That being the case," said Walpole, "a man may now eat his deeds as well as his words."

The fame of the brothers James and Horace Smith was confined to a limited circle until the publication of "The Rejected Addresses." James used to dwell with much pleasure on a criticism of a Leicestershire clergyman. "I do not see why they should have been rejected, I think some of them very good."

This, the author of "Brambletye House" would add, is almost as good as the avowal of the Irish Bishop, that there were some things in "Gulliver's Travels" which he could not believe.

James Smith died in London in 1839.

Horace Smith, the author of "Brambletye

House," "Torr Hill," "Reuben Apsley," "Zillah," "Adam Brown," &c., and writer of some of the best of the "Rejected Addresses," was in many respects superior in literary talent to his brother James, but in social intercourse the latter bore off the bell. Here I may remark that the talent of the family has not been confined to the male portion of it; Miss Smith, daughter of Horace, possesses conversational powers of the highest order, rendering her an ornament to society at large.

Of Horace Smith, Percy Bysshe Shelley thus wrote; and the panegyric is true:—

> "Wit and sense,
> Virtue and human knowledge—all that might
> Make this dull world a business of delight,
> Are all combined in Horace Smith."

Horace Smith was born in 1779, and died at Tunbridge Wells in 1849.

"What's in a name?" A good deal, for the mention of the Smiths reminds me of another Sydney, whom I never met except once, and that was at a dinner given by Colonel and Mrs. Hugh Baillie, in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. Upon that occasion he was in a merry mood. Many of his sayings being on local subjects are scarcely worth recording. He was what is vulgarly called "down" upon a servant who brought him some salad. Turning it over with its wooden spoon and fork, he said in a voice loud enough to be heard by his hostess,

"Very crude affair—take it away."

To my mind the best of Smith's witticisms are

the two following. Upon being asked for a motto for the collar of a very disagreeable pet pug, "Spot" by name, he suggested a line from Macbeth,

"Out d—d spot."

Upon another occasion, he suggested a motto for Bishop Burgess's arms, in allusion to his brother the celebrated fish-sauce projector :

"*Gravi* jamdudum *saucia* curâ !

My acquaintance with Albert Smith did not commence under very favourable auspices, for when first introduced to him by a friend, with whom I was strolling along Piccadilly, the hero of Mont Blanc looked as cold and frigid as one of the mountains he was wont to discourse upon, and without deigning to reply to a common-place remark I made, "moved on."

"Why, what's up?" said my companion, "something has riled Albert, I never saw him look so cross before."

I own myself that I was surprised, for I was unconscious of ever having given him cause for offence.

"Were you present at the ballot when Albert Smith was black-balled?" inquired my friend.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "but I certainly did not give him a black pill, a blue one now would, I think, do him good."

No further allusion was made to the subject, but evidently the then rejected of the Garrick continued his dislike to me, for in a weekly paper with which

he was connected, I was made the object of ridicule. A few months afterwards, I saw Albert Smith's name on the list of candidates for the above-mentioned club, and previous to the ballot two or three of his friends on the committee sounded me on the subject, pointing out what an excellent member he would be, as he was in every respect a clubbable man. My reply was, "If vindictively disposed, I could resent his rude manner, as also his attacks upon me in the columns of a newspaper to which he is a constant contributor, but no private feeling will induce me to black-ball anyone, and I will therefore either abstain from voting, or put in a white ball."

The ballot proceeded, and when the box was opened no black ball appeared. When mentioning the result to Winston, the Secretary, and expressing my surprise that his foe (whoever he was) had not continued his opposition, he replied,

"You may depend upon it, the black ball on the first occasion was put in by mistake. Every member present, except yourself, declared that he was not the culprit, and as you have stated the same, there can only be one solution of the mystery."

This was unquestionably the case, and when it was explained to Albert Smith, "his guilty conscience smote him" for having given offence to, and attacked, an innocent man.

At the period I write of, I was acting manager of the Amateur Theatricals of Campden House, Kensington, the property of F. Wolley, Esq., and on the opening night it was suggested to me that

Albert Smith should enliven the entertainment by introducing an entr'acte, entitled "A few Sketches of Character picked up on the Route of the Overland Mail." Although I was very much averse to any introduction, I felt that, if I opposed the application, it would have been looked upon as a still lurking prejudice against Albert Smith, so I at once assented. At the first rehearsal, Albert himself was present; anxious to let bygones be bygones, and wishing to hail him as one of our *corps dramatique*, I went up to him, extended my hand, assuring him that, from "information I had received," no member of the Garrick Committee had rejected the monarch of Mont Blanc. From that moment we became warm friends, and the friendship lasted to the day of his death. Upon one occasion I addressed a few lines to him, asking him to edit a work for a brother scribbler, and received the following reply.

"My dear Lord William,

"The name of the author of the work you mention is perfectly familiar to me, although I am not acquainted with him. I have had many similar applications with respect to editing books, but the pressure of my own works has been quite enough to occupy me at the time; and, indeed, I am now on the eve of commencing a new serial with Leech, which will require every moment I can spare from the 'Overland Mail.' As long as I can produce myself, I would rather not take upon myself the responsibility of another's reputation; if the work failed, I should be very sorry; and if it succeeded

I should feel that I had but a minute hand in its fortune. At the same time I can assure you that I feel complimented, not only by your polite allusion to my literary name, but also by your kind congratulations upon the success of my 'show.'

"Allow me to remain,

"My dear Lord William,

"Most truly yours,

"ALBERT SMITH."

I constantly met Albert Smith and his brother Arthur in the snug dining-room of the Old Garrick, and always joined his table when not engaged to any other friend. Nothing could be more agreeable than the symposiums he gave annually at the Egyptian Hall, to which the members of the Garrick and Fielding Clubs, men of note in the law, in politics, in the literary and dramatic world, were invited. Oysters from Rule's in Maiden Lane might have joined in the chorus "This is our *opening* day," and the guests were all called upon to devour the bivalves, the *Rule* having been made absolute. Madame Cliquot's and Moet's best champagne was to be had. "The juice of ripe *gooseberries*" did not "flow in our glasses," and the utmost good-humour prevailed. The invitations were truly eccentric, the passports being printed on the thin paper usually used before the free trade of travelling on the Continent took place, and the writs being of the same size and shape as those which the sheriff's officers were wont to present to debtors after politely tapping them on their shoulder, looked like the genuine articles.

"We, Albert Smith, one of Her Britannic Majesty's Representatives on the Summit of Mont Blanc, Knight of the most Noble Order of the Grands Mulets, Baron Galignani of Piccadilly, Knight of the Grand Crossing from Burlington Arcade to the Egyptian Hall, Member of the Society for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge, Secretary for his own affairs, &c., &c.

"Request and require in the name of His Majesty the Monarch of Mountains, all those whom it may concern, more especially the Police on the Piccadilly frontier, to allow

"Lord William Pitt Lennox,

"British subject,

"to pass freely in at the street-door of the Egyptian Hall, and up-stairs to the Mont Blanc room, on the evening of Saturday, December the second, 1854, at 8 p.m., and to afford him every assistance in the way of oysters, stout, champagne, soda and brandy, and other aid of which he may stand in need.

"Given at the Box Office, Piccadilly, the 1st day of December, 1854.

(Signed) ALBERT SMITH.

"God save the Queen.

"Vu au Bureau de la Salle, bon pour entrer Piccadilly, par l'Arcade de Burlington. Samedi, 2 Décembre, 1854.

"(Signed) BUMBLE.

"Viséed for Waterloo Bridge, Hungerford Market, Leicester Square, the Garrick and Fielding Clubs, the Glacier de Gunter, the Cyder

Cellars, Kilpack's, Limmer's, Vauxhall Gardens, Jullien's Bal Masqué, and Hampstead Heath. December 2, 1854.

"(Signed) VILLIKINS."

The above document was graced with the Royal Arms at the head, views of Mont Blanc and the Egyptian Hall as official seals to Bumble and Villikins.

In 1858 the same passport was issued, viséed by Truefit, the celebrated perruquier, and Rule of the oyster rooms, Maiden Lane. In addition to the above, a hint was given to those who took advantage of Albert Smith's hospitality in the following notice:—

"By the recent police enactments regulating large assemblages in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, this passport must be considered as available *for one person only*, and does not include the 'friend' who has always been dining with the bearer."

An additional visée was added, including "all places on the Rhine between Rule's Marine Museum or Appetising Aquarium, and the 'Jolly Grenadier' public-house, No. 1, Ellison Square, Pall Mall, South Sebastopol." The "Jolly Grenadier" referred to was Cuthbert, commonly called "Cuddy" Ellison, one of the best-natured creatures that ever breathed the breath of life. He was a member and a truly popular one of the Garrick, and surprised a waiter not a little when in his accustomed lisp he asked "What th'luxury can I have for th'sixpence?"

Never (except upon one occasion to which I will

presently refer) having been served with a writ, I was rather taken aback when upon entering the old Garrick Club, a slip of paper was thrust into my hand, it read as follows :—

"VICTORIA, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, to Lord William Lennox greeting. We command you and every one of you of the Garrick and Fielding Divans that you appear before our Proscenium at 8 p.m. on Saturday the 21st day of January, 1855, to try certain Constantinople views, Ottenitza oysters, Stamboul stout, Champagne, Sherbet, and Bosphorean beverages generally, now pending which shall come on for seeing, tasting, and trying, then and there to receive and abide by such a Programme as shall then or thereafter be made and pronounced, upon pain of Judgment being pronounced against you by default. Witness ourself at the Egyptian Hall, this 16th day of January, 1855 in the fourth year of Mont Blanc.

"(Signed) ALBERT SMITH.

"The only Rule without an exception will attend from Maiden Lane with an interesting collection of bivalves. Tatar Khan is expected at ten p.m. In accordance with Oriental prejudice no odalisques will be allowed. Hadji Hallett and Mackenzie Effendi will provide some Mahomed's milk."

I have referred to a real writ that was once issued against me, by an exorbitant money-lending tailor. A friend of mine who was deeply indebted

to this modern Shylock, introduced me as likely to prove a good customer, and being unaware of his fifty per cent propensities, I, in the innocence of my heart, gave him an order for an undress regimental frock coat, promising him, if he suited me, my future custom.

The coat came home, but the "small account" was not sent with it, and it therefore remained unpaid for about three months. At that period I was quartered at Staines, when one afternoon driving over there from Windsor, I found the waters out near Runnymede, and observed a man with his shoes and stockings off wading through them. I hailed him and said,

"The floods are greater nearer Staines, so if you like I will give you a lift."

He availed himself of my offer; I set him down in front of the Bush Inn, and drove on to a cottage I had rented for the winter. A few days after the above adventure, when parading my troop, I perceived a man gazing intently at me, and on dismissing them he addressed me.

"Can I say a few words to your Lordship in private?"

"Certainly," I responded.

"First," he continued, "let me thank you for your kindness the other evening in giving me a lift; I was not aware whom I had the honour of sitting next to." He then paused for a minute or two, and at last proceeded to tell me he had a painful duty to perform, namely, to serve me with a writ.

"A writ!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, at the suit of a London tailor."

All I had left me was to send for a solicitor, who at once took the affair in hand, and settled it; the costs amounting to nearly the sum that I was in the first instance indebted to this "unconscionable dog." Shortly afterwards I ascertained that the money-lender was disappointed at my not applying to him for a loan, and thus revenged himself. It was fortunate for me that the writ fell into the hands of one I had slightly served, or I might have been disgraced before the men of my troop.

Albert Smith indulged in many "skits" against our continental neighbours and excellent allies the French. Among them was the following, the sentiments of which I am far from endorsing.

LE NOUVEAU PIFF-PAFF DE MOSSOO.

From the amended version of *Les Huguenots*, as ordered by the *Moniteur* to be sung in future at all representations of that opera. The Emperor knows nothing about it, and will be sorry, you can't think, when he finds it has got into the Government organ. Dedicated to those glorious French regiments who alone won the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and everything else in the Crimea, and are now coming over to take England.

Preface to the 500th Edition.

When this great work was first given to the world, the author (supposed to be M. de Walewski) had little idea of the effect it would create. Sung in every corner of Mossoodem it caused the army to push the cries of enthusiasm the most lively;

and taken up in an ironical chorus of men voices by Mr. Milner Gibson's *Derby-Dizzy-gesang-verein*, it actually sang Lord Palmerston's Administration out of the House.

Preface to the 1000*th Edition.*

"Again it is the author's pride and duty to issue another Edition of the immortal *Piff-Paff* in compliment to the Conquerors of Canton (vide *Journal des Débats*, March 3) and inscribed to them with every assurance of consideration the highest, and he humbly hopes that the Army and Navy Club will not offer Fifty pounds for his apprehension; but recollect the words of rather a great man in one of their lines:

IL FAUT LAVER SA LINGE EN FAMILLE.

AIR, *Marcel.*

"A bas les sacrés Rosbifs!
Jean Bull à terre!
A bas leurs femmes à vendre!
Au feu Lay-ces-tore-squerre;
Repaires impurs!
Les Anglais! Terrassons-les!
Frappons les!
Piff! paff! pouf! Boxons-les!
Qu'ils pleurent,
Qu'ils meurent,
Mais grâce . . . . Goddam!
Jamais la France ne trembla
Aux plumes du *Times?*
Malheur au *Punch* perfide,
Qui vante les crimes.
Brisons Roebuck qui triche—
Qui spik Angleesh!
Docks, Lord Mayor—cassez-les!
Chassez-les!
Piff! paff! pouf! Frappez-les!
Aff-an-aff,
Porteres, paff
Mais grâce . . . Goddam."

To change the subject. The following song from the "Bentley Ballads" may not be here out of place:

THE ASCENTS OF MONT BLANC.

"When Jacques Balmat from his party was thrown,
He found out the summit untaught and alone,
And when he returned to his doctor with glee,
He said, 'For your care you shall go up with me.'
With your baton so sharp, tra la!

"The next who tried was De Saussure, we're told,
Who climbed in a full suit of scarlet and gold;
Whilst poor M. Bourrit, four times driven back,
In dudgeon returned to Geneva—good lack!
With his baton so sharp, tra la!

"Woodley, Clissold, and Beaufoy, each thought it no lark,
And were followed by Jackson, and Sherwell, and Clarke,
Then Fellowes and Hawes by a new passage went,
And avoided the dangers of Hamel's ascent.
With their batons so sharp, tra la!

"Brave Auldjo next was pulled over a bridge
Of ice-poles laid on the glacier's ridge;
You will see all his wonderful feats, if you look
At the views drawn by Harding, and placed in his book.
And his baton so sharp, tra la!

"Full forty gentlemen wealthy and bold,
Have climbed up in spite of labour and cold;
But of all that number there lives not one,
Who speaks of the journey as very good fun,
With their batons so sharp, tra la!"

Albert Smith was born in 1816, died in 1860, having nine months before his death married the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley.

The penalty of living in London, and being thought to know everyone, gives one an incessant amount of labour. Connected, as I have been, with publishers, with editors of newspapers, maga-

zines, and theatrical managers, I have been inundated with manuscripts of authors, authoresses, and dramatic writers anxious to appear in print, coupled with the request that I should wade through pages often rather unintelligibly written. After reading the various MSS., I have been pressed to give an opinion of their merits, a somewhat ungracious task. If you praise the work, the author gets elated, disappointment follows; and when a stereotyped answer from the publisher, who commends it with faint praise, but declines to undertake the publication of it, reaches the would-be Wilkie Collins, there is no end to his lamentations, intermingled with severe strictures on the unfortunate publisher. I once heard of an aspirant for literary fame, who, in an angry mood at having his MS. returned, rushed off to Conduit Street, to vent his anger upon the members of a firm famed for the books they produced. Upon entering the office the disappointed man said, "You have rejected my book of poems, if you are Saunders, d— Otley; if you are Otley, d— Saunders."

If the MS. comes under the head of "unmitigated rubbish," "senseless trash," the reader is placed in a very "unhandsome fix." He is almost tempted to follow the example of a celebrated critic by education and nature, but not by profession, who, upon being asked his impression of a fashionable work published more than half a century ago, replied, "If you want its character I will give it to you to a T. It is a tawdry tissue of tedious trumpery, a tessellated texture of threadbare

thievery, a trifling transcript of trite twaddle and trashy tittle-tattle."

"Now you have had your joke," said the other, "tell us, and without 'alliteration's artful aid,' what is your real opinion?"

"My real opinion then, as you call it, is this. The book, like everything that falls from her ladyship's pen (we suppress the name) is pert, shallow, and conceited. There are anecdotes of various persons, so outrageously vulgar that they cannot be true; and some so atrociously dull that, if they were true, they ought to have been forgotten. There are drivellings about philosophy, metaphysics, and politics, written in the most flippant style, that most puzzling of all styles, 'no meaning;' pure unadulterated nonsense, tricked out in the frippery of words, like a poor idiot dressed in gold and silver."

Happily I have met with MSS. which have delighted me so much that I have had no difficulty in getting them published. One of the most notable of these was "Woman's Temptation," by the Honourable Mary Dutton, a most charming book, written in her seventeenth year. Had her life been spared, Miss Dutton would have been one of the best writers of the day; but to the grief of her parents, and to that of all who came in contact with her, this gifted young lady was called to her long home before she had reached the honour due to her literary fame. When I heard of Miss M. Dutton's death, I felt that the solemn and touching Requiem of D. M. Moir, was peculiarly applicable to her:—

"Gone art thou in youthful sweetness,
Times's short changeful voyage o'er;
Now thy beauty in completeness,
Blossoms on Heaven's unfading shore.
Mourners, solemn vigil keeping,
Knelt in silence round thy bed,
Could they deem thee only sleeping
When to Heaven thy spirit fled?
Yes! that spirit then was winging
Upwards from its shell of clay,
Guardian angels round it singing,
'Welcome to the realms of day.'"

As a writer of criticisms in various newspapers I have received the most flattering acknowledgments from Charles Reade, Harrison Ainsworth, Albert Smith, Sydney Whiting, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Hayward, Albany Fonblanque, Christopher Idle, Harry Hieover, Tottenham, Charles Clarke, whose *nom de plume* was "Uncle Scribble," Barker, the Old Sailor, Leveson, the Old Shekarree, W. Jerdan, Editor of the "Literary Gazette," John W. Clayton, Tankerville Chamberlayne, &c.

In addition to the above, I have two autograph letters, which I highly prize; one from Napoleon III. thanking me for articles in the "Review," a paper I once edited; another from the Duc d'Aumale, acknowledging a copy of "Once a Week," in which appeared a notice I had written of His Royal Highness' works. It runs as follows:

"2 Février, 1867,
"Woodnorton, Evesham.

"Le Duc d'Aumale présente ses compliments à Lord William Lennox et regrette qu'une absence ne lui ait permis de répondre plutôt à son aimable communication.

"Il prie Lord William d'agréer ses remerciments et l'assurance de la satisfaction avec laquelle il a lu l'article publié dans 'Once a Week.'"

Considered as "an idle man about town," the applications I have received, have not been confined to literary matters, for there is scarcely a place about Court, or an appointment to a public office that I have not been urged to use my influence to attain for some friend or acquaintance. One of the most curious documents I ever received was from a Sporting Prophet of the "Era" newspaper. It ran as follows :—

"My Lord,

"The gentleman who will deliver this is connected with the old house of sporting fame, Moore, of West Street. He is anxious for the success of a dwarf, one Richard Gurnsey, of Somersetshire birth, on whom a liberal outlay has been made in the reasonable hope of recompense through the public.

"A good start is everything in his race to the goal of fortune, and the desideratum is to have Her Majesty's Stamp on his letters of introduction to the world. I have assured Mr. Pitman you can tell him the requisite preliminary step to Court introduction, and if through the Hon. George Anson, or your brother, Lord George, or other channel, the lad could get into the Queen's presence, I should really feel deeply obliged. He is nearly as *minute* as Tom Thumb, and is *au fait* to matters of more *moment;*

in a word he can sing, dance, fence, recite, and has a wardrobe of infinite extent with the merit of indigenous Pigmyism! Pray launch them on the Windsor Stream, when they must row for their lives.

"Very faithfully, my Lord,
"Your obedient Servant,
"JOHN J. HARRISON.

"Era Office,
"10th December, 1845."

AUTHOR.

WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER II.

WALTER SCOTT — VISIT TO WATERLOO — A MODERN BAYARD— ATTACKS LEVELLED AGAINST SCOTT—THE SUPPRESSED BOOK— CAPTAIN ROCK'S LETTERS TO THE KING—VICTOR HUGO.

> "Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
> Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
> Fancy, that from the bow that spans the sky,
> Brings colours dipp'd in Heaven, that never die;
> A soul exalted above earth; a mind
> Skill'd in the characters that form mankind."
>
> COWPER.

AMONG the distinguished literary characters I have met, may be mentioned Sir Walter Scott, Moore, Byron, Allan Cunningham, Peter Cunningham, William Jerdan, Theodore Hook, Reverend Richard Barham (Ingoldsby), and the late Lord Lytton.

It would be a work of supererogation to dwell on the life of Sir Walter Scott, I shall therefore confine myself to two very pleasant days I passed in the society of this gifted poet, of whom Mackintosh said, "I am perfectly enchanted with the Lay of the Last Minstrel. He is surely the man born at

last to translate the 'Iliad.' Are not the good parts of his poem the most Homeric of anything in our language?" whose "lofty measure" Jeffrey praised; whose "simple pathos and touching pictures" Anna Seward dwells upon; whom Southey, Wordsworth, George Ellis, T. Campbell delighted to honour. All, all have done equal justice to the genius of the Magician of the North.

It was my good fortune to be at Brussels when Sir Walter arrived there, with a view of making notes for a poem he was about to write, entitled "The Field of Waterloo." As my father was intimately acquainted with him, a visit to the "field of blood," as Southey calls it, was arranged, and early in a fine morning in Spring we started on horseback for that—

> "Little lowly place,
> Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
> And given the victory its English name."

Without stopping at the village, we at once proceeded to the battle-field, where with the aid of a guide—Sergeant Cotton of the 7th Hussars—every place of interest was pointed out. Scott dwelt on the spot where Picton expired, where the poet's friend, De Lancey—

> "Changed Love's bridal wreath,
> For laurels from the hand of Death;"

where the gallant Ellis, Ponsonby, and Howard fell; where Gordon met the fatal shot that ended in his death. He then turned to other deeds of fame of his countrymen; told us how Colonel Miller, of the Guards, when mortally wounded in

the attack on the Bois de Bossu, desired to see the colours of the regiment once more ere he died; how they were waved over his head, and the expiring officer declared himself resigned to his fate. He mourned over the loss of Cameron of Fassiefern, so often distinguished in Wellington's despaches from Spain, and who fell in the action of Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, while leading the 92nd, or Gordon Highlanders, to charge a body of cavalry supported by infantry. In the poem that subsequently followed, we find a reference to the above :—

"Period of honour as of woes,
What bright careers 'twas thine to close!
Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
To Britain's memory and to Fame's,
Laid there their last immortal claims!
Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire,
Redoubted Picton's soul of fire—
Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
All that of Ponsonby could die—
De Lancey change Love's bridal-wreath,
For laurels from the hand of Death—
Saw'st gallant Miller's failing eye
Still bent where Albion's banners fly,
And Cameron in the shock of steel,
Die like the offspring of Lochiel;
And generous Gordon 'mid the strife,
Fall, while he watch'd his leader's life—
Ah! though her guardian angel's shield
Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
Fate not the less her power made known,
Through his friend's heart to pierce his own."

We then visited the ruins of Hougoumont, which loop-holed battlement was so bravely defended by Macdonell, Saltoun, and the Guards. Thinking that Sir Walter might be interested in an anecdote

which I heard Wellington relate shortly after the battle of Waterloo, I, on our way back to the village, recounted the following: —

"Although Wellington fully appreciated and was always ready to reward heroic deeds, he was ever averse to acts of recklessness, by which the lives of brave men were placed in jeopardy. I remember, upon one occasion, an enthusiastic guest at his table vividly describing the daring conduct of a young French officer at the battle of Waterloo. 'He was about to charge a body of the Guards,' said the narrator, 'previous to their taking possession of Hougoumont. Before, however, he could carry out the orders he had received, his adversaries had gained their stronghold, and had loop-holed the walls. The dashing Hussar, sword in hand, galloped forward to within a few feet of the building, challenging the occupants to come forth to single combat. Many a musket was levelled at him, but, to the honour of the British soldier, not a trigger was pulled. After many unsuccessful attempts to provoke a trial at arms, the gallant knight retired, and joined his regiment, crestfallen at the failure of his enterprise.' 'A rash act,' said the Duke; 'he ought to have been broke for it.' Napoleon bitterly reproached General Lannes for having uselessly exposed himself, and sacrificed without any object a number of brave men; and his rebuke to Bourrienne, at the siege of St. Jean d'Acre, 'Wounded or killed, I would not have noticed you in the bulletin, you would have been laughed at, and that justly,' showed how much he disapproved of foolish and useless enterprise."

"The Field of Waterloo," so writes Lockhart, "was published before the end of October, 1815, in octavo, the profits of the first edition being the author's contribution to the fund raised for the relief of the widows and children of the soldiers slain in the battle. This poem appears to have disappointed those most disposed to sympathise with the author's views and feelings. The descent is indeed heavy from his 'Bannockburn' to his 'Waterloo;' the presence of all but the visible reality of what his dreams cherished, seems to have overawed his imagination, and tamed it into a weak pomposity of movement. The burst of pure native enthusiasm upon the *Scottish* heroes that fell around the Duke of Wellington's person, bears, however, the broadest marks of 'The Mighty Minstrel,' and this is far from being the only redeeming passage. There is one, indeed, in which he illustrates what he then thought Bonaparte's poorness of spirit in adversity, which always struck me as pre-eminently characteristic of Scott's manner of interweaving, both in prose and verse, the moral energies with analogous natural description, and combining thought with imagery:—

"Or is thy soul like mountain tide,
That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
Rolls down in turbulence of power,
A torrent fierce and wide;
Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
Whose channel shores display'd
The wrecks of its impetuous course,
But not one symptom of the force
By which these wrecks were made."

The poem was the first upon a subject likely to be sufficiently hackneyed; and having the advantage of coming out in a small cheap form (prudently imitated from Murray's innovation with the tales of Byron, which was the death-blow to the system of verse in quarto), it attained rapidly a measure of circulation above what had been reached either by "Rokeby," or the "Lord of the Isles." Scott himself seemed conscious that the "Field of Waterloo" would not add greatly to his fame, for in the advertisement, he writes :—

"It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the continent, when the author's labours were liable to frequent interruption; but its best apology is that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo subscription."

Abbotsford, 1815.

There were some severe lines written upon it; I forget exactly the words, but the point, a most venomous one, after describing the death of the heroes, was :—

"But none by bullet, shell, or shot,
Fell half as flat as Walter Scott."

Scott, like all men of genius, was open to attacks; perhaps the most bitter one was that from the pen of Byron :—

"Next view in state, proud prancing on his roan,
The golden-crested haughty Marmion,
Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the fight,
Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,

The gibbet or the field prepared to grace,
A mighty mixture of the great and base.
And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit perchance,
On public taste to foist thy stale romance,
Though Murray with his Miller may combine
To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per line?
No, when the sons of song descend to trade,
Their bays are sear, their former laurels fade,
Let such forego the poet's sacred name,
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for fame:
Still for stern Mammon may they toil in vain!
And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!
Such be their meed, such still the just reward
Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,
And bid a long 'good night to Marmion.'"

This is severe enough in verse, let us see what "Childe Harold" says in prose, when talking of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Baye's tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messrs. the Spirits of Flood and Fell, in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, 'a stark moss-trooper, *videlicet*, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman.' The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations." No wonder that

the above satire "riled" Scott, who on reading it said,

"It is funny enough to see a whelp of a young Lord Byron abusing me, of whose circumstances he knows nothing, for endeavouring to scratch out a living with my pen. God help the bear, if, having little else to eat, he must not even suck his own paws. I can assure the noble imp of fame it is not my fault that I was not born to a park and £5000 a-year, as it is not his Lordship's merit, although it may be his great good fortune that he was not born to live by his literary talents or success."

Again in the Introduction to the edition of "Marmion" in 1830, the author writes:—"The publishers of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for 'Marmion.' The transaction, being no secret, afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an apology for including me in his satire, entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise. I had never haggled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once what I considered the handsome offer of my publishers. These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which indeed was one of their own framing; on the con-

trary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their expectation as to induce them to supply the author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scottish housekeeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret."

Scott evidently was not a man to bear malice, for we have his authority for stating that he not only had nothing to do with the offensive criticism in the "Edinburgh Review," but that he remonstrated against it with the editor, because he thought the "Hours of Idleness" was treated with undue severity. Had Sir Walter Scott wished to retaliate upon Byron, he might have referred to the sums he received for the copyright of his poems, viz:—£23,540, which sum included £4,275 for "Childe Harold," £3,050 for "Don Juan," £3,885 for "Hours of Idleness," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," "Hints from Horace," "Werner," "Deformed Transformed," "Heaven and Earth," &c., and £4,200 for the "Life by Thomas Moore." In justice to Byron, I must add that he set out with the determination never to receive money for his writings.

For the liberty to publish "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," he refused four hundred gnineas, and the money paid for the copyright of the first and second cantos of "Childe Harold," and of the "Corsair," he presented to Mr. Dallas. In 1816, to a letter enclosing a draft for one thousand guineas offered by Mr. Murray for the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," the noble-minded poet sent this answer:—

"Your offer is liberal to the extreme, and much

more than the two poems can possibly be worth, but I cannot accept it, nor will not. You are most welcome to them as additions to the collected volumes, without any demand or expectation on my part whatever. I have enclosed your draft torn for fear of accidents; by the way, I wish you would not throw temptation in mine. It is not from a disdain of the universal idol, nor from a present superfluity of his treasures, I can assure you, that I refuse to worship him; but what is right is right, and must not yield to circumstances."

In company with Walter Scott and the Reverend Richard Barham, I called one day on Jerdan at Grove House, Brompton. He showed us the suppressed book, of which the whole five hundred copies were burnt in Ireland, with the exception of this, and said that he was about to send it as a present to George IV., having had a hint from Mr. O'Reilly that it would be acceptable in that quarter. The book was a tolerably thick duodecimo, neatly bound, had no title-page, but on the tops of the pages were printed "Captain Rock's Letters to the King." The introductory letter commenced, "My Brother," many of the others, "Sir," "My Cousin." It was very strongly written, and among other things contained a list of the then Irish Peers, with a history of their families, the means by which their honours were acquired, and especially the conduct of the representatives of most of the noble families during the insurrection of 1798, which it depicted with the greatest bitterness. Jerdan also showed us a novel entitled the "Anglo-Irish," said to be

written by Sir J. C. Morgan. He then read us a key to the characters, where we found that the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Farnham, and Archbishop Magee, under the assumed names of the Minister, Lord Harmer, and the Bishop, were brought prominently forward. Jerdan then insisted upon our having some "Athol brose" which he had brewed especially for us; it being a hot day we were nothing loath to taste this Highland drink. The "Magician of the North" pronounced it to be perfect, but Barham's lowland stomach yearned for some port, which was speedily produced. Upon walking home alone with Barham, he told me that Murray had informed him that Walter Scott, on being taxed by him as the author of "Old Mortality," not only denied having written it, but added,

"In order to convince you that I am not the author, I will review the book for you in the *Quarterly*."

Which he actually did, and Murray held the MS. in his handwriting.

From the time we parted at Jerdan's, I never met Sir Walter but once, and that was at a dinner at Murray's in Albemarle Street, upon which occasion that most liberal of publishers presented me with autograph letters of Scott and Byron, which unfortunately were afterwards stolen from me with an acorn from the tree the last named poet planted at Newstead Abbey. These relics, which were placed carefully away in my writing-desk, with other articles, were purloined by an area sneak, one Isaac

Cohen, who was captured, tried at the Clerkenwell Sessions, and through the able defence of an old Westminster friend of mine, Clarkson, acquitted. Within a fortnight Cohen was again taken up for a robbery, tried and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Every attempt to recover my lost property was fruitless, though I offered a handsome reward for the restoration of the autograph letters. I cannot conclude my notice of Scott better than by laying before my readers Victor Hugo's able criticism :

" Il pourrait, à mes sens, jaillir des réflexions utiles de la comparaison entre les romans de Lesage et ceux de Walter Scott, tous deux supérieurs dans leur genre. Lesage, ce me semble, est plus spirituel, Walter Scott est plus original ; l'un excelle à raconter les aventures d'un homme, l'autre mêle à l'histoire d'un individu la peinture de tout un peuple, de tout un siècle ; le premier se rit de toute vérité de lieux, de mœurs, d'histoire ; le second, scrupuleusement fidèle à cette vérité même, lui doit l'éclat magique de ses tableaux. Dans tous les deux les caractères sont tracés avec art ; mais dans Walter Scott ils paraissent mieux soutenus ; parcequ'ils sont plus saillants, d'une nature plus fraîche et moins polie. Lesage sacrifie souvent la conscience de ses héros au comique d'une intrigue ; Walter Scott donne à ses héros des âmes plus sévères ; leurs principes, leurs préjugés mêmes sont quelque chose de noble en ce qu'ils ne savent point plier devant les événements. On s'étonne, après avoir lu un roman de Lesage, de la prodigieuse

variété du plan; on s'étonne encore plus, en achevant un roman de Scott, de la simplicité du canevas, c'est que le premier met son imagination dans les faits, et le second dans les détails. L'un peint la vie, l'autre peint le cœur. Enfin, la lecture des ouvrages de Lesage donne, en quelque sorte, l'expérience du sort; la lecture de ceux de Walter Scott donne l'expérience des hommes,"

Victor Hugo thus describes his father's career:—

" Joseph Léopold, Sigisbert Comte Hugo,

" Lieutenant-Général des Armées du Roi.

" Né en 1774.

" Volontaire en 1791.

" Colonel en 1803.

" Général de Brigade en 1809.

" Gouverneur de Province en 1810.

" Lieutenant-Général en 1825.

" Mort en 1828.

" Non inscrit sur l'Arc de l'Etoile, son fils respectueux. V. H."

Few men were more conscious of any defects in prosody they might possess than Sir Walter Scott, and he was ever ready to admit them, as the following letter will show, addressed to the editor of a morning paper, in consequence of some remarks which appeared in that paper, respecting a Latin inscription which Scott had inscribed over the image of a favourite dog:—

" Sir,—As I am a friend to truth, even in trifles, I cannot consent to shelter myself under the classical mantle, which M. Lionel Berquer, and some unknown friend, have chosen to extend in their

charity over my faults in prosody. Two lines were written in mere whim, and without the least intention of their being made public. In the first line, the word *jaces* is a mistake of the transcriber (whoever took that trouble); the phrase is *dormis*, which, I believe, is good prosody. The error in the second line, *ad januam*, certainly exists, and I bow to the castigation. I must plead the same apology which was used by the great Doctor Johnson, when he misrepresented a veterinary phrase of ordinary occurrence—ignorance, pure ignorance, was the cause of my blunder. Forty years ago, longs and shorts were little attended to in Scotch education, and I have, it appears, forgot the little I may then have learned. I have only to add, that I am far from undervaluing any branch of scholarship, because I have not the good fortune to possess it, and heartily wish that those who succeed us may have the benefit of a more accurate classical education than was common in my earlier days. The inscription cannot now be altered; but if it remains a memorial of my want of learning, it shall not, in addition, convey any imputation on my want of candour. I should have been ashamed, at a more stirring time, to ask admission for this plea of guilty; but at present you may think it worth a place in your paper. *Pugna est de paupere regno.*

"I remain, your obedient servant,

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Abbotsford, November 12, 1824."

AUTHOR.

WILLIAM JERDAN.

CHAPTER III.

WILLIAM JERDAN—THE LITERARY GAZETTE—CAPTURE OF BELLINGHAM, THE MURDERER OF PERCEVAL—PETER CUNNINGHAM—THE GARRICK CLUB—SHERIDAN—ANECDOTE OF AN IRISH PEASANT—SHIRLEY BROOKS—DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS.

"A journalist is a grumbler, a censurer, a giver of advice, a regent of sovereigns, a tutor of nations. Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets."—NAPOLEON I.

DURING the time Jerdan lived at Brompton, his house was ever open to all the leading literary men, artists, dramatic authors, and actors of the day. Nothing could be more delightful than his dinner parties, as I can vouch for, having often participated in his hospitality. Hook, James Smith, Frank Fladgate, Peter Cunningham, Barham, Roberts, Stanfield, Charles Kemble, Edward Walpole, commonly called "Cupid Walpole," Edmund Phipps, Lord Normanby, Cannon, Chief Baron Pollock, Judge Talfourd, Frank Mills, Lord Tenterden were constant guests at his table. Jerdan was full of anecdote, and his conversational

powers were equal to his critical ones. He had a fund of Scotch stories, which when told by him with a strong northern accent lost none of their point. No one carried his precepts into practice more strictly than Jerdan did; he strenuously advocated the English, now almost obsolete, custom of sitting late after dinner, denouncing the foreign habit of quitting the table with the ladies as a dreadful innovation—a perfect abomination. His sentiments were embodied in the following passage from a work he had written, and which he was often in the habit of quoting.

"We have always thought that the one English custom which raises us immeasurably above all other races and types of humanity, is that of sitting over our wine after dinner. In what other portion of the twenty-four hours have we either time or inclination for more talk? And is not the faculty of talk that which denotes the superiority of man over brutes? To talk, therefore, a certain part of the day must be devoted. Other nations mix their talk up with their business, and the consequence is, that neither talk nor business is done well. We, on the contrary, work while we are at it, and have all our talk out just at that very portion of our lives when it is physically, intellectually, and morally most beneficial to us. The pleasant talk promotes digestion, and prevents the mind from dwelling on the grinding of the digestive mill that is going on within us. The satisfaction and repose which follow a full meal tend to check a disposition to splenetic argument, or too much zeal in supporting

an opinion; while the freedom and *abandon* of the intercourse which is thus kept up is eminently conducive to feelings of general benevolence. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that our 'glorious constitution' (not only as individuals, but as a body politic) is owing to the habit which the British Lion observes, 'of sitting over his wine after dinner.'"

Hood, who knew Jerdan well, in a description of a Greenwich dinner, thus refers to him, "Jerdan, as Jerdanish as usual on such occasions, you know how paradoxical he is, quite *at home* in dining out."

It has been truly said that, when literature is the sole business of life, it becomes a drudgery; when we are able to resort to it only at certain hours, it is a charming relaxation. The former is applicable to Jerdan, for no man worked harder as a literary man than he did. The late William Jerdan, F.S.A., M.R.S.L., and Corresponding Member of the Royal Society of Madrid, born at Kelso in Roxburghshire, in the year 1782, was educated at the school of his native place, and afterwards became a pupil of Doctor Rutherford, author of a "View of Ancient History." Being intended for the legal profession, he was for some time in the office of a Scottish writer. Having at an early age imbibed a taste for literature, he quitted Scotland and came to try his fortune in London in 1804. After a time, he became a reporter on the "Aurora," a short-lived morning paper, started under the auspices of the West-end hotel-keepers. He next joined the staff of the "Morning Post," and subsequently

during three Sessions reported for the British Press. He was also a contributor to the "Satirist," or Monthly Meteor, the copyright of which he purchased. In 1813, he became editor of the "Sun," a post which brought him into confidential relation with the leaders of the Tory party. In 1817, he sold his share in that newspaper, and soon afterwards established and became editor of the "Literary Gazette," the first weekly journal of criticism and *belles lettres*, the paper with which his name was associated for thirty-four years. During the period that Jerdan had the control of the "Literary Gazette," it was looked upon as one of the best written critical works of the day; since that period, the "Athenæum," the "Pall Mall," the "Spectator," the "Saturday Review," have appeared, and are now unquestionably the journals which can make or mar the hopes of an author. In 1821, he assisted in founding the Royal Society of Literature, of which he was one of the earliest members. In 1826, he became a Member of the Society of Antiquaries; the Literary Fund was also an object of his constant exertions, and in its administration he for some time took a very prominent part. He was was one of the founders of the Melodists' Club, and in 1830 projected and edited the "Foreign Literary Gazette," of which, however, only thirteen numbers were published. In 1850 his connection with the "Literary Gazette" ceased.

Jerdan contributed occasionally to the "Edinburh" and "Quarterly Reviews," Bentley's, Fraser's, and other magazines and periodicals, and to many

of the annuals during their popular careers; but he did not confine his talents to periodical literature, for he wrote four volumes for Fisher's "National Portrait Gallery of Illustrious and Eminent Personages of the Nineteenth Century;" in 1852 he published his "Autobiography," and subsequently an interesting volume of his past reminiscences. In early life he was instrumental in seizing Bellingham, the murderer of Mr. Perceval. Never shall I forget the sensation produced at the time, for I happened to be in the House of Lords when the melancholy event occurred. Many of the Westminster boys, and among them myself and my brother Frederick, passed many an hour behind the throne in the Upper House, to which, as Peer's sons, we were courteously admitted. In attending the debates, we, I frankly own, had a double motive, and perhaps the most prominent one was the hope of meeting our uncle, the late Duke of Gordon, then Marquis of Huntley, who never failed to "tip" us. Moreover, in the lobby of the House of Commons we often met the late Sir Robert Peel, who knowing us when he was Secretary for Ireland, generally presented us with a guinea. On the evening I refer to, as we were about to wend our way back to Dean's Yard, we met the late Marquis of Westmeath, then Lord Delvin, looking the picture of despair; for a kinder or more warm-hearted nobleman never existed.

"Have you heard," he asked, "of the dreadful affair that has just occurred in the lobby of the House?"

We replied that we had not.

"Poor Perceval has been shot."

He informed us that the examination of the assassin was being carried on at the bar of the House. It was then supposed that Bellingham represented some political or religious combination, Perceval having identified himself with those whose names were associated with rancour and intolerant religious views. It was, however, afterwards discovered that he was actuated solely by revenge, on account of a supposed injury. It appeared that having in a commercial visit to Russia undergone what he considered an unjust imprisonment for debt, the refusal of our government to take cognisance of the transaction for the purpose of redress, made so deep an impression on his mind that he resolved to take the life of one of its most prominent Members. On his trial he displayed great self-possession, and when it was attempted to excuse the action under the plea of insanity, he rejected the application of it to himself; though his perseverance in asserting a right to revenge his private wrongs showed that his moral perception on that point had been disturbed by long brooding over supposed injuries. After admitting the fact of assassination, denying that he felt any malice toward Mr. Perceval, and declaring that he would rather have shot Lord Leveson Gower, our late Ambassador to Russia, Bellingham was found guilty, and underwent the extreme sentence of the law.

The Earl of Liverpool in the Upper, and Lord Castlereagh in the Lower House, delivered a mes-

sage from the Regent, recommending a parliamentary provision for the family of the late Premier; the former of these noblemen paid an affecting tribute to the memory of his departed friend; the latter bore testimony to the numerous virtues of this lamented victim of man's wild passions, all parties joining in the eulogium. An annuity of £2000 was settled on his widow, and the sum of £50,000 was ordered to be vested in trust for the benefit and use of his twelve children; subsequently an annuity of £1000 was granted to the eldest son, to be doubled at the death of his mother, and a monument in Westminster Abbey was erected to Mr. Perceval at the public expense.

The Garrick Club, formerly Probatt's Hotel, King Street, Covent Garden, was opened in 1831. Although Jerdan gave the motto to the Club, "All the world's a stage," it was mainly through the exertions of Barham and Frank Mills that the club was established. The primary object was to constitute a society in which actors and men of education and refinement might meet on equal and independent terms. It was hoped that by promoting friendly intercourse between artists and patrons, by the collection of a library of reference, especially of scarce and valuable works on costume, the following line of the song commemorating the origin of the club would be realized :—

"To bring back the drama to glory again."

At the opening dinner in November, 1831, the following lines by Barham, set as a glee by Hawes were sung.

"Let poets of superior parts
Consign to deathless fame,
The larceny of the Knave of Hearts,
Who spoiled his Royal Dame.

"Alack! my timid muse would quail
Before such thievish cubs,
But plumes a joyous wing to hail
Thy birth, fair Queen of Clubs."

The object of the promoters of the club was to support the drama, but, as Beazley remarked, "the dram" was not forgotten, and an excellent beverage called Garrick Punch was soon introduced. As some of my readers may like to know how the above was concocted I give the recipe. Half a pint of gin, poured on the outer peel of a lemon, a small quantity of lemon juice, a glass of Maraschino, a pint and a half of water, and two bottles of iced soda water.

The following letter from Jerdan will show his feeling for the Garrick Club.

"Bushey Heath, Herts, 28th February, 1862.

"Dear Lord William,

"Taking leave of the stage is always a melancholy matter, and it is with something of a similar regret that I venture to request of your kindness to withdraw my name from the Garrick Club; I would not trouble you, but that I am not aware of the proper step for effecting this object in the most acceptable manner. The infrequency of my visits to town, and the increase of the subscription determined me to forego the pleasant tie (almost the last) with old and gratifying associations. I have thought that in forming the new rules an exception might have been made with regard to

those who, like yourself and myself, went through the labour of the foundation. I, in my case, as you may remember, went to considerable expense towards furnishing the cellar, and other provisional arrangements. I should have been well content to catch a glimpse of my old friends now and then before the fall of the curtain, but having laid my small share of ashes in the original fire, I must now only hope that the Phœnix about to rise from the nest may flourish and grow great in the good system of love and literature, and patronage of the Drama. Your plate and crockery will still remind you of the inventor of your symbol, and suggest to the youthful and sanguine that 'All the World's a Stage.' To yourself personally, my dear Lord William, I wish many happy years. Our intercourse was always most agreeable to me; and shall ever remain, "Very truly yours,

"W. JERDAN."

"The helm may rust, the laurel bough may fade,
Oblivion's grasp may blunt the victor's blade,
But that bright holy wreath, which learning gives
Untorn by hate, uncharm'd by envy lives—
Lives through the march of tempest and of time,
Dwells on each shore, and blooms in every clime,
Wide as the space that fills yon airless blue,
Pure as the breeze, and as eternal too,
Fair as the night star's eve—awaken'd ray,
But with no morn to chase its fires away."

So wrote Graham, and the above lines on literary fame will not be inapplicable to those I am about to refer.

I once, as a Westminter boy, saw Sheridan coming out of the House of Commons, but was unable to get an introduction to him. He was conversing with Sir Francis Burdett, and I lingered in the lobby for a few minutes, in the hopes of meeting some one who would present me to him. This delay caused me to be late at the "roll call" at Mother Pack's, which entailed a four-cutter on my hand next morning.

As an orator, Sheridan was unrivalled. His speech on the charges exhibited against Warren Hastings in the House of Commons, drew eulogies from Fox, Burke, and Pitt. Mr. Pitt entreated the House to adjourn, to give time for a calmer consideration of the question than could then occur after the immediate effect of that oration.

Gibbon says, "Before my departure from England, I was present at the august spectacle of Mr. Hastings' trial in Westminster Hall. It is not my province to absolve or condemn the Governor of India, but Mr. Sheridan's eloquence demanded my applause; nor could I hear, without emotion, the personal compliment which he paid me in the presence of the British nation. This display of genius blazed four successive days."

On being asked by a brother Whig, at the conclusion of the speech, how he came to compliment Gibbon with the epithet "luminous," Sheridan answered in a half whisper, "I said 'voluminous.'"

Byron, too, tells us he heard Sheridan only once, and that briefly, but he liked "his voice, his manner, and his wit;" adding, "that he was the only

Member of the House he wished to hear at greater length." His "Monody on the death of R. B. Sheridan," spoken at Drury Lane, is too well known to be repeated.

I must now refer to some of the literary characters with whom I have been on terms of the most intimate friendship, and will commence with the Reverend Richard Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends," whom for many years I was in the habit of seeing daily.

As his Life has been very ably treated by his son, I will not dwell upon it further than to say, a kinder hearted man never existed.

Among other anecdotes related by Barham, was one told him by Thomas Moore. When George IV. went to Ireland, one of the "pisantry," delighted with his affability to the crowd on landing, said to the toll-keeper as the King passed through :—

"Och, now! and his Majesty, God bless him, never paid the turnpike! an' how's that?"

"Oh! Kings never does; we lets 'em go free," was the answer.

"Then there's the dirty money for ye," says Pat. "It shall never be said that the King came here, and found nobody to pay the turnpike for him."

Moore, when on a visit to Abbotsford, told this story to Sir Walter, when they were comparing notes as to the royal visits.

"Now, Mr. Moore," replied Scott, "there you have just the advantage of us; the Scotch folk would have done anything in the world for His Majesty but—pay the turnpike."

"Ingoldsby" relates another story connected with the King's visit to Ireland. One man, whom His Majesty took notice of, and shook hands with, cried, "There, then, the divil a drop of wather ye shall ever have to wash that shake o' the hand off of me." By all accounts the loyal Emeralder remained, at least as far as his hands went, "unwashed."

Another Garrick friend, Peter Cunningham, was the eldest son of Allan Cunningham, the author of a "Memoir of Burns;" "The Lives of the British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects;" "Biography of Sir David Wilkie;" the novel of "Paul Jones," and several lyrical poems and ballads.

I once met Allan Cunningham at a dinner given by Theodore Hook, and was much struck with his conversational powers. Peter Cunningham I often met at the Garrick Club, at the house of common friends, and passed some days in his company, when we accompanied the late Herbert Ingram to the borough of Boston, which he so long and so worthily represented.

Peter Cunningham's writings were both humorous and voluminous. He was the author of "The Life of Drummond of Hawthornden," with large selections from his poetical works; "Songs of England and Scotland;" the single volume editions of "Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets," with additional lives and specimens; "The Handbook to Westminster Abbey;" "The Life of Inigo Jones," for the Shakespeare Society; "The Handbook of London"—this book went through two editions;

"Modern London;" "Prefatory Memoirs of J. M. W. Turner to John Barnet's 'Turner and his Works;'" "The Story of Nell Gwynn;" "The Works of Oliver Goldsmith," for Murray's Library of British Classics," and "Johnson's Lives of the Poets," for the same work; "Letters of Horace Walpole;" and in conjunction with the late Right Hon. J. W. Croker, was engaged on a new edition of Pope. He was, moreover, a large contributor to periodical literature—"Frazer's Magazine," "The Athenæum," "Illustrated London News," "Notes and Queries," &c. Mr. Ingram, proprietor of the "Illustrated London News," whose friendship I enjoyed for many years, and to which Journal I was a contributor for a considerable time, had offended by some vote of his in the House of Commons a few of his former friends at Boston; he therefore was anxious to explain his reasons, and invited me among others to accompany him to Boston, where a large public dinner was to be got up at the Corn Exchange. Peter Cunningham, Shirley Brooks, the late Mr. Tuxford, proprietor of the "Sporting Review," and "Mark Lane Express," with our host, left at an early hour, and on reaching the borough were most cordially received by a large number of his supporters. We dined at the hotel, and after dinner proceeded to an oyster feast (as it was called), some little distance from the town. There we met a large party of Ingram's constituents, and, as a matter of course, a considerable number of speeches were made, and a large amount of liquor consumed. This went on for two or

three days, and except when I canvassed the worthy inhabitants of King's Lynn, previous to my election for that borough, I never recollect undergoing so much political work, or receiving so much hospitality. At every house we visited, wine or beer was offered us; to decline the offer would have been ungracious, so with what is termed "nipping" all day, dining at six o'clock, attending oyster feasts at night, spouting at all the meetings, I practically felt in the morning the truth of Byron's lines :—

> "Ring for the *waiter*—bid him quickly bring
> Some hock and soda-water, then you'll know
> A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great King:
> For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with snow,
> Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,
> Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,
> After long speeches, ennui, love, or slaughter,
> Vies with that draught of hock and soda-water."

During our visit all the arrangements were left to Peter Cunningham, and they could not have fallen into better hands. The dinner at the Corn Exchange went off brilliantly, Ingram put himself right with his townspeople, and as brother of the "farmer's friend," the late Duke of Richmond, I spouted forth a speech in which "Speed the plough," and "Success to the sons of the soil" was my burthen.

Charles Shirley Brooks, or as he was usually called, Shirley Brooks, was originally intended for the profession of the law, and having gone through the usual studies, passed a distinguished examination before the incorporated Law Society. Preferring literature to law, he devoted his time to

dramatic compositions and journalism. Among his most successful plays may be mentioned "Our New Governess," "Honours and Tricks," and the "Creole." For many Sessions, Shirley Brooks became the writer of the Parliamentary Summary for the "Morning Chronicle," and was despatched by that paper as Special Commissioner to Russia, Syria, and Egypt, to inquire into Foreign as well as British labour, and the poor. His letters, which appeared in the columns of the "Morning Chronicle," were reprinted under the title of "The Russians of the South." As a novelist, he held his own with many of the best modern writers of fiction, "Aspen Court," "The Gordian Knot," and "The Silver Cord," met with great success; he was also a contributor to "Punch." To my cost I know that he occasionally wrote the literary criticisms in the "Morning Chronicle," for a very savage one appeared in which I was most severely handled. In a novel entitled, "Percy Hamilton, or the Adventures of a Westminster Boy," I introduced the following description. Percy *loquitur:* "At my christening an event occurred of rather a sporting order, and which may, for aught I know to the contrary, have given me a taste for dogs ever since. In the private chapel attached to the house, baptisms were of rare occurrence; but a heavy fall of snow having blocked up the neighbouring roads, it was decided that the ceremony should take place at home. Before, however, it had proceeded very far, it was discovered that there was no font in the building. The huntsman, old Tom Prior, soon

detected this, and rushing into the stable-yard, quickly returned with a small stone basin that had been placed there for the use of a favourite retriever —Tip. In this was the ceremony concluded; and from that day I received a *sobriquet* which will be attached to me to my last hour—that of Tip. The nurses called me "Master Tip," while my relatives and friends dropped the former title of courtesy. In after-life it often puzzled my companions to discover the origin of this appellation, and which until explained, sounded as mysterious as those of Kangaroo, Punch, Bacchus, Teapot, Cupid, Pogey, Skirmish, Poodle, Ginger, Dodo, and others which have been attached to bygone and present men about town." Now altering the words Tom Prior to Tom Grant, the old Goodwood huntsman, and inserting my own name instead of that of Percy Hamilton, the incident is founded on fact, for I myself was christened out of a dog's basin, and for some years was called "Tip." At Westminster, however, being named after my godfather, William Pitt, Billy Pitt the Tory, was substituted for Tip. Among other charges brought against me by the critic of the "Morning Chronicle," was that I had brought one of our most sacred religious institutions into ridicule, by a most irreverent allusion to it. Of course some d—— good-natured friend forwarded me the paper, and knowing that all I had to do was to grin and bear it, I resigned myself to my fate. Time passed on, when one day at the Garrick Club finding I was dining alone, Shirley Brooks prepared to join me. The conversation

towards the close of the evening turned upon the "Morning Chronicle," when I remarked that I firmly believed a familiar friend, mentioning his name, had treacherously abused me behind my back, after congratulating me on the success of the novel.

"It is hard," replied Shirley Brooks, "that your friend should be falsely accused, he was not the author of that criticism."

"I rejoice to hear it," I replied, "for I have made up my mind, if I meet him to cut him—"

"Painful as it is to me," he continued; "but sooner than the innocent should suffer for the guilty, I wrote the article."

I own this took me somewhat aback, when my companion continued,

"I thought at the time it was a fair criticism, but our mutual friend, Peter Cunningham, told me I had gone too far—will you then accept my apology, for, knowing you now much better than I did when I wrote the criticism, I regret having caused you any pain."

By the aid of a glass of Garrick Punch I gulped this down, and merely said, in future:—

> "Be to my virtues very kind,
> And to my failings very blind."

From that time we became better friends than ever, for I could not but be sensible of the honourable feeling that prompted him to come forward to save another, even at his own expense.

Although I am aware that I lay myself open to a charge of egotism in referring to the letters of

thanks I have received from many distinguished authors, whose works I have criticised, I cannot refrain from so doing. The first on the list is a letter from Winwood Reade, who thanks me for my kind review of "his much abused book." Mark Lemon sends me his "big book and his little one" with best acknowledgments for my notice of them. Edward Maitland writes, "The remarks on 'By and By' are capital, indicating both perception and ease, and suggesting the need of thoughtfully reading to get at the author's meaning, instead of jumping at once to the conclusion that what the reviewer does not catch in his haste must therefore be devoid of meaning." George Raymond is warm in my praise for my notice of his "Life of Ellison;" as are Mayne Reid, Charles Clarke, Albany Fonblanque, Mrs. C. Mathews, mother of the evergreen, ever delightful Charles; J. Palgrave Simpson, M. H. Barker, Shirley Brooks, John Mills, R. Dalton Barham, son of "Ingoldsby;" Sydney Whiting, Theodore Hook, Gronow, Leveson, the old Shekaree; Byng Hall, A. Hayward, Albert Smith, William Selwyn, D.D., W. Mackinnon, late M.P. for Lymington, who says "'Laudare a laudato viro' is always peculiarly agreeable to the sons of humanity in every age;" Rev. A. Morton Brown, &c.; while I have many notes from authoresses written in the prettiest handwriting, their thanks expressed in the most glowing terms.

HUMOURIST.

GEORGE COLMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE COLMAN—HIS WIT AND SOCIAL QUALITIES—EPIGRAM ON MISS FOOTE, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON—HENRY HARRIS—FREDERICK REYNOLDS—THE LEGITIMATE DRAMA—THE DOG-STARS.

> "Whose humour, as gay as the firefly's light,
> Play'd round every subject, and shone as it play'd;
> Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,
> Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."
>
> T. MOORE.

"I HAVE met George Colman occasionally, and thought him extremely pleasant and convivial. Sheridan's humour, or rather wit, was always saturnine, and sometimes savage; he never laughed (at least that I saw, and I watched him), but Colman did. If I had to *chuse*, and could not have both at a time, I should say let me begin the evening with Sheridan and finish it with Colman. Sheridan for dinner, Colman for supper; Sheridan for claret or port, but Colman for everything, from the Madeira and champagne at dinner, the claret with a *layer* of *port* between the glasses up to the punch of the night, and down to the grog or gin

and water of daybreak; all these I have threaded with both the same. Sheridan was a Grenadier company of Life Guards, but Colman was a whole regiment, of *light infantry*, to be sure, but still a regiment." So wrote Byron in the year 1813, and as far as George Colman is concerned I quite endorse the sentiment, what Sheridan was, except that which I have gleaned from his writings, I know not, never having had the pleasure of meeting this distinguished dramatist. Of the above it may be truly said in the words of the latter:—

> "Sure such a pair were never seen,
> So justly formed to meet by nature."

They both commenced the study of the law, but soon quitted the Middle Temple and another court for the more attractive business of the stage, and both became managers, one of Drury Lane, the other of the Haymarket; they both wrote comedies and farces, they were both the life and soul of every society they joined, they were both extravagant and dissipated—the one, who became licenser of plays, and who distinguished himself by the severity with which he censured language less objectionable than he had used himself, died in tolerably good circumstances in 1836; the other, the talented dramatic writer, the brilliant orator, the caustic wit, the boon companion of the "observed of all observers," the Prince Regent, abandoned by friends, hunted by duns and bailiffs, and sunk low in habits and feelings, died in 1816. "Those who had not offered to cheer his death-bed gave him a grave in Westminster Abbey." So far the com-

parison ends, for as a dramatic writer Colman could not approach Sheridan. "John Bull," "The Iron Chest," "The Mountaineers," "The Heir-at-Law," "The Poor Gentleman," were all received with much favour, and "John Bull," "The Heir-at-Law," and "The Poor Gentleman" still keep possession of the stage; but less witty in his plays than Congreve, less gay than Farquhar, inferior to Vanbrugh as a delineator of character, Colman possessed a vigour and good sense, and an ingenuity in the invention of lively incidents which rendered his plays successful. None of the above-mentioned plays can be compared with "The Rivals," and "The School for Scandal," which for skill of construction, wit of dialogue, and liveliness in the portraiture of manners were never excelled. In addition to the above, Sheridan wrote the clever opera of "The Duenna," and his brilliant yet ill-natured farce of "The Critic," the latter of which still retains its popularity. Of "Pizarro" the less that's said the better, it may rank with Colman's "Iron Chest," "The Mountaineers," "The Battle of Hexham," and "The Surrender of Calais."

My acquaintance with George Colman commenced in the year 1816, when I met him for the first time at the hospitable board of a friend who went by the name of "Cupid Walpole;" he was then in his fifty-fifth year, was as playful and lively as a kitten, and never ceased from the moment we sat down until the hour of departure, which was not an early one, to keep the table in a roar. Many of his sayings appeared in "Broad Grins"

and "Poetical Vagaries," which though lively were occasionally coarse. One of his best remarks was the following. The conversation turned upon conscription in France, and the ballot of the Militia in England.

"When called upon to sign a paper," said he, "to exempt me from service, I wrote under the head of 'causes of exemption,' Old, lame, and a coward."

What Colman was in his latter years I know not, but certainly in his youth he was anything but a coward. Brave acts are always recognised at Westminster School, and a tradition existed which I heard some years after the event occurred, that George Colman, then quite a small boy, had given a spectre a sound thrashing for tormenting Frederick Reynolds, who afterwards became a brother dramatist and a warm ally of his youthful champion. Among other practical jokes which took place at Jones' Boarding House, and of which Reynolds was the victim, was tossing in blankets. After tossing him to the ceiling of the room many times, he was allowed to seek his bed, but there his torments did not cease; for scarcely had the deep tones of the bell told the hour of midnight, when he was awoke from his slumbers by the screams of the younger boys. Starting up in a paroxysm of fear, he beheld at the foot of the bed a hideous spectre, bearing a large cross, on which was written in flaming characters, "Think on to-morrow." Three times the vision uttered the above words and then vanished. On its re-

appearance the following night, the strong arm of Colman caused the spectre to cry "Hold, enough." Every jest book has recorded Colman's witticisms, so I shall confine myself to a few that occurred in my presence. Upon one occasion, when a lady wrote to me saying that, having studied for the stage, she was most anxious for an engagement on the London boards, feeling assured (as her friends told her) that she could do justice to Juliet, Desdemona, Rosalind, and other young Shakespearean characters, I appointed an interview, and wrote to George Colman to ask him to be present at it. The morning arrived, the lady appeared, accomby a duenna, and certainly, as far as looks and figure went, she possessed every quality for Capulet's fair daughter, Othello's ill-fated wife, or "the fair, the chaste" Rosalind.

"Allow me," I said, "to introduce Mr. George Colman; one word from him will have much more effect with managers than anything I could say,"

"'On their own merits modest men are dumb,'" quoted the wit from his own comedy of "The Heir at Law;" "and now," turning to the aspirant for histrionic fame, "perhaps as Shakespeare says, 'you will give us a taste of your quality.'"

"Willingly," said the latter, "'Othello,' h'act the first, scene the second.

"'My noble father,
HI do perceive here a divided duty;
To you, hI ham bound for life, hand heducation;
My life and heducation, both do learn me
'Ow to respect you; you hare the lord of duty,
HI ham 'itherto your daughter; but 'ere's my 'usband!"

Here Colman slipt into my hand a scrap of paper with the following written in pencil "HI, HI, Hi, d—— her heyes, HI'm hoff," so rising, he made an excuse that an important engagement prevented him remaining longer, but that no doubt I would give the lady a patient hearing. All I could do was to acquiesce, and for nearly an hour I had to listen to the garden scene in "Romeo and Juliet," and that in the Forest of HArdennes, as my fair visitor pronounced it.

"Hof course," said the lady, "HI should not like to clash with Miss HO'Neill at Covent Garden, but there his an hopening hat the hother 'ouse."

This placed me in an awful fix, for I could not bear to wound the feelings of one who, if she could have conquered her awfully bad pronunciation, had really strong dramatic talent; yet to recommend her to the manager of Drury Lane would have laid me open to severe strictures, so by way of a compromise I gave her a note to Mr. Chapman, who was a good steady actor and an excellent elocutionist, asking him whether anything could be done to get rid of the deformity under which she laboured.

"Impossible," was his brief reply, "I should be robbing her if I took a farthing to attempt to teach her that which she can never attain—success in the profession. This," he continued, "I deeply regret, for the young lady has many qualifications for the stage; if, like Prince Arthur, her eyes I,I,I's could remain intact, I could make something of her."

Shortly afterwards she communicated to me the result of her interview with Mr. Chapman, who had in the kindest manner urged her to relinquish the object she had so much at heart. I then discovered that her orthography was not better than her pronunciation and that her first letter to me must have been written by another hand; the last ran as follows :—

"Sir,

"HI rite to thank you for your introducshon to Mr. Chapman, who hassures me there is no hopening at Drury Lane, owever HI trust the day will com when I shall be hafforded han opening, feeling hassured my debut will not disgrace the kind frends who has hinterested themselves in my bealph.

"Yours hobediently."

To Colman, though it has been attributed to others, belongs the glory or the shame of having perpetrated the following. A "fanatico per la musica," who was enthusiastically extolling a ballad that some fair amateur had been singing, and boring everyone with his exagergated eulogies, wound up by saying, "That song quite carries me away."

"Can anybody whistle it?" was Colman's caustic remark.

Again I remember when describing a thin man, who was not overwhelmed with brains, he said, "He's like a pin without the head or the point." One day after dinner the conversation turned upon Conway, who, despite the depreciation of "John

Bull" (the newspaper of that name, not the public) and the unmeasured invectives of Hazlitt, was not only an amiable man but a good sensible actor, and whose only misfortune was being too tall.

"What think you of Conway?" asked Henry Harris.

"He reminds me," replied Colman, "of Virgil's lines,

"'Abietibus juvenes patrus et montibus æqui.'

"Which freely translated means

"Like firs that in that mother mountain rise."

"Another line," he added, "suggests itself to me,

"'He's tall and as straight as a poplar tree.'

"Remember I said poplar, not *popular* tree."

"The only *popular* tree," continued Harris, "is the gentle Maria Tree of Covent Garden Theatre."

Reynolds tells an adventure of his and George Colman's, when on one half holiday at Westminster they went to Drury Lane to see the two last acts of the "Old Bachelor." Entering a box up two pair of stairs, they discovered two little boys at the corner of the last row, nestling together, trembling and sobbing. On asking them the cause, they timidly whispered "hush," and pointing to a solitary important personage in the front row, they informed them that he had thumped and kicked them whenever they had laughed.

On hearing this, Colman (ever the little champion of the oppressed, as I have already shown) descended into the front row and tittered. The

anti-comedy gentleman looking amazingly big at him, fiercely cried "silence," at the same time opening his snuff box, and importantly taking snuff. Colman with much politeness asked him for a pinch, which, this foe to merriment, this play-house Herod, indignantly refused.

"Won't you, Sir?" cried Colman, "then shall I have the honour of giving you a pinch?" and without waiting for a reply, tweaked the crabbed oppressor by the nose and instantly vanished. So did not Reynolds, for in attempting to follow his friend, he was pulled back, and on the point of being beaten to a mummy, when Colman, who never deserted a friend in need, returned with two of his father's acquaintances; old Killjoy, finding the party too strong for him, walked off in dudgeon, and Colman, the assertor of Thalia's rights, Reynolds, and the two little sufferers seated themselves in his place to laugh freely and heartily at the "Old Bachelor."

At the time I write of, Westminster pride allowed no one after leaving to claim acquaintance with a brother schoolfellow without a formal introduction. For three years when Colman lived in chambers close to those of Reynolds in the Temple, they never spoke; the spell however was broken, when on the anniversary meeting on Election Monday they met, Colman coolly saying,

"Come, Reynolds, let us toss up who speaks first," from this moment they became warm friends.

Among other good sayings of Colman was the following. One night during the performance at

Covent Garden Theatre of a drama entitled the "Mysteries of the Castle," Colman expressed his surprise at the thinness of the house, and the beggarly amount of empty boxes.

"I suppose it is owing to the war," said one of the actors.

"No," replied the other, "it is owning to the *piece*."

I occasionally met Colman at Henry Harris's hospitable board, where many of the theatrical wits of the day were wont to attend—Colman, Reynolds, Morton, Beazley, and others. Among the numerous anecdotes told me at one of the above gatherings was the following: A tragic actor of Covent Garden Theatre requested a friend to negotiate with Mr. Harris for a renewal of his engagement at a high increase of salary. To this the manager referred the actor to the following laconic epitaph :—

"Lie still if you're wise,
You'll go *down*, if you *rise*."

Another anecdote was mentioned, having reference to Mrs. Inchbald, the authoress, at the time a handsome and an entertaining woman. This lady had a slight impediment in her speech, which rather imparted an entertaining characteristic to her conversation, than diminished its force. One morning waiting on a manager with a new play, the gentleman suddenly became so violently enamoured, or struck on a heap, as it has been vulgarly called, that, dispensing with the usual preparatory courtesies, he suddenly rushed to the attack, on which

the lady seizing him by his pig-tail with one hand, with the other rang the bell until assistance appeared. Ever afterwards, when speaking of this, she used to stammer out.

"How f—ortunate for me he did not w—ear a w—ig." To which a punning brother dramatist replied.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Inchbald, "had your 'gallant gay Lothario' worn a wig, you would have been wholly saved from this amorous rencontre, because as the poet says,

> "'Love, light as air, at sight of human TYES,
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.'"

Here I am reminded of a poetical effusion upon the subject of Miss Foote, which went the round of the newspapers, and which though claimed by others, was the production of an American actor named Graham. Graham joined Mr. Foote's company at the Plymouth Theatre, playing Romeo to Miss Foote's Juliet, and became as much enamoured of her in real life as he had been in that passion represented on the mimic boards. The whole pith of the effusion is to be found in the following verse :—

> "Had I the land that's in the Strand,
> Gentles, I beg your pardon—
> I'd give each *foot*, and more to boot,
> For one of Covent Garden."

Beazley told us a story of a friend of his (I won't mention his name, as he became a better and a wiser man, having entered the church) who said he thought he had wit enough to produce a book of good sayings.

"That will do very well," remarked Colman, "provided he inserts very few of his own."

In consequence of Captain Wathen, proprietor of the Theatre Royal Richmond, playing "The Agreeable Surprise" without Colman's sanction, he having purchased the copyright of that once popular farce, an action for damages was brought in the King's Bench against Wathen. Mr., afterwards Lord, Erskine, was counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. Law, afterwards Lord Ellenborough, for the defendant; Lord Kenyon was on the bench. The author, O'Keeffe, was called as principal witness. Mr. Law, in cross-examination, had the music-book in his hand, and read in a full kind of burlesque style the burden of one of Lingo's songs:—

> "Tag rag merry derry periwig and hatband,
> Hic hoc horum genitivo."

"Mr. O'Keeffe, did you write these words? Speak out, that his Lordship and the gentlemen of the jury may hear you."

The answer, amidst a titter of laughter from the "strangers in the gallery," was "I did."

Lord Kenyon, who saw the embarrassment of the author of this nonsense, immediately relieved him from it by observing, "Oh, that is nothing; Shakespeare, for his clowns, had recourse to the same humorous expedient."

Mr. Erskine read letters between Messrs. Colman and Wathen, the Captain saying that "Lingo was a hobby of his." "Yes," replied Manager Colman, "but you should not take a hobby out of my stable."

Sheridan's oratorical, poetical, and dramatic talents were so great, and had interested me so much, that I was only too happy to hear second-hand anything connected with this great man. An opportunity shortly occurred, for meeting Reynolds one morning, he invited me to a friendly dinner, to meet Henry Harris and Colman.

"We dine punctually at half-past four," he said, "as there is a new piece at Covent Garden."

Punctually at that somewhat gothic hour I found myself at his house, his two other guests having just preceded me. Leading up to the subject, for it was one Harris delighted in, he told me many anecdotes of the great Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Among others was one relating to the first night's performance of "The Rivals," and which he had from the author himself. During the violent opposition in the fifth act, an apple hitting Lee, who performed Sir Lucius O'Trigger, he stepped forward, and with a genuine rich brogue, angrily cried out, "By the powers, is it personal? Is it to me, or the matter?" A cheer followed this extemporaneous appeal.

"Appeal—apple peel you mean!" exclaimed Colman.

I have already referred to "Pizarro" as being unworthy of Sheridan's talent, which, on its first appearance, gave little presage of its future triumphant career. On the second night, however, after certain alterations and omissions, heightened by the splendid acting of John Kemble as Rolla, and Mrs. Siddons as Elvira, the drama so far suc-

ceeded, as to produce to the treasury on its first sixty nights the enormous sum of sixty thousand pounds.

Many actors and actresses have rendered immortal certain passages in plays. Mrs. Bartley, in "Jane Shore," drew forth tears, when in her dying scene she uttered the following pathetic line :—

"Forgive me!—but forgive me!"

Macready was applauded to the echo when, as Coriolanus, he exclaimed :—

"Boy! false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there
That, like an eagle in a dove-cot, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli.
Alone I did it—boy!"

What could exceed the impressive manner in which Mrs Siddons, as Queen Katherine, delivered the line :—

"Lord Cardinal to you I speak."

Miss O'Neill riveted the attention of the audience, when, as Belvidera, she exclaimed :—

"Farewell! remember twelve."

Edmund Kean electrified his audience when, as the crook-backed tyrant, he received the news that the Duke of Buckingham was taken :—

"Off with his head, so much for Buckingham."

And great as was the effect produced by the above passages, I doubt much whether any came up to the touching reply of Rolla, in "Pizarro," when Kemble, in answer to Cora's exclamation :—

"My child and bloody;"

delivered the simple line :—

"Cora, it is my blood."

Harris told us that so popular was Sheridan that,

when travelling with him on a visit to a friend at Portsmouth, an innkeeper on the road where they dined, declined to take any money from the author of the "Duenna," either for dinner or wine; probably the latter, like Falstaff's bill at the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, was the largest item.

It has been said by captious critics, in diminution of his talents, that Sheridan wrote with extreme difficulty. What then? Whether each of his jokes cost him an hour or a month, are they therefore the less entertaining? Probably it would neither injure the discrimination nor the judgment of Sheridan's censurers on this point, if they occasionally repeated to themselves those two old sayings—"Slow and sure," and "Easy writing is difficult reading."

In the "School for Scandal," Sheridan declined to use that prominent commodity in the comedies of Congreve and Vanbrugh—*double entendre*, which is rather a mild term for gross indecency; thus he wrote without the aid of the most efficient ally his predecessors possessed. Surely then as his difficulties were greatly increased, greater fame ought to be awarded to the man who so triumphantly surmounted them. Sheridan, too, carefully avoided the fault of another school, "clap-trap." Not a word in the "School for Scandal" is to be found in praise of laws, Jack tars, innocence, females in distress, an Englishman's castle, or "liberty," that plant of English growth.

George Colman, when appointed deputy licenser of plays under the Lord Chamberlain, was severely handled for his more than puritanical severity in

the censorship of the language of the dramas he had to read; and assuredly such severity did not come with a very good grace from an author who had himself so much transgressed in his own writings. There can be no doubt that a censor was required to put a stop to the continual use of words which ought never to be mentioned, as Pope says, "at least to ears polite;" and if we required an example of the indiscriminate use of those words, we should find it in a farce entitled "Darkness Visible," by Theodore Edward Hook, which is thus dedicated to George Colman, Esq.:—

"My dear Sir—As I take it, you and I are the two most distinguished dramatists of the age—you as the *best* and I as the *worst*. With this conviction, it may be called presumption in me to dedicate one of my farces to you; therefore, notwithstanding our parity of eminence at *opposite* extremes, pray understand that I offer you the following piece, not as an *author*, but as a sincere friend, and as a trifling mark of my respect and esteem for genuine talent, liberality of heart, brilliancy of wit, and suavity of manners; all of which, since I have had the happiness of your acquaintance, I have most sincerely admired in you. With every wish for your happiness, believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours respectfully,

"T. E. Hook."

Now in the printed edition of the above farce, I find twenty-five d——n's, seventeen "devils," three curses; one of the speeches running as follows:—

"She said she'd be d—d if she'd marry him."

Whether the future deputy-licenser was shocked at the above imprecations I am not informed.

In the "Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach," I find the following notice of the elder Colman :—

"Mr. Colman, the manager of the theatre in the Haymarket, was a most agreeable companion; his humility and good-nature were equal to his wit and sprightly conversation.

"He was the natural son of Lord Bath (Sir James Pulteney;) and his father, perceiving in the son a passion for plays, asked him fairly if he never intended to turn his thoughts to politics; as it was his desire to see him a Minister, which with his natural endowments, and the expense and pains he had bestowed on his education, he had reason to imagine, with his interest, he might become. His father desired to know if he would give up the Muses for diplomacy, and plays for politics; as, in that case, he meant to give him his whole fortune. Colman thanked Lord Bath for his kind communication; but candidly said that he preferred Thalia and Melpomene to ambition of any kind, for the height of his wishes was to become at some future time the manager of a theatre. Lord Bath left him £1,500 a-year, instead of all his immense wealth."

ARCHITECT AND AUTHOR.

BEAZLEY.

CHAPTER V.

BEAZLEY—ARCHITECT AND DRAMATIC WRITER—A FANCY-DRESS BALL—MRS. ROBINSON, NOT "PERDITA"—A MISUNDERSTANDING—SIR CHARLES FELIX SMITH OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS—COURT-MARTIAL AT CAMBRAY—PUNSTERS AND PUNNING.

> "Lively and brilliant, frank and free;
> Author of many a repartee,
> His wit to scandal never stooping
> His mirth ne'er to buffoonery drooping."
>
> ANTHONY HAMILTON.
> *Epistle to the Count de Grammont.*

AMONG theatrical persons the name of Samuel Beazley, architect, dramatist, epilogue, song-writer, and wit, was familiar as household words. A more active, energetic man was never known, and there was one peculiarity about him, he was always in a hurry—a sort of human armadillo. If you met him in Regent Street, he would declare he was just come up from Hastings, was off to Theobalds, but should be back for dinner. If you met him at Brighton, he would say he had just arrived, that he should have to proceed immediately to Bognor, but that at seven he was due at the

Garrick to dine with his friend Arabin. He was the author of the "Boarding House," a popular farce of the day, and other dramatic pieces, opening addresses, epilogues, &c.; but his energies were devoted to building theatres, more than to furnish them with pieces. My acquaintance with him was brought about as follows, commencing with the 'Rivals," nearly followed by "Un Duel par l'Amour," concluding with "All's well that ends well."

Upon one occasion I attended a fancy dress-ball given at the then fashionable Argyll Rooms in Regent Street, by a lady who assumed a title of rank to which she had no legal claim, but who from her wealth and ladylike manners attracted a large but rather mixed set about her. In going into the supper-room, the door of which, as usual, was inconveniently crowded, my attention was arrested by a very handsome woman dressed in a splendid Eastern costume, and who had evidently got separated from her party. I approached, offered her my arm, which she took, when I immediately recognised her as Mrs. Robinson whom the previous evening I had seen at Drury Lane performing "Rosalie" to Kean's "Reuben Glenroy." Though equally handsome, she must not be taken for George the Fourth's ill-fated, neglected "Perdita," Mary Robinson, who lived before my time.

"If we do not secure a seat," I said, for in those days people sat comfortably down to enjoy a supper after a comparatively early dinner, and not as now scramble for their food like the wild beasts at the

Zoological Gardens, "we shall have to stand all the evening."

"Thank you," she replied in the most winning tones, "and I have no doubt the gentleman I was with will soon join me."

"Shall I seek him?" I asked. "Tell me his costume, and I will bring him to you."

Another "Thank you," and we took our seats. Then commenced, if not the "feast of reason," assuredly the "flow of *bowl*," for it was no formal affair; the champagne went round rapidly, and what is now termed "chaffing" was carried on to an alarming extent.

While enjoying the conversation of my newly-formed acquaintance, I saw opposite to me a man simply dressed in an evening costume, with a pink silk domino over it, and a small black crape mask in his hand, who hopped about like a sparrow on a twig. He was evidently in search of a lost one; after a time, he seemed to have gained his object, for he gave a familiar nod to my partner, and then hurried off to join a lady he had left. Delighted that he did not join us, and feeling what in modern phraseology is called "spoony," I made myself very ridiculous with protestations of love at first sight, urging the fair object of it to permit me to call, or at least to have the unutterable privilege of addressing her in writing. Before there was time for a response, the man in the pink domino approached, gave a cabalistic sign, which was acknowledged by the lady, who, rising, thanked me for having been of such service to "a female in

distress," took hold of my rival's arm, and darted out of the room. Early next morning I rose, and immediately set to work to indite a letter to the "enchantress of my soul," expressing a fond hope that "those eyes which had proved so fatal to my comfort, would one day smile upon me with the beam of satisfaction, and raise me from the misery love had plunged me in." I hope the reader will bear in mind that I was then only in my eighteenth year. Attaching a beautiful bouquet to the note, I proceeded to the stage door of Drury Lane Theatre, where in a very humble voice, for the Cerberus looked with unutterable contempt at me, I requested him to convey the letter and flowers to Mrs. Robinson.

"She mayn't be here to-day, Sir," he grunted, "but I see she's called for a two o'clock rehearsal to-morrow."

"Can you give me her address?" I rejoined.

"Why, Sir, I ain't quite sure I know it."

Acting upon the Shakespearean principle, "Win him with gifts, if he respects not words," I produced a crown piece, which at once had the desired effect, although it at the same time convicted him of mendacity, for he said,

"One of our stage-carpenters passes Mrs. Robinson's door, and he shall leave the letter and *bucket*," so he pronounced my cadeau of camelias and violets.

In my letter, I had requested my inamorata to wear one of the camelias the following evening; so accordingly I went early to the box-office, secured a seat in the front row of the stage box, there as I

had remarked, to gaze my eyes away. Before the rising of the curtain I was at my post, and on "Rosalie" making her appearance, I applauded her so loudly as to attract her attention. She looked for a second, evidently recognised her admirer, and then never again turned her eyes to the box. To my despair, my lovely camelia did not grace her, to my mind, "fairy form;" but I consoled myself with the idea that it had been preserved at home. Two days elapsed, without receiving any reply to my impassioned letter, when one afternoon, when I went home to dress, the old porter at Richmond House told me that a gentleman had called twice, being most anxious to see me, that he would not mention his business, but had left his card. On looking at it, I saw simply Mr. Beazley, with no address. Not having a remote idea who my visitor was, and fancying it might be some one anxious that I should convey a message to a friend in Canada, for I was about to proceed to Quebec in about a month, I thought no more of Mr. Beazley.

"I omitted to say, my Lord, that the gentleman will call again to-morrow at twelve o'clock, as he wishes to see you on an important matter."

It so happened that I was engaged to dine that day with the late Duke of Beaufort, then Marquis of Worcester; upon reaching his house I found a small party assembled, consisting of the Marquis of Hertford, then Lord Yarmouth, Sir George Wombwell, and "Teapot" Crawford, as he was irreverently called by his intimate friends. During dinner I asked Lord Hertford if he happened to

know Mr. Beazley, as I was rather curious to ascertain the object of his visit.

"You've been addressing his *chère amie*, Mrs. Robinson," he replied. "Be careful, he's a dangerous rival, cool, collected, and madly attached, though a married man, to the namesake of the frail but fair Perdita."

"A pretty scrape you have got into," remarked Crawford, "you'll be paraded at twelve paces 'on the daisies,' as the Irish say."

"It's no joking matter," I responded, "I have been foolish enough to write her a love-letter, and forwarded it to her with some flowers."

"I don't think she would have shown you up," said Worcester, "probably Mr. Beazley was with her when the bouquet was delivered; I hear he has the 'green-eyed monster' as strong upon him as Othello had."

"What's to be done?" I asked, "for to-morrow, at twelve, he is to call upon me."

"What say you, George," suggested my host, "to your being with me at Richmond House to-morrow, when the pugnacious gentleman calls?"

"I've no objection," replied Wombwell, "and will do all in my power to appease his wrath."

It was then arranged that my friends were to call upon me the following morning, as if accidentally, so as to be present at the interview.

"You're alone, I believe, at Richmond House?" continued Worcester; "if not, we must be careful that the affair does not get wind."

"All my family are at Goodwood," I rejoined,

"waiting until the 'Iphigenia' frigate is ready at Portsmouth to convey us to Quebec."

I cannot say I felt very comfortable that evening, and thought of Byron's lines,

> "It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,
> That cocking of a pistol, when you know
> A moment more will bring the sight
> Upon your person, twelve yards off or so."

Next day at half-past eleven punctually, my friends were announced, when it was arranged that Worcester should be the spokesman, and Wombwell a mere looker-on.

"Here's a book about gunnery, and here's the trial of Major Munro for killing his adversary in a duel," said the light-hearted ex-Tenth Hussar. "I'll lay them on the table."

As the clock of the Horse Guards struck twelve Mr. Beazley was announced; he entered the room with a hurried step, appearing somewhat taken aback when he saw the trio.

"I wish to have a few words with Lord William Lennox," he said, at the same time taking from his breast-pocket the letter, which I immediately recognised as my own. I stepped forward and said,

"Let me introduce my friend the Marquis of Worcester, anything you have to say to me can be said before him."

In the meantime Wombwell had retired to the end of the room, and was looking out of the window, catching a side view of the Thames, and the numerous barges sailing upon it, for in those days it was not as it now is studded with steamers floating about like fire-flies.

"I believe," said my rival, in a calm yet determined voice, "you addressed this letter to Mrs. Robinson?"

I was about to answer, when Worcester interrupted me by saying,

"May I ask, Mr. Beazley, whether you are connected by marriage or relationship to the lady you refer to?"

"Only a friend," he replied, in rather a hurried tone, "and as a friend I must insist, that is on her part, I must insist that she is not again pestered with such—"

Worcester stopped him before he had finished the probably obnoxious syllable, "Pray is that your remark or the lady's?"

"Oh, the lady's."

"Very well, then," proceeded my champion, "we will pass that over, and as Lord William had no intention of offending the lady, to whom I consider he is alone responsible, I have no hesitation in assuring you on his part that against her wishes he will never address her again."

My rival seemed pacified, and in the most gentlemanlike manner declared that as a friend he was, and felt sure that Mrs. Robinson would be perfectly satisfied with the declaration. Here Wombwell finding that peace had been proclaimed gave a significant cough, thus insinuating the nature of the friendship.

"I thought a personal interview would be better than a correspondence, and here I must do Mrs. Robinson the justice to say that she would have

treated the letter with silence,"—from the look I feared "silent contempt" was about to be uttered—"had not some jealous rival declared in the green-room that she was carrying on a correspondence with, and receiving presents from a young officer." Mr. Beazley then retired, and I was not a little gratified at finding the object of my admiration had not shown me up, doubly so that the affair had terminated without recourse to the duello, and that "All's well that ends well" had followed my "All for Love." Strange to say, the above lady, albeit I was never in her company but once, nearly involved me in another affair of honour. Some years afterwards, when returning to England from paying a flying visit to the so called "city of frivolity," Paris, I happened on returning to Dover to meet an old friend, the late Sir Charles Felix Smith of the Royal Engineers, at that time in command of the garrison.

"You will stay and dine with us," he said, "I can give you a bed, and plenty of beefsteaks and porter for breakfast, if you are now as fond of them as you were when you visited me at Valenciennes."

I must here remark that Sir Charles, then Colonel Smith had the character of being a professed duellist, that he had killed two men in the West Indies, and was the hero of a court-martial held during the time I was on Wellington's staff at Cambray, to try him for kicking a Valenciennes tradesman out of his house, for obtruding himself and dunning Smith for a small account, when he was particularly engaged in furnishing plans of the

fortifications in the Netherlands for the Commander-in-Chief. The principal feature of the court-martial was the Colonel's defence. Everyone had urged him to tender an apology, so as to heal the wounded pride of his victim, but with little success. When called upon for his defence, Smith, who was of gigantic stature, rose, and looking down with ineffable contempt upon the diminutive Frenchman who had fallen under his displeasure, thus commenced:

"Mr. President and Gentlemen,"

The Court were all attention and augured well from the opening remarks that an apology would follow. Great was their surprise when Smith proceeded:—

"'Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver.'

"If there is a circumstance in my life which I regret, deeply regret, it is—" here was a pause, and a smile of satisfaction beamed on the countenances of the members of the Court, "and that is—that I did not murder the insolent wretch."

It was some time before the President and the members of the Court could restore their eyes and mouths to the usual dimensions. Smith finished his address, the Frenchman shrugged his shoulders

exclaiming, "*Ma foi, qu'il est monstre!*" The room was cleared, and the result was a severe reprimand to the gallant officer for having with extenuating circumstances taken the law into his own hands.

I have digressed, a fault I am constantly committing, and must return to my own adventure with this fire-eater. Being required to join my regiment at Windsor, I was reluctantly obliged to decline Smith's hospitable invitation, and did not meet him until the following autumn, when one day in Regent Street I fell in with him. After a conversation upon general topics, my companion, after referring to Drury Lane Theatre, to which I asked him to accompany me after dining with me at Limners, where I was staying, in a casual off-hand manner asked me whether I had ever met Mrs. Robinson.

"Yes," I responded, "once at a ball, a rather promiscuous lot."

"At a ball—promiscuous lot. Respectable, I suppose."

"Oh, yes," I carelessly responded. "But why do you take such an interest in that lady?"

"Why, she's my missus. I married her. You would have seen her at Dover."

Need I say that I felt relieved, when I remembered that not a word had escaped my lips which might have hurt the feelings of an unsuspecting husband. Had I mentioned my affair with Beazley, Smith would have been made acquainted with the *liaison* that had existed between him and the fair

artiste, and an unpleasant result might have ensued. Indeed, I might in those days, when the slightest affront led to a hostile meeting, have been called to account for having written the love-letter. I never pass the spot, nearly opposite the Pall Mall Restaurant, without congratulating myself on my escape.

In the art of punning, whatever be its merits or demerits, Beazley was nearly equal to Theodore Hook. There was, however, a wonderful difference in the manner in which they uttered a smart thing. Hook's fun was exuberant and spontaneous. Coleridge, when he heard him, said, "I have before in my time met with men of admirable promptitude of intellectual power and play of wit, 'the rays of which,' as Stillingfleet says, 'gild whatever they strike;' but I never could have conceived such readiness of mind and resources of genius to be poured out on the mere subject and impulse of the moment." In addition to which, in Hook there was the joyous laugh, the smiling lip, the eye sparkling at the dazzling thought that was about to find utterance in jest or repartee, while Beazley was content to utter his jokes in a quiet, quaint manner, the result of which was that, clever as they were, they occasionally missed fire.

Richard Barham, son of "Ingoldsby," tells us, and tells us truly, that "a pun, when repeated, loses somewhat of its relish; that you want it hot from the intellectual furnace; like an omelette, pancake, or *fondu* it becomes heavy as it grows cold."

Many of Beazley's sallies of humour were made upon local subjects and topics of the day, and would

lose much of their point if repeated after so long a lapse, when the subjects themselves are forgotten. Moreover, humour has its instant moment for its real enjoyment; for everyone must be aware that a witty conversation will not bear repeating, and that the pleasantry which has kept a small company in roars of laughter at the right time, is tasteless and insipid when renewed.

I have often thought that there ought to be a register office for jokes and bon-mots. Some of the wittiest sayings, after going the round of society, are immediately attributed to the wit of the day, and many have fallen to the share of Jekyll, George Colman, Theodore Hook, Lords Norbury and Alvanley, all of whom were guiltless of perpetrating them. Old jokes, even from the pages of Joe Miller, if well applied by a clever *farçeur*, are born anew by a species of metempsychosis, and again appear under a different form and another parentage.

When Dr. Pusey, in 1843, was suspended from the office of preaching before the University, on account of a sermon in which he urged the necessity of confession, and the value of sacerdotal absolution, a new party entitled "Puseyites" sprang up. Well do I remember two sayings of Beazley's upon the subject, at a dinner given by Sir William Bowyer Smijth, who married a daughter of Sir Henry Meux. I give the sayings, not on account of their merits, but because I have recently heard them applied as original to the Ritualistic proceedings of the present day. "You know,"

said Beazley, "why no seats are to be had in the new *Pew*sey churches?" "No," we replied. "Because they *stand upon forms*." This was followed by his declaring Eve to have been the first Ritualist, "inasmuch as she was originally *Eve-angelic*, and afterwards appeared *in vestments*."

Beazley was a constant visitor at "Theobalds," the seat of Sir Henry Meux. As an architect he designed a new staircase, which he appropriately called *gradus ad Parnassum;* Meux being pronounced *Muse*. To a very impertinent letter, Beazley made the following pertinent reply:—"If a sound caning could be transmitted by writing, I should beg you to apply this letter to your back." Talking of a then popular individual famed for his liberality, Beazley said, "That's a man who carries his aversion to niggardliness so far as to even detest a *mean* temperature."

While on the subject of punning, I may remark that there is a wonderful difference between a mere play upon words and genuine wit, and I will call Dr. Barrow to my aid to confirm what I have stated, who in a sermon against foolish talking and jesting gives the following definition of wit:—

"Wit is indeed," says this great Divine, "a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and settled notion thereof than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air.

Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped up in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an old similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense; sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture, passeth for it; sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness giveth it being; sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange, sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth, and proveth things by), which, by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression, doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying

a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar; it seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable, a notable skill that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him, together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination; whence in Aristotle such persons are called dexterous men, and men of facile and versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also promoteth delight by gratifying curiosity with its rareness, or semblance of difficulty, as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang."

"Charles Lamb among "Popular Fallacies," has the following:—"That the worst puns are the best."

If by worst he only meant the most far-fetched and startling, we agree to it. "A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes

by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg? All the better, a pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors (himself perhaps an old offender in that line) where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop; after hunting and winding it through all the possible ambages of similar sounds; after squeezing, and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further, suddenly some obscure, unthought of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the company for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota—has all at once come out with something so whimsical, yet so pertinent; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot, anything ulterior to that is despaired of; and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis."

Some of our best English jokes have been translated into French, and among them may be mentioned the following. The recommendation of Dr. Johnson to an authoress, who sent him a manuscript poem, and told him she had other irons in the fire, "I advise you to put the poem with the irons," thus appears in a "Collection of Bon Mots," "M. N—, à qui le ciel a donné le malheureux talent d'écrire, sans penser, tous les mois un volume, consultait le très-franc et le très-malin P— sur un ouvrage nouveau dont il menace le public. 'Parlez moi franchement,' lui disait-il, 'car si cela ne vaut rien j'ai d'autres fers au feu.' 'Dans ce cas,' lui répondit P—, 'je vous conseille *de mettre votre manuscrit où vous avez mis vos fers.*"

Shakespeare was a punster, as will be seen by the following play upon words,

King Richard. How is it with old Gaunt?
Gaunt. Oh, how that name befits my composition.
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and *gaunt* in being old.

Again Falstaff is fertile in puns,

"Master *Silence,* it well befits you should be of the *peace.*'

"I do see the *bottom* of this Justice *Shallow.*"

"*Discharge* yourself of our company, *Pistol.*"

"Would ye be taught, ye feathered throng,
With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
Listen to mine Ann Hathaway!
She hath a way to sing so clear,
Phœbus might wondering stop to hear,
To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
And nature charm, Ann hath a way,
She hath a way
Ann Hathaway,
To breathe delight. Ann hath a way."

To would-be punsters I beg to offer the following piece of advice, let them search ancient volumes, for there can be no doubt that those who gloat over dust and black leather will find that the best of modern jests are almost literally from the antique; and that those which are passed off as original in the present day, were employed by the wise men of old to enliven their cups deep and strong; that to jest was a part of their Platonic philosophy, and that the excellent fancies, the flashes of merriment of our forefathers, are nightly, nay hourly, re-echoed for our amusement. To prove the above, the sceptical reader is referred to the works of Hierocles.

To return to Beazley; our early rivalship terminated in a lasting friendship. In my literary labours he was ever ready to give me a turn, as will be seen by the two following letters:—

"Soho Square, Wednesday night.

"My Dear Lord William,

"From your leaving your note at the Garrick, where I seldom go except when I am wanted, I did not receive your note till to-night, though I see it is dated on Saturday. Your book is just delivered, and I only wish that it had come before, for all our literature, from the regulation of our paper, goes to press on the Wednesday morning, so that it is too late for this week, excepting for a very short notice which I send because the next week is the magazine week; but I will read it, and give it a more elaborate notice in the very first paper I can. Being still

as anxious as I always have been, ever since I had the pleasure of knowing you, to do everything in my humble power to forward your wishes.

"Believe me your sincere friend,

"S. BEAZLEY."

Upon the receipt of another novel I received the following note :—

"Soho Square, Thursday night.

"My dear Lord William,

"On coming to town I have just received your book, for which I thank you. My connection with the press has thawed, and resolved itself into a *dew* (adieu,) but I will hunt up my old friends in that way. When you formerly published I was the unfortunate and deluded proprietor of a newspaper. But that Era has passed; you are as welcome as the Flowers in May to all the jokes I ever perpetrated, and I therefore confer on your lordship the perpetual copyright of them. But pray never print my name, for somehow or other I have a most inveterate aversion to seeing my name in print, and my greatest wish living is that I may be forgotten the instant I am dead. How 'Auld Lang Syne' comes on me, and again subscribing myself

"Ever yours,

"S. BEAZLEY."

The allusion to his jokes was caused by my inserting one in a work of fiction, giving his name as the perpetrator. In reference to the above novel

"Percy Hamilton, or the Westminster Boy," he wrote as follows:—

"My dear Lord William,

"I have read the 'Westminster Boy' with a great deal of pleasure, and wish you had mixed up more of your personal narration, which of course I recognise in the Blues, Waterloo, the Army of Occupation, &c. Your graphic delineation of 'Hookem' and 'Ginems' brought lots of reminiscences to my mind. Theodore Hook was one of my earliest and most intimate companions, and I smuggled him out to the Mauritius in spite of 'Debtors and Duns.' What buoyant spirits were his in those days. I wish you had carried the *soi-disant* Percy further into his life. It would well have afforded it.

"Ever, dear Lord William,

"S. Beazley."

Beazley often told me that, suffering as he did from a heart complaint, he was prepared at any moment to fall down dead, and that he always carried about with him a paper on which was written his address, and a request that his body might be conveyed to it, should his life be thus unexpectedly cut off.

A DANDY.

THOMAS RAIKES.

CHAPTER VII.

RAIKES—"FOP AT THE TOILET, FLATTERER AT THE BOARD"—THE DANDY LITTÉRATEUR—HIS FEAR THAT THE CONSTITUTION WOULD BE UPSET, LORDS AND COMMONS ABOLISHED, AND ANARCHY REIGN SUPREME.

"Would you a modern beau commence,
Shake off that foe to pleasure, sense;
Be trifling, talkative, and vain;
Of every absent friend complain,
Their worth contemn, their faults deride,
With all the insolence of pride.
Scorn real unaffected worth
That claims no ancestry by birth.

* * * * * *

Harangue on fashions, point and lace,
On this one's errors, t'other's face;
Talk much of Italy and France,
Of a new song, and country dance:
Be vers'd in politics and news;
All statesmen, ministers abuse.
Affect to know each reigning belle,
That through the playhouse or the Mell,
Declare you're intimate with all
You once have met with at a ball.

* * * * * *

Be versed in folly's ample school,
Learn all her various schemes, her arts
To show your merit, wit, and parts.
These rules observ'd, each foppish elf
May view an emblem of himself."

LONDON CHRONICLE, 1757.

"OF all useless beings," so writes Professor Gresley, "the mere man of fashion is perhaps the most useless; and of all modes of living, the most idle and unsatisfactory is the life of those who spend their days in ambitious endeavours to maintain themselves in a higher position of society than their station warrants."

And Pope tells us:

> "Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things
> To gaze on princes and to talk of kings.
> Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
> And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
> And have observ'd this useful maxim still
> To let my betters always have their will.
> Nay, if my lord affirm'd that black was white,
> My word was this 'Your honour's in the right.'"

The above mottoes are not inapplicable to the celebrity to whom I am about to refer,

Among the dandies of London, no one was held in greater estimation, at least by himself, than Thomas Raikes, Esq. No one appeared oftener at White's bay-window than he did, no one was a more servile tuft-hunter than he was, no one a greater *gobemouche*, or gossip, or flâneur, and no one a greater alarmist than the subject of this memoir. Some have been bold enough to denounce him as "an old Torified prig, and an extremely self-contented and self-important chatterbox. A Spence maundering about continually without a Pope. A Boswell never stumbling upon his Johnson, but ever and ever self-conscious, as though he stood always in the midst of a cluster of cheval glasses, full of his own reflections! Briefly and

more accurately, Mr. Pepys's shadow modernised." Whether the above accusations are true or false I will not stop to inquire, all I knew of Mr. Raikes was that he was a dandy of the first water, never condescending to notice any but those of his own clique—with the exception of the aristocracy, to whom he became a complete hanger on. Foote thus describes a tuft-hunter.

Charlotte. Besides, Sir, I have other proofs of your hero's vanity.
Serjeant Circuit. Cite them.
Charlotte. The paltry ambition of levying and following titles.
Serjeant. I don't understand you.
Charlotte. I mean the poverty of fastening in public upon men of distinction, for no other reason but because of their rank; adhering to Sir John till the baronet is superseded by my lord; quitting the puny peer for an earl; and sacrificing all three for a duke."

A being of this M^c^Sycophant order, once favoured by an auspicious opening into society, is sure of rising to its highest point. "It is an eagle only, or creeping things innumerable," says the philosopher, "which attains the summit of the pyramid." The above satire is too severe as applied to Raikes, still he laid himself open to a portion of it, as may be seen in many parts of his journal, where he introduces his "très-affectionnée amie et servante," the Duchess of York, his familiar friend the Duke of York, and "faithfully yours" Wellington, his sympathising correspondent Count Fred Matuscewitz; his ally the Speaker, and the object of his admiration Peel.

Now the Diary of Thomas Raikes, Esq., is full of tittle-tattle, gossip, *canards*, Gallic idioms,

and worn-out Joe Miller jokes. The above may be as harmless as his predictions, that trades-unions would "fright the isle from its propriety; that if the Reform Bill became law there would be a rebellion in the country; that the political unions would eventually overturn every government; that the repeal of the Corn Laws would reduce the income from land one half, that annual parliaments must follow, that the House of Peers, as a deliberative body, was trampled under foot, that royalty is become a mere cypher; that the British Constitution of King, Lords, and Commons, which for ages had been the admiration of the world, had been destroyed by a stroke of the pen; that "the only government which remained for England was the reformed House of Commons, or, in other words, a democracy." None of the above prognostications have been realized, and the Constitution has lasted longer than he who foretold its destruction, Raikes having died at Brighton in the year 1848, aged 70. Raikes was immortalized by Robert Deighton, who hit off his manner, gait, and dress inimitably well. He is represented walking steadily and stately down St. James's Street, dressed in a faultless cut brown frock-coat, with huge velvet collar, a rather showy silk waistcoat, neat trowsers, highly polished boots, with no end of yards of cambric lapped about his throat; his face, far from good-looking, was slightly pitted with the small-pox. This gave rise to a savage witticism of Count d'Orsay, who, upon receiving an anonymous letter sealed with an old-fashioned wafer seal, said, "Cher Raikes must have

written this, and sealed it with his nose." In society Raikes was a pleasant companion, a good listener, an agreeable retailer of anecdotes, *bon mots*, and *calembours*, not of the newest sort, but usually well applied to the topics of the day. His conceit, however, was great when strutting down St. James's Street, no peacock was ever grander; he reminded me of the pompous gentleman Theodore Hook once met in the Strand, whom he addressed in the following manner, "Pray, sir, may I take the liberty of asking if you are anyone in particular?" Raikes aped Brummell, and a very sorry representation it was; Beau Brummell, with all his follies, gained the height of his ambition, which was to lord it over royalty and all mankind, and become what he became, the king of fashion—and the arbiter elegantiarum of society. Raikes was obliged to content himself with being a satellite to the great, the chronicler of their sayings and doings. Sir Henry Mildmay, another of the dandy school, was a high-bred gentleman, full of information, with only a slight tinge of puppyism; John Mills, called the Mosaic dandy from his Hebrew look, would have shone in Parliament, had his energies been turned in that direction, but he preferred the frivolity of the club to the applause of the Senate. Alvanley, who possessed a fund of genuine humour, far superior to any man of his day, was a kind-hearted creature, and albeit in the "set" was free from many of its follies. King Allen always reminded one of the hero of some burlesque, a sort of dandy "Count Pomposo;" had he remained in the army some of the nonsense would have been

knocked out of him. Upon one occasion, when nearly being captured in a gaming-house, a friendly police-sergeant who had known "his majesty" in the Guards, said, "Be off, my Lord, it's the first time you ever turned your back to the enemy." Will it be believed then in the present day that the above *clique* governed the West end of London, and not to know them was not to be known at all. Edward Montagu, the black dandy, was a well-informed man, and had travelled a good deal abroad. Rufus Lloyd, the red dandy, named after the colour of his hair, had little or no talent.

One word more, Raikes, in his diary tells a story of a lady of high rank who took her daughter to the Chapel Royal, St. James's on a Sunday morning. The Chapel was crowded to hear one of the late Dean of Chichester's sermons, and to have a look at the Queen who had recently come to the throne. Every place in the Peeresses' seats was filled, and the lady in question had to leave. As she was going away, she remarked to her daughter, "Well, at all events, we have done the civil thing." Now assuming for a moment that this was true, it is difficult to understand how it became known to Raikes. It is not very likely that either the mother or daughter would mention it, so it must be set down as a piece of club gossip, probably invented by the diarist himself. The fact is Raikes was one of those *flâneurs* who sat at White's bay-window listening to every *canard* and scandal. Of him and Charles Greville it may be said, "Arcades ambo." I will not give Byron's translation of the above saying.

VOCALISTS AND DRAMATIC ARTISTS.

MADAME GRASSINI AND MADAME CATALANI.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRASSINI—BILLINGTON—CATALANI—ADVENTURE AT PARIS—ANECDOTE OF GABRIELLI—A HOAX—THE KING'S THEATRE IN BYGONE TIMES—MY INTRODUCTION TO CATALANI—JANE, DUCHESS OF GORDON—HOW TO SWEEP A NOBLE HOUSE CLEAN—MASQUERADES—CONCERT AT BRUSSELS—LUDICROUS SCENE AT THE THEATRE IN THE PARK—CATALANI'S ALARM DURING THE O. P. RIOTS AT COVENT GARDEN.

"When thro' life unblest we rove,
Losing all that made life dear,
Should some notes we used to love,
In days of boyhood meet our ear,
Oh! how welcome breathes the strain!
Wakening thoughts that long have slept;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept.

* * * * * *

Music, oh how faint, how weak,
Language fades before thy spell!
Why should feeling ever speak,
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?
Friendship's balmy words may feign,
Love's are e'en more false than they,
Oh! 'tis only music's strain
Can sweetly soothe and not betray."

T. MOORE.

To Music, by Herrick.

"Begin to charme, and as thou stroak'st mine cares
With thy enchantment melt me into tears,

Then let thy active hand send o'er thy lyre;
And make my spirits frantick with the fire:
That done, sink down into a silvrie straine,
And make me smooth as balme and oile againe."

AFTER three years of divided reign, Grassini and Mrs. Billington retired from the stage, and Catalani supplied the place of both. Mrs. Billington I never saw, but by all accounts she was a splendid musician and singer. Grassini I heard once at the Opera House, and was greatly struck, not only by her musical talent, but by her appearance. Her voice, which it was said had been a high soprano, was by some accident reduced to a low and confined contralto, possessing little more than one octave of good natural notes; her acting was splendid, her face beautiful, and her manner graceful. Her deep tones were unquestionably fine. In a room Grassini was a perfect singer.

During the time I was an *attaché* to the late Duke of Wellington in Paris in 1814, she was a constant visitor at the Hôtel Borghese, at that period occupied by the first English ambassador after the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France. A curious adventure happened to me connected with this gifted lady. Meeting her so often at my chief's, and knowing the influence she had over him—for she had kindly got me out of one or two boyish scrapes—I became most intimate with her, and occasionally paid her a morning visit at her beautifully furnished apartments on the Boulevard des Italiens. One afternoon, having called upon her with a message from the Duke and

Duchess, inviting her to dine with them the following day, to meet another talented artist in his way — Anacreon Moore, who had unexpectedly arrived in Paris—I was startled by a loud altercation in the ante-room, evidently proceeding from an enraged Frenchman and my hostess's *femme de chambre*.

"Monsieur le Général, je vous assure que Madame est indisposée, elle souffre beaucoup, mais peut-être qu'elle voudrait vous voir."

"C'est bien, j'ai su qu'elle était à l'Opera hier soir."

"C'est vrai, Monsieur le Général, mais Madame est entrée fort malade."

In the meantime Grassini seemed dreadfully put out. "It's that jealous monster the General," she said, "who is always taunting me about the kind Duke; if he meets you he will be furious. Stay, I must hide you until he has left."

Being young and thrice-armed, from the fact that I had done nothing to cause any hostile feeling, I proposed to meet and beard the roaring lion; but she would not hear of such a proposition, so hurrying me behind a large china jar which stood before the windows, and enveloping it partly with the muslin curtains, "Thérèse," she said, in a loud but rather tremulous voice, "you may show the General in, my head feels better."

Breathless, I remained as this distinguished warrior stalked through the room. What occurred during the interview I know not, but as this Parisian Othello took his leave, I overheard words

not very flattering to "ce duc de Vellanton." No sooner did the outward door bang than I was emancipated from my hiding place, thankful that I had escaped detection, for a cartel to meet the General the following morning with a second and a brace of pistols in the Bois de Boulogne would have probably been the result.

To return to Catalani. I heard her more than once on the operatic boards, and next met her at the York Musical Festival, in the month of September, 1828, upon which occasion she received six hundred guineas for her services. The receipts on the above occasion (including two balls—one a fancy-dress ball) were £14,623 12s. 7d.; the expenses were estimated at from £12,000 to £13,000.

Her voice was of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. When she threw out all her voice to the utmost, it had a volume and strength quite surprising. So lavish was she in the display of these wonderful powers, that she caused more surprise than pleasure. Her excessive love of ornament marred every simple air, but in songs of a bold and spirited character, her *ad libitum* passages were splendid. I believe that she was the first to sing words to Rode's Variations composed for the violin, which song afterwards became so popular with leading artists that Mademoiselle Sontag introduced it in the singing lesson in "Il Barbiere de Siviglia," an example now very often followed by others.

Catalani's display of execution reminded one of the oft quoted remark attributed to Dr. Johnson,

who, being told of the difficulty of some performance, observed that he wished it was impossible; and which I refer to merely for the purpose of remarking that, although the saying is attributed to the surly lexicographer, I believe it was uttered by a noble statesman, more famed for his wit than love of music, and of whom the following anecdote is told. Being asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and it being urged as a reason for it that his brother the Bishop of Winchester did, "Oh!" replied his Lordship, "if I was as deaf as my brother I would subscribe too."

Catalani's face and figure were suited to both serious and comic parts; she was very handsome, with a countenance well adapted for the stage, and capable of great variety of expression. The outline of Catalani's features reminded one of the great Mrs. Siddons, yet she could relax them into "wreathed smiles," charming gaiety, or arch simplicity. Her husband, M. Valabrèque, had so exalted an opinion of his sposa's talent, that he is reported to have said, "Ma femme, et quatre ou cinque poupées, voilà tout ce qu'il faut."

In her first year, Catalani's salary at the Opera House, then called the King's Theatre, was two thousand guineas for the season, at that time considered a very high one, though according to her ideas ridiculously low; so low, indeed, that she exclaimed, "*Ci vogliono molte mila lire sterline!*" To this the manager acceded, and the prima donna of prima donnas obtained five thousand.

The above reminds me of an anecdote told of

Gabrielli, a celebrated singer, who in the year 1770 demanded an *honorarium* of five thousand ducats for her services at St. Petersburg. "Five thousand ducats!" said the Empress Catherine II., "I do not pay that sum to any of my field-marshals." "If that's the case," responded the *cantatrice*, "Your Majesty has nothing to do but to make these field-marshals sing." This audacious answer had such an effect upon Catherine that she gave way to the exorbitant demands of the syren.

Here I am reminded that in the year 1807 Madame Catalani's name was made use of to carry out a senseless hoax at Liverpool. Early in the month of November bills were stuck up in different parts of the town, announcing that the model of a 98-gun ship, on Lord Stanhope's new plan, and magnificently decorated, would reach Chiserhall Street Bridge from Wigan on that day. To give additional interest to the scene, it was stated that a band of choice vocal performers, stationed on the deck, would sing "Rule Britannia," in which the celebrated performer, Madame Catalani, was to assist; and the *coup d'œil* was to be heightened by Mr. Polito's hippopotamus, or river-horse, preceding the man-of-war in an elegant barge. As might be expected, great numbers hastened to the spot at the appointed hour to witness the arrival of this grand novel marine spectacle, and to be charmed at so low a rate with the melodious strains of Catalani. For several miles the banks and bridges of the canal were covered with the credulous multitude, and as the day was fine, many remained in

anxious expectation, till, by the arrival of the daily packet from Wigan, they were convinced that no such vessel as they expected had ever been heard of at that place.

As in the days I write of, all the leaders of fashion had private boxes at the King's Theatre I constantly had a silver ticket given me. The system at that time was for two ladies of *la crême de la crême* of society to take a box, which would now be termed an omnibus box, when certain gentlemen were put under requisition, who, as subscribers to the box, had a transferable silver ticket. These gentlemen, however, were unable to act on the principle ascribed to the late Duke of Newcastle, that of "doing what they liked with their own," for they were never expected to occupy their seats during any great portion of the evening, but merely to pay visits to it like other acquaintances; so that when not occupied in these rounds of visits, they had to take shelter in "Fop's Alley," a portion of the pit being so called, stalls not having been then introduced.

One evening, when paying a visit to the Duchess of Gordon in her box, I met the Honorable Edmund Phipps, who asked me if I would like to go behind the scenes and be introduced to Madame Catalani, with whom he was on the most friendly terms. I, then a Westminster boy, was delighted with the idea, and the moment the opera was over we hastened to pay our respects to the Queen of Song.

Nothing could be more amiable than she was; she asked me if I was fond of music, to which I

replied, "Passionately, especially with your singing."

"Bravo, mon petit, you know how to make de compliments. Do you play any instrument?" she inquired.

"Unfortunately not," I responded. "I wished to have lessons on the flute, but my mother objected, saying I might learn to play the violin if I liked; but I should be nicely laughed at in Dean's Yard if I turned fiddler."

"It is very cruel of the madre, for in after-life it would be une grande source of amusement."

Never were truer words spoken; had I been allowed to learn the flute when a boy, I might have been now a proficient with that beautiful instrument. As for the fiddle or violin (for I hardly know when the fiddle ends and the violin begins) I should have been scouted by all my comrades. Probably, though my nasal organ is not conspicuously large, I should have been known as "nosey," for such was the opprobrious name given to such professional performers in my early days. During our visit to the prima donna's attiring room, a foreign singer made his appearance; it was the celebrated Naldi, of whom Byron a few years afterwards wrote:—

> "Well may the nobles of our present race
> Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face:
> Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,
> And worship Catalani's pantaloons,
> Since their own drama yields no fairer trace,
> Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace."

To the above the author, probably under the influence of a bilious attack, added the following note. "Naldi and Catalani require little notice; for the visage of the one and the salary of the other

will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers."

When Catalani appeared in what she termed "ma-le attira" the lampooners and caricaturists were unusually severe upon her; this was unfair, as the costume she adopted could not have been offensive to the most fastidious eye. Upon returning to the box, the Duchess, my grandmother, made the most tender inquiries after the great singer, whom she was anxious to engage for a concert about to be given for charitable purposes. A few weeks afterwards the Duchess was attacked with a serious illness from which she never recovered; she was then staying at the Pulteney Hotel, Piccadilly, now the site of Sir Richard Wallace's mansion, where the day before her decease she requested to see as many of her grandchildren as were within reach. I and my brother Frederick were taken from Westminster to bid her a long farewell; up to the last she was the kindest-hearted creature imaginable, and as we shook hands with her, she, with a faint smile, placed a couple of guineas in our palms, and uttered a prayer for our welfare. There were few more brilliant members of the fashionable world than Jane, Duchess of Gordon. Of her it was said, that having married three of her daughters to Dukes—Richmond, Bedford, and Manchester, and one to Lord *Brome*, afterwards Marquis Cornwallis, she after placing these ducal coronets on her daughters' heads, had swept the house out with a

broom. The author of the biographical memoir of the last Duchess of Gordon has been very severe upon her mother-in-law, laying before the public her faults, but keeping back her virtues. I think the Reverend writer would have done himself more credit if he had followed that old but excellent precept, "De mortuis nil nisi bonum."

At the period I write of, masquerades took place at the King's Theatre, presenting a spectacle at once so tiresome and so disgraceful that it was not easy to tell whether fatigue or disgust was the strongest feeling which they excited—of merriment, even of the lowest kind, there was not a shadow; the dullest of all dull scenes was only varied by the different shapes assumed by vulgarity and effrontery. About three hundred persons were congregated upon the only occasion I, from a private box, witnessed the orgies. Many of them appeared to be of the lowest class of performers, scene-shifters, ballet girls, and the hangers-on of the theatre, decked out in the shabbiest trumpery which a dramatic wardrobe or a second rate costumier could furnish. These, who were evidently on the "free list," disported themselves as clowns, pantaloons, pierrots, harlequins, columbines, and flower-girls; to the above were added a host of inferior clerks dressed in Spanish, Greek, Turkish, or Italian dresses, with ladies in pink and blue tunics, spangled trousers, and fanciful head-dresses, looking more like modern "bloomers" than damsels of the Zenana, which they professed to represent. A sprinkling of fashionable men about town

in dominoes, with fair ones on their arms, may be added to the group. At one side of the stage there was a sort of tap, or refreshment bar, where port and sherry were retailed at seven shillings, Madeira at twelve shillings, and champagne at seventeen shillings the bottle, "to be drunk (as were many of the bibbers) on the premises." So that in addition to the poison of morals, for shameless profligacy appeared naked to the eye, was added the poison of the body by adulterated trash called wine. For many years these iniquitous scenes were tolerated at the King's Theatre, Covent Garden, and Drury Lane. The fire at Covent Garden, which took place after a masquerade, put an end to them at that theatre, and the Committee of Proprietors of Drury Lane, of which I have the honour to be one, not wishing to perpetuate scenes which lowered their establishment, abolished them entirely.

While upon the subject of the Italian Opera House, I may mention that in the year 1825, when removing a portion of one of the walls, the workmen discovered the first stone of the old building, laid in 1704. The stone was in a perfect state, and in the cavity formed for the purpose of receiving them were found several coins of the reign of Queen Anne. A brass plate which covered the cavity bears the following inscription, "April 18th, 1704, in the third year of the happy reign of Our Sovereign Lady, Queen Anne, this corner stone of the Queen's Theatre was laid, by His Grace Charles, Duke of Somerset, Master of the Horse to Her Most Sacred Majesty."

The next time I met Catalani was at Brussels in

August 1814, when accompanying my chief, the late Duke of Wellington, to Paris, he having been appointed ambassador to the Court of the newly restored monarch, Louis XVIII. Among other entertainments got up in that city, was a concert given by Madame Catalani, which was attended by the Queen of the Netherlands, Wellington, and a large concourse of English, Belgian, Prussian, and Hanoverian officers. The Duke was gay even to sportiveness, conversing with everyone around him. He never was seated, and seemed enthusiastically charmed with Catalani, ardently applauding whatever she sang, with the exception of "Rule Britannia," and then with sagacious reserve he listened in utter silence. Who ordered it I know not, but he felt it was injudicious in any country but our own to give out a chorus, "Britannia rules the waves," and when an encore began to be vociferated from his officers, he instantly crushed it by a commanding air of disapprobation, and thus afforded me an opportunity of seeing how magnificently he could quit his convivial familiarity for imperious sway, when occasion might call for the transformation. The prima donna looked evidently put out by being deprived of the honour of an encore, but her mind was soon set at rest, when I conveyed to her from the Duke the reason he had interfered, adding, upon his part, the delight he had experienced in listening to the first artist in Europe. This charmed Catalani, who came forward and volunteered another patriotic song; one which had been sung by her rival Grassini at the

King's Theatre, on the evening when the "Iron Duke" had attended this performance. I do not remember the words, further than it commenced with "Esulta Britannia di Wellington madre."

The following evening Madame Catalani attended the theatre in the Park, which had been opened by a company of English players, when an incident occurred which occasioned much amusement. Anxious to display their loyalty, "John Bull" had been selected, and throughout the morning it was hinted at the box-office, that Wellington had acceded to the request of the manager, and would honour the performance with his presence. Under this hope, and to give colour to the rumour a private box had been reserved. Although there was not a shadow of pretence for the rumour, it spread like wild-fire, and led to the following ludicrous mistake. A young Guardsman and myself having dined in company with the Duke, his Grace told us that if we liked to go to the theatre, we might make use of his carriage, after it had set him down at home. Upon reaching the Park, the carriage was recognised, and a crowd immediately followed it. As we gained the entrance of the theatre, the name of Wellington rent the air. This was communicated to the manager, who thrust his head out from behind the curtain to give a signal to the leader of the band to play "See the Conquering Hero comes." The report that his Grace was about to make his appearance reached the occupiers of boxes, pit, and gallery, and all eyes were turned on the vacant stage-box. In the meantime my

companion and myself had jumped out of the carriage, and were not a little surprised at the obsequiousness of the box-keeper, who thinking we were the precursors of the Duke, begged us at once to walk into the lobby. The play-bills always announce "No money returned," this was the only instance in which I found money refused. The manager had rushed into the private box, and there, candles in hand, awaited the welcome visitor. It was now easy to see the mistake we had unwittingly caused, and anxious to explain it, we approached the now open box-door. No sooner were our uniforms visible than the orchestra struck up "See the Conquering Hero comes." In vain did we strive to correct the error, the audience had risen *en masse*, shouts re-echoed throughout the house, the curtain was drawn up, the company came forward to welcome the Duke by singing the above popular air, Madame Catalani rose from her seat in the opposite private box, when her splendid voice was heard above the rest, but no conquering hero appeared. For some minutes the cheering continued, when at length the mistake was explained, and after the excitement had a little subsided, my young friend and myself sneaked into the box, placing ourselves behind the curtain, fearful of calling the attention of the public to two mere urchins who, unintentionally, were on the point of receiving honours due to their chief. In the afterpiece of "Tom Thumb," the following allusion was made to the event of the evening, which elicited a round of applause. After eulogising the valour

of the Tiny Thumb, Queen Dollabella spoke as follows:—

> "Can you compare this Lilliputian mite
> To him we fondly hoped to see to-night?
> That warrior chief for valorous deeds renowned,
> Whose battle fields have been with victory crowned.
> (*Turning to Tom Thumb.*) What says my hero?
> *Tom Thumb.*—To Wellington I succumb
> His *mighty* arm could crush my *mity* thumb."

I again met Madame Catalani at Paris shortly after the Allied Army marched into that city. I was then on Wellington's staff, and as my chief was devoted to music there was scarcely an evening that we had not a concert; the two rivals, Catalani and Grassini, albeit very jealous of one another, always met upon apparently the most amicable terms. In addition to the above, Walter Scott, Moore, John Kemble, and Talma were at Paris, and were constant guests at Wellington's hotel; they often joined in a pic-nic to witness the beauties of the neighbourhood. Never shall I forget a party to Versailles, arranged by the Duke, and graced by two of the loveliest of England's daughters, the late Lady Abdy, and Mrs., afterwards Lady Lyttleton. In addition to which there was present talent scarcely to be excelled. In those gardens laid out with the most exquisite taste by Le Notre, who converted rivers into lakes, fountains, and waterfalls, whose banks were peopled with nymphs, tritons, satyrs, mermaids, bacchantes, and various monsters from the classical studios of Pierre Puget, Corsevox, and Girardon, it was a treat of the highest intellectual order to listen to the deep research of the "Magician of the North," as he

brought with the greatest simplicity of manner to your "mind's eye," the deeds of Bayard, Du Guesclin, Turenne, and Condé; to hear from Erin's own poet, anecdotes of the lovely La Vallière, her ambitious rival, Madame de Montespan, the proud de Maintenon, the far-famed Ninon de l'Enclos, Madame de Pompadour, and Henrietta of England; to attend to the two greatest actors of their or any day, as they expatiated upon the respective merits of Shakespeare, Corneille, Racine, Molière, Farquhar, and other men of dramatic genius of England and France.

Nor were the pleasures of the day confined to the above; for after an *al fresco* luncheon in a sequestered shady spot, it was delightful to have one's ears ravished with the enchanting notes of the Queen of Song the Italian nightingale Catalani, the deep-toned voice of the beauteous Grassini, or the pathetic strains of "Anacreon Moore," as he warbled some of his own native melodies.

Frederick Reynolds tells a good story of Madame Catalani. Shortly after the opening of the new Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, at the termination of the first O.P. riots, called the "Sixpenny War," from the fact that the clamour arose from raising the prices of the pit from three-and-sixpence to four shillings, Catalani was engaged to appear in a new play, entitled "The Free Knights." Reynolds, the author, used frequently to visit her and her husband, Monsieur Valabrèque, on business relative to the subject. Accustomed to universal homage, the great prima donna naturally shrunk with alarm, almost amounting to horror, from the nightly

attacks offered to her name by the hostile *anti-foreign* talent partisans. One day she was so much agitated by the account of the placards exhibited against her on the previous evening, that she talked of building a watchbox in the garden at the back of her house in the New Road, and engaging an athletic watchman, armed with a blunderbuss, to defend them against "*les barbares O'Pis.*"

Another time, when she and Monsieur Valabrèque were informed by one of their countrymen that on the first night of her appearance she would certainly be pelted with apples, she exclaimed with the greatest earnestness and *naïveté*, "Ah, ma foi, Sare, I hope dey vill be roasted."

Catalani, however, did not appear in this new opera; luckily for herself, the manager, and the author; for, the character intended for her was so unnecessary an introduction that, as the manager said, she would have ruined the piece, and the piece would have ruined Catalani.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, Catalani undertook the management of the Opera Buffa at Paris, a speculation which unfortunately failed. To repair her loss, she made a professional tour through all the capitals of Continental Europe, returning to England in 1822, when the enthusiasm of her reception suffered no abatement. Here she remained three years. In 1825 she again visited Paris, and after once more going the round of Europe, she returned to Italy in 1830, where she purchased a villa near Florence. This Queen of Song died of cholera at Paris in 1849.

ACTRESSES.

RACHEL.

CHAPTER VIII.

RACHEL AS AN ACTRESS—DEVOTION OF HER BRETHREN TOWARDS THE MAID OF JUDAH—DRAWING-ROOM THEATRICALS—RACHEL AT WINDSOR CASTLE—HER TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS UNDER DIFFICULTIES—MADEMOISELLE MARS—IMPROMPTU ON VOLTAIRE'S TRAGEDY OF "ZULIMA"—FRENCH COUPLETS—LA POLITESSE FRANÇAISE—ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN'S (NOT SAMUEL LOVER'S) DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR—A MUSICAL ADVERTISEMENT.

"Genius to you what most you value gave,
The noisy forum and the glittering mart,
The solid goods and mammon of the world,
In *these* your life—and *these* with life depart!
Grudge not what Genius to itself shall claim—
A life that lived but in the dreams of Art,
A world whose sunshine was the smile from Fame.
These die not, Moralist, when all are hurl'd,
Fasces and sceptre in the common grave:—
Genius, in life or death, is still the same—
Death but makes deathless what Life ask'd—THE NAME."

LYTTON.

"RACHEL, tes talents enchanteurs
Chaque jour te font des conquêtes!
Tu fais soupirer tous les cœurs,
Tu fais tourner toutes les têtes.
Tu joins aux prestiges de l'art
Le charme heureux de la nature,

Et la victoire toujours sûre
Se range sous ton étendard.
Es-tu Didon ? es-tu Monime ?
Avec toi nous verrons des pleurs ;
Nous gémissons de tes malheurs,
Et du sort cruel qui t'opprime."

So wrote Madame de Grassigny on the celebrated Mademoiselle Raucourt, and they appear to me to be equally applicable to Madame Rachel.

Again, another French author thus addresses the great tragédienne :—

" Eh ! Mademoiselle Rachel !

" Nous ne l'avons pas encore vue, mais d'avance notre bienveillance lui est acquise ; ses détracteurs prétendent que son immense succès est une affaire d'association nationale. Mademoiselle Rachel est juive, disent-ils, et chaque fois qu'elle joue la moitié de la salle est occupée par ses coréligionnaires. Ils agissent avec elle comme avec Meyerbeer, avec Halévy. A l'Opéra, voyez les jours ou l'on donne les *Huguenots*, et la *Juive*, toutes les places qui ne sont pas louées à l'année sont prises par les juifs. Cela est vrai, et nous ne pouvons nous empêcher d'admirer cette belle union de tout ce peuple qui se parle et se répond d'un bout du monde à l'autre, qui se comprend avec une si prodigieuse rapidité, qui relève un de ses fils malheureux à son premier cri, et qui court chaque soir applaudir en foule celui de ses enfants qui se distingue par son génie. Cela fait réver. N'avoir point de patrie, et garder un sentiment national si parfait ! Quelle leçon pour nous, qui nous desservons mutuellement sans cesse, qui nous détestons si bien, et qui pourtant

sommes si fiers de notre belle France! Faut-il donc des siècles d'exil et de persécution pour que les enfants d'une même terre apprennent à s'aimer entre eux? Peut-être! Quoi qu'il en soit, Mademoiselle Rachel obtient un succès mérité, les triomphes factices n'ont pas cet ensemble et cette durée; d'ailleurs, nous entendons chaque soir vanter la jeune tragédienne par des juges qui nous inspirent la glus grande confiance; de vieux amateurs de tragédie, qui ont vu Talma, qui ont applaudi Mademoiselle Raucourt, Mademoiselle Duchesnois, et qui ne sont pas juifs du tout."

Rachel was born at Mumf in Switzerland, in 1820. Her father whose name was Felix, was a poor Jewish pedlar whose avocations led him into France, where his daughters, Rachel and Sarah, gained a precarious living by singing in the streets. In 1832 the voices of the two sisters having attracted notice, they were placed by the kindness of some connoisseurs under Choron, a celebrated singing master, and in 1833 the elder sister Rachel, having shown great tragic power, was admitted into the Conservatoire at Paris, where she was carefully trained by Messrs. St. Aulaire and Samson. In 1838 she made her first appearance at the Théâtre Français.

The play chosen for Rachel's first appearance was the "Andromache" of Racine, in which she took the part of Hermione. Hermione appears in the second act, and the impression made by the débutante was at once favourable. The melody of her voice, the dignity of her manner, the firmness of her delivery, the clearness of her articulation, established her

genius at the very first sentence. Her greatest scene was that with Pyrrhus; the cool, collected, severe irony with which she addressed her faithless betrothed, the evident force with which rage was confined within her heart, while her speech was fearfully calm and deliberate, was a noble conception, and a sign of the highest genius. The burst of passion which followed the touching line,

"Je t'aimois, inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle."

electrified the audience. Her yearly salary at the the period of her *débût* was four thousand francs, she stipulated for "un ultimatum de vingt-sept mille francs de fixe, soixante-quatre feux de deux cent quatre-vingt-un francs, vingt centimes, chacun; a free benefit, estimated at fifteen thousand francs, three months' holiday," which was not the least profitable part of the engagement. What a contrast did the above form to another celebrated artiste then in the decline of her career, but not of her talent, Mademoiselle Mars, whose yearly receipts amounted to about forty thousand francs.

Of Mademoiselle Mars it may be truly said that her countenance always intelligent was equally eloquent, her voice was the most delightful that could be imagined, sweet in tone, combining distinctness with continuity in the highest degree. Truly did she realize the words of the poet:

"And she had smiles before unknown;
Smiles that with motion of their own.
Do sink, and fall, and rise.
That circle round with endless play,
And ever as they pass away
Are hidden in her eyes."

One of the greatest dramatic triumphs I ever witnessed was achieved by Madame Rachel. Upon one occasion when I had the honour of receiving a command to dine at Windsor Castle, during the lifetime of the late Prince Consort, she was engaged to go through the principal scenes from "Marie Stuart," "Phèdre," "Oreste," and "Les Horaces," supported by two or three of the French company then acting in London. There were no *accessoires*, no stage, no scenery, no costumes; the performance took place in an alcove in the large drawing-room, where nothing could have riveted the attention of the audience but the consummate skill of the artiste, who so thoroughly identified herself with the respective characters that all minor details were driven out of the minds of her attentive listeners. At the conclusion,. Her Majesty warmly complimented Rachel on her exquisite performance. In the course of the evening I had the pleasure of being introduced to this great artiste, and conducted her to the refreshment-room. That and a formal visit I paid her in London were the only opportunities I had of conversing with her. During those brief interviews I found her most amiable and spirituelle to the greatest degree. In 1855 she made a professional visit to the United States, which was understood to be a failure both in a financial and artistic point of view. Soon after her return she fell into a decline and died at Carmet, near Toulon, at the early age of thirty-eight. This child of poor Hebrew parents, who by her talents had raised herself to

the highest pinnacle of histrionic fame, and created such a *furore* as seldom falls to the lot of artistes, was not without her detractors. By them she was accused of avarice, which they asserted was her predominant passion. Be that as it may, there was one redeeming quality, Rachel employed its results liberally in behalf of the poor family from whom she sprang. How often has this charge been brought against members of the operatic and dramatic profession, by those who forget how precarious is their position—the caprice of the public, the wild vicissitudes of taste; a sudden and severe illness may deprive them of that support they have hitherto received; then if no provision has been made, their only resort is to one of the societies which have been established for the support of those who have become destitute or grown old in our service. The following singular circumstance took place at the Comédie Française, Paris, during my visit to that city. Baptiste, who was playing the part of a bailiff, drew from his pocket a paper to represent the warrant, by virtue of which he exercised his authority. What was his astonishment on reading the name of one of his female relations, who, through ignorance of a will that had been made in her favour at Dresden, was deprived of a considerable fortune bequeathed to her by her uncle. The paper was a true copy of this will. Baptiste uttered several exclamations of surprise, accompanied by such comic gestures, that the theatre resounded with applause. This strange adventure was afterwards explained as follows:—

Some time previous, a party of the performers of the Comédie Française proceeded to Dresden to play in the presence of the sovereigns who were assembled in that city, Among other scenic accessaries, theatrically called "properties" they found it necessary to procure a number of old parchments; and it is probable that the document in question had ever since remained in the pocket of the dress worn by Baptiste when he made the fortunate discovery.

While on the subject of theatricals I am reminded of the following anecdote, after the representation of Voltaire's tragedy "Zulima," which ends with the following line:—

"Souvenez-vous de moi, mais oubliez mon crime."

Some one asked the author what he thought of the tragedy. The latter replied,

"Du temps, qui détruit tout, Voltaire est la victime,
Souvenez-vous de lui; mais oubliez Zulime."

Unquestionably France is conspicuous for having produced great artists, both dramatic and literary. Moreover, in private life the conversational powers of our volatile neighbours are second to none, and they shine pre-eminently in *bout rimés* and epigrams; let me offer a few specimens:—

What can be neater than the following couplets of the Chevalier, afterwards Marquis de Chauvelin. Seven handsome women forming part of a supper party were compared to "Sept Châteaux du Diable," namely the following capital sins—Luxury, Gluttony, Avarice, Anger, Pride, Idleness, and Envy. Each was to draw lots, when the following was the result:—

Madame de Montrond. La Luxure.
Dût-il vous en coûter quelque peu d'innocence,
Un si joli péché doit-il vous alarmer ?
Vous savez trop le faire aimer,
Pour ne pas lui devoir de la reconnaissance.

Madame de Chauvelin. La Gourmandise.
En songeant à votre péché,
Et vous voyant les traits d'un ange,
En vérité je suis fâché
De n'être pas quelque chose qu'on mange.

Madame de Surgères. L'Avarice.
Quoique votre péché paraisse un peu bizarre,
Si vous vouliez, il deviendrait le mien :
Iris, si vous étiez mon bien,
Je sens que je serais avare.

Madame de Courteilles. La Colère.
Sans vous défendre la colère,
Je vous obligerai, Chloris, d'y renoncer,
Il ne vous sera plus permis de l'exercer,
Que contre ceux à qui vous n'avez pas su plaire.

Madame de Maulevrier. L'Orgueil.
L'orgueil vous doit un changement bien doux,
Jadis il passait pour un vice ;
Depuis qu'il a le bonheur d'être à vous,
On le prendra pour la justice.

Mademoiselle de Cicé. La Paresse.
A la paresse vous pouvez vous livrer ;
Iris, lorsqu'on est sûr de plaire,
On fait bien de se reposer ;
Il ne reste plus rien à faire.

Madame D'Agenois. L'Envie.
Peut-être je suis indulgent ;
Mais à votre péché, Thémire, je fais grâce,
Ne faut-il pas que je vous passe
Ce que j'éprouve en vous voyant ?

The next smart saying I shall quote is, I believe, a translation of an old English joke, but it is pointedly returned. I fancy, however, that for Shaftesbury we should read Rochester.

"A Shaftsbury* Charles Second†
Disoit, dans sa colère:
Je te crois le plus grand fripon
Qui soit en Angleterre.

"On pourroit gager, en effet;
Sire (dit il) peut-être,
Qu'en ma qualité de sujet
Cela pourroit bien être!"

Of a Politesse Française we have the following specimen:

"Dans un combat, très chaud, très meurtrier,
Un Général, ayant porté défense
Qu'aux furieux qui ravageoient la France,
Dans la déroute on fit aucun quartier;
Certain Anglais, sous la lance ennemie
De son vainqueur, lui demandait la vie.
'J'en suis fâché!' (dit l'autre) 'hormis cela
Demandez-moi tout ce qui vous plaira!'"

Madame Emile de Girardin's description of an Irish jaunting car, merits a place:—

"Quel dommage que nous ne sachions pas dessiner. Une invention pareille est difficile à expliquer avec des phrases. Figurez-vous une immense table carrée longue, posée en travers sur quatre roues, et traînée par un cheval. A l'un des bouts de cette table est assis le domestique, les pieds suspendus dans l'espace; à l'autre bout est placé le maître; ils se tournent le dos, ils se boudent comme les amants de Molière. Cependant le maître fait des avances, c'est évident, pour conduire le cheval il se contourne de la façon la plus affreuse; vous comprenez, il est assis de *profil* dans la voiture, et

* Ce Shaftesbury n'est point l'auteur des caractères.
† Roi d'Angleterre.

il faut qu'il mène de face; alors il se penche gracieusement comme un fleuve sur son urne, ou comme un joueur de billard qui a un coup difficile à exécuter. Sa situation est déplorable, elle contraste avec celle du groom qui se laisse conduire de côté avec une grande insouciance, et qui, les bras croisés, regarde tranquillement ce qui se passe dans le fond des boutiques. Les badauds du boulevard s'amusent fort de cette singulière façon de voyager; mais aussi, quelle idée de faire un tilbury parisien d'une voiture de transport qui ne sert en Angleterre que pour aller à la campagne."

I must conclude this chapter with an advertisement which appeared in a Parisian journal:—

"Voulez-vous prendre des leçons de musique? M. Delamaire, Rue de la Lune No. 16, vous en donnera d'excellentes. Sa fille vous donnera aussi des leçons de piano, de harpe, et de solfége. Elle a beaucoup de talent, et elle est fort jolie, ce qui ne gâte rien."

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LEGITIMATE AND ILLEGITIMATE DRAMA—BLUE BEARD—TIMOUR THE TARTAR—THE DESERTER—THE DOG STARS—JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE—GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE—CHARLES KEMBLE—CHARLES YOUNG—EDMUND KEAN—CHARLES KEAN—COOPER—AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS—WALLACK—HARLEY—JONES—BARTLEY—DURUSET—MEADOWS—FARLEY—T. P. COOKE—YATES—WARD—COLE—BENSON HILL—MRS. BARTLEY—MRS. NISBET—MISS FOOTE, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.

Polonius. The actors are come hither, my lord. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy or Plautus too light.

(*Enter four or five Players.*)

Hamlet. You are welcome, Masters, welcome all. (*To Polonius.*) Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed. Do you hear, let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time.

Polonius. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet. Odds bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty.

SHAKESPEARE.

A GREAT deal has been written on the subject of the legitimate drama, when John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons were the stars of the theatrical

sphere, and much censure has been lavished upon the illegitimate purposes to which the stage has lent itself in our days. It must, however, be borne in mind, that "Blue Beard," and "Timour the Tartar," with real horses, were brought out at Covent Garden Theatre before the Kemble dynasty ceased to exist.

This reminds me of a wonderful performance that took place at Sadler's Wells Theatre towards the end of the last century. A subordinate but enterprising actor of the name of Costello, collected at the great fairs of Frankfort and Leipsic a complete company of canine performers, and arriving with them in England, Wroughton, the manager of Sadler's Wells, engaged him and his wonderful troupe; they were fourteen in all. Unlike those straggling, dancing dogs occasionally seen in the streets, they all acted respondently and conjointly, with a truth that appeared almost the effect of reason. The star of the company was named "Moustache," and the piece produced was "The Deserter." Such was the rage for these dog-stars (as they were wittingly called), that all London flocked to see them; princes, peers, princesses, peeresses, puppies, and pickpockets graced the boxes to witness the performance. Indeed so great was the attraction, that the manager cleared seven thousand pounds by these four-legged Roscii.

Let me now welcome the players:—"Do you know him at home?" was a question often asked me when I was a Westminster boy, and simple as it appears it was extremely pertinent, inasmuch as it

defined friendship and acquaintanceship. Now, although I have known few actors at home, I was on terms of very agreeable acquaintanceship with many. To commence with John Philip Kemble, to whom I was introduced at a public dinner. Though dignified, if I may use the expression, he was stilty, pompous, and pedantic, forming a great contrast to George Frederick Cooke, whom I had previously met, and whose kindly joyous spirits had captivated me as a boy. With Charles Kemble I formed a friendship which lasted until his latest day; indeed, not long before his demise, I had the pleasure of dining with him in Saville Row, when on proposing his health I said, "Thou last of all the Romans, fare thee well!" Little did I think at the time that my farewell words would come so soon true; we never met afterwards.

Charles Kemble was upon very intimate terms with the late Earl Fitzhardinge, and often took part in the amateur theatricals got up at Cheltenham, Gloucester, Birmingham, Tewkesbury, and other places. Upon many of these occasions I formed one of the audience, and as the performance always wound up with a supper, I had considerable opportunities of judging of Kemble's social character. Both on and off the stage he was the high-bred gentleman, and as a boon companion Falstaff would have taken him to his "heart of hearts."

Charles Young was a follower of the Kemble school, dignified on the boards, and highly gifted both on and off the stage. Of him it can be truly said, as it was of Quin:—

"His words bore sterling weight; nervous and strong
In many tides of sense, they roll'd along,
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense;
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech."

As I have already said in a previous chapter, I was introduced to Edmund Kean behind the scenes at Drury Lane Theatre, and I afterwards met him on more than one occasion at dinner parties given by Earl Fitzhardinge at the "Ship," Greenwich. There, after the bottle had circulated freely, he told us anecdotes of his early theatrical days, of his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, of the ovations paid him. He would then delight us by singing the "Storm," "Farewell my trim-built wherry," and "Tom Bowline;" his acting when describing the storm was of the highest dramatic order.

A year or two before his retirement from the stage, a rumour was spread that I was about to join a friend in taking Drury Lane Theatre. Although there was not the slightest ground for such a rumour, it spread like wildfire, and brought me no end of letters from ambitious novices, anxious to "fret their hour on the boards." It also brought an invitation for me to dine with Edmund Kean, to meet Theodore Hook and the Reverend Edward Cannon. "You must go," said the latter, "Hookems can't come, but Kean counts upon you and me."

Among the party assembled, it was perfectly clear to me that I was looked upon as the future lessee; so much so, that in that capacity my health

was proposed and drunk, as the newspapers say, "with the greatest enthusiasm." This afforded me an opportunity of contradicting the report, and from that moment, like Jacques in the "Honeymoon," I felt my dignity had dwindled down to nothing.

Charles Kean was an accomplished scholar and gentleman; one who exalted the character of the English theatre, and elevated the profession of which he was so distinguished an ornament. To him alone we owe the bringing of Tragedy nearer to nature than it ever was before, and rendering the stage "a source of the highest and most rational amusement." Often have I enjoyed his hospitality, and upon one occasion he talked over with me the question of his becoming the lessee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. As a member of the Committee of that theatre, I of course felt anxious for its success, and thinking the stage of Drury Lane much better calculated for those brilliant and classical introductions of pageant and scenery than the limited arena of the Princess's, I urged him to consider the expediency of becoming lessee.

"I own," he replied, "there is much in what you say, still it would be a gigantic undertaking. It would interfere with many English and transatlantic engagements, and although I hope that I shall always be as I have ever been, far more actuated by an enthusiastic love of my art than by any expectation of personal emolument, still I should not like to risk so much on the chance of success. Failure would be ruin."

After that I could say no more, so I suggested that Mrs. Charles Kean should be called into the council, and soon ascertained that so great was her anxiety for her husband's health, that she felt the responsibility of a large concern would much interfere with the rest which his mind and body required, after such active exercise for nine years as actor and manager of the Princess's. Sir William de Bathe, then also a member of the Committee, had previously suggested the idea to Charles Kean, but without success.

At that period, Drury Lane was let for ten thousand pounds a year—a heavy rental; latterly it has been reduced to nearly half that sum, and the lessee has had the advantage of underletting the theatre for the operatic season, thus recouping a considerable portion of the rent.

Cooper, though not a brilliant actor, was excellent in some parts. As Mr. Bromley, in "Simpson and Co," and Tristram Sappy, in "Deaf as a Post," he was unrivalled; moreover, he was most painstaking, and acquitted himself respectably in many Shakesperian characters. He was the victim of a Green-Room hoax, having been called upon by a letter from the stage-manager to study at a short notice the following address:—

"When first the Drama's muse, by Freedom reared,
In Grecian splendour unadorn'd appeared,
Her eagle glance, high poised in buoyant hope,
O'er realms restricted by no partial scope,
Saw one vast desert horrify the scene;
No bright oasis showed its mingling green,
But all around, in colours darkly rude,
Scowled forth the intellectual solitude!

And vain her art till Time's translucent tide,
Like some sweet stream that scarcely seems to glide,
The heaven engendered embers fanned to flame,
The ray burst forth! Immortal Shakespeare came!
'Twas his with renovated warmth to glow,
To feel that fire within 'that passeth show,'
And nobly daring in a dastard age
To raise, reform, and dignify the stage!
To force from lids unsullied by a tear,
The pensive drops that bathe fond Juliet's bier,
Bow the duped Moor o'er Desdemona's corse,
Or bid the blood-stained tyrant cry 'a horse!'
Waft the rapt soul with more than seraph flight
From fair Italia's realms of soft delight,
To mourn with Imogen her murdered lord,
Or bare the patriot stoic's vengeful sword,
To raise the poet's noblest cry 'be free!'
To breath the tocsin blast of Liberty!"

Wallack was an excellent melodramatic actor, good in comedy, and not deficient in many Shakesperian characters. I recollect once unintentionally wounding his theatrical pride. We met at the Garrick Club, when I warmly congratulated him on his successful performance of Goldfinch in the "Road to Ruin," the previous evening. He turned up his head, gave a contemptuous look, and said,

"If you wish to see what I can do, come to Leamington next Thursday, when I act Macbeth."

To Wallack I am indebted for my first lesson in the histrionic Art. When quartered at Windsor many years ago, some officers of the 3rd—now Fusilier Guards—and myself agreed to get up a series of amateur performances; as I had acted "Young Norval" at Brussels, and fancied myself a second Master Betty, we selected that play. Anxious to be "coached" a little in the part, I

wrote to Wallack, whom I had previously met, to ask him kindly to let me recite the character before him. To this he assented, naming an hour when he would receive me at his lodgings in Piccadilly. With book in hand I attended the appointment, and certainly had the pride knocked out of me, for, after a very patient hearing, he told me I had much to learn, and much to unlearn; he then showed me how the character should be acted, which was as diametrically opposite to my version as the north is to the south.

Harley had a natural animation, an overflowing exuberance of spirits, which never tired on or off the boards. The very sound of his voice at the wing, before he entered, was the signal for mirth, which flagged no more until the curtain fell. I often met him at the hospitable board of the late Samuel Cartwright, where he delighted all by that hilarity which belonged to him, generally winding up the evening by singing a song, entitled the "Blue Bottle." At one time it was reported that Harley was about to be married to a Mrs. Quin, who, during her early dramatic career, had represented the graceful Colombine. "What a pantomimic alliance," remarked a wit, the joke has been given to many—"Mrs. Harley-Quin!"

Richard Jones was a lively, agreeable, gentlemanlike, animated actor, and a very pleasant companion in private society.

I knew Bartley in Canada; he came to Quebec during the time our garrison amateur theatricals were going on, and he kindly gave me a few hints

for the part I was then studying, "Charles Surface" in the "School for Scandal." He was a good, careful, steady actor, and in private life most exemplary. I knew his wife in Dublin many years ago, then Miss Smith. She was of the Siddonian school, and as distinguished on the stage as she was respected by all who came within the circle of her acquaintance.

Abbott was a most agreeable, gentlemanlike man in private life, and a most useful actor. His walking gentlemen were gentlemen, and when entrusted with Shaksperian characters, he did ample justice to them.

Duruset had a pleasing voice. Meadows was the quaintest of actors. Farley was honest and blunt. T. P. Cooke was "every inch a sailor," both on the mimic boards and on board a man-of-war, where he had served with distinction.

One and all of the above were truly respected in private life. Frederick Yates, Warde, Cole, and Benson Hill proved that amateurs could become good actors, ay, and first-rate actors too. I knew them all well when serving in the army, in which profession they were all highly esteemed.

I first knew Mrs. Nisbet when, as Miss Macnamara, she was playing at the Southampton Theatre. Her father called upon me, with a request that I would exert any influence I might have to procure his daughter an appearance on the metropolitan boards; this I promised to do, and mentioned her name to Charles Kemble. Other friends of her family backed this recommendation, which

eventually proved successful. Her *debût* was most triumphant.

I lately met some beautiful lines in "Tinsley's Magazine" of August, 1876, signed C. F., which are truly applicable to this lady:—

"Hark the merry peals of laughter,
Mark the captivating glance;
See the halo softened round her
By the smiles that all entrance.

"Artless, yet of art the mistress;
Careless, yet of care the cause;
Conscious, yet appearing listless
Of the scarce restrained applause.

"Every eager face is bending
To her voice's mellow sound;
From her lips the never ending
Gems of wit fall sparkling round."

My acquaintance with Miss Foote, afterwards Countess of Harrington, was brought about by an unexpected adventure. One morning when walking in Pall Mall, I saw a lady, whom I did not at first recognise, evidently attempting to put an end to the importunities of a gentleman who was forcing himself on her society. I followed them for some little distance, and when I saw the lady run up to the door of a milliner's in Bond Street to escape from her tormentor, I approached, and immediately found I was addressing the "Maria Darlington" of the previous evening. Apologising for my intrusion, I offered to conduct her to a hackney-coach, or if she preferred it to escort her home on foot. She thanked me warmly, and accepted the former. A few days afterwards Mr. Foote called to thank me

for my attention to his daughter. Of her it may be truly said :—

> "Child of fancy's bright creation,
> Centre of a gazing throng,
> Born to rivet admiration,
> Beauty-lighted theme of song."

As the Countess of Harrington she was beloved by all.

Among other charges brought against actors is that of dissipation; and knowing then, as we all do, that dissipation shortens life, it appears strange that actors, generally speaking, reach and often pass threescore years and ten. Killigrew died at the age of eighty-eight; Quin, seventy-three; Garrick, ninety-eight; Mrs. Clive, seventy-five; Beard, seventy-four; Rich, seventy; Betterton, seventy-five; Quick, eighty-three; King, seventy-six; Charles Dibdin, seventy-four, and, nautically speaking, a brave old seventy-four was he; Murphy, seventy-eight; Barrymore, seventy-one; Wycherley, seventy-five; Southern, eighty-six; Moody, eighty-five; Mrs. Bracegirdle. eighty-five; Macklin, one hundred and seven; Cibber, eighty-six; Cumberland, seventy-nine; Hull, seventy-six; Yates, eighty-nine; Munden, seventy-four; Mrs. Abington, eighty-four; "Gentleman" Smith, eighty-nine; John Johnstone, eighty-two; Pope, seventy-three; Mrs. Hartley, seventy-three; John Bannister, seventy-six; Mrs. Bannister, ninety-two; Fawcett, seventy-two; Powell, eighty-two; George Colman, "the younger," seventy-four; Gattie, seventy; Mrs. John Kemble, eighty-eight; Mrs. Sparks,

eighty-three; O'Keefe, eighty-six; Wroughton, seventy-four; Mrs. Glover, seventy; Betterton, eighty-three; Madame Mara, eighty-four; Mrs. Siddons, seventy-six; Mrs. Mattocks, eighty-one; Charles Abbott, eighty-nine; Mrs. Pitt, seventy-two; John Kemble, eighty-two; Brunton, eighty-two; Wewitzer, seventy-six; Mrs. Davenport, eighty-four; Miss Pope, seventy-five; Thomas Dibdin, seventy; Packer, seventy-eight; Byrne, ninety; Saunders (the celebrated showman, said to have fostered Edmund Kean and Ducrow), ninety; H. Johnston, seventy; Dowton, eighty-eight; Mrs. Harlow, eighty-seven; Charles Kemble, seventy-nine; Richard Jones, seventy-three; Mrs. Edwin, eighty-two.

While "i' the vein," I will give a few theatrical anecdotes.

I remember being present at Drury Lane Theatre in the month of August, 1820, when the excitement in favour of or against Queen Caroline was at fever heat. On the occasion I refer to, "Othello" was performed, and such was the enthusiasm of the audience in favour of Her Majesty, that every allusion to the trial about to take place was received with cheers. When Emilia spoke the following lines:—

> "I will be hang'd if some eternal villain,
> Some busy and insinuating rogue,
> Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
> Have not devis'd this slander:
> I'll be hang'd else."

applause came from all parts of the house. Then again, when Iago says,

"Fie, there is no such man, it is impossible."

and Desdemona adds—

"If any such there be, Heaven pardon him;"

which causes Emilia to burst forth—

"A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!"

the thunders of applause marked the feelings of the audience. The climax was, when Emilia, evidently inspired by the occasion, said

"The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow—
Oh, Heavens, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world,
Even from the East to the West."

The whole pit stood up, the men waved their hats, the women their handkerchiefs, while the acclamations throughout the whole house, which were loud and general, lasted for several minutes.

A good story is told of an actor named Hatton, who was a great favourite at the Haymarket Theatre, especially in the part of Jack Junk. One night when performing the character of Barbarossa at Gosport, in the scene where the tyrant makes love to Zapphira, and reminds her of his services against the enemies of her kingdom, he was at a loss for the word, and appealed to the prompter in vain. Another moment, and that sibilation so "unpleasant to the actor's ear" would have driven him from the stage, when seeing the gallery crowded with sailors, and regardless of the anachronism, he exclaimed with tragic energy:—

"Did not I
By that brave knight, Sir Sidney Smith, assisted,
And in conjunction with the gallant Nelson,
Drive Bonaparte and his fierce marauders
From Egypt's shores?"

Three cheers from the jolly tars rewarded this impromptu interpolation.

An American item runs as follows; whether founded on fact, I cannot take upon myself to assert:—

While Mrs. Butler was playing Juliet at Philadelphia, and just when she had exclaimed—

"What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I say, hath been his timeless end."

a tall, lean, gaunt, sandy-haired medical student in the stage-box, deeply absorbed in the scene, thrust down his hat on his head with a convulsive effort, crying out in a voice of thunder at the same time, "Keep him up, Juliet, I'll run and fetch the stomach-pump."

To show how stringent were the laws respecting any infringement of the patent right of the two national theatres, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, I give the following extract:—

"At the Guildford Assizes held on the 30th of July, 1828, a *qui tam* action was brought by Mr. Dunn, Secretary to the Committee of Proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre, against Mr. Davidge, of the Coburg, afterwards Victoria Theatre, to recover penalties for performing the regular drama in a place not duly licensed, under the 25th George II., which enacts that, for every performance of the Drama in a place not privileged by patent, or by the

Chamberlain's license, the party so offending should forfeit fifty pounds. The declaration stated that two performances of 'Douglas,' and two of 'Richard III.' had taken place. A witness proved the performances. He had with him, when he went to the Coburg, a copy of the pieces as performed at Drury Lane, and found them nearly word for word the same. The jury found for the plaintiffs on the first and third counts. Penalties £100."

Of the comparative salaries given to performers about the year 1750 and the present time, there can hardly be a better illustration than by that received by Miss Lavinia Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton. When this lady's performance of Polly Peachum had obtained the unqualified applause of the town, the manager, Rich, augmented her salary from fifteen to thirty shillings per week, that he might ensure her continuance at his theatre. We now read of artists receiving as many pounds for one night's performance; and in the case of Master Betty, it was said that the young Roscius, at the age of thirteen, received six thousand guineas for fifty-one performances. Novelty and fashion were the great incentives for supporting this prodigy. But to be just, Master Betty, as Young Norval, was all that could be desired, but in grown-up parts, it was simply ridiculous to see a stripling performing such characters.

Edmund Kean ought to have received a very considerable remuneration for his services during his first season at Drury Lane; for I find that in 1814 he played sixty-eight nights. The total

amount of money received at Drury Lane Theatre on the sixty-eight nights of his performance, was £32,642 12s. 6d. When he came to the theatre, the receipts averaged £212 per night. During his nights the general average was £500 per night.

	£	s.	d.
The largest receipts on the representation of Shylock was . .	531	2	0
Ditto of Richard III. . . .	655	13	6
Ditto of Hamlet	660	2	0
Ditto of Iago	573	6	6
Ditto of Othello	673	18	6

and the number of persons who visited the theatre on the sixty-eight nights of his performance, was 166,742.

It is generally understood that the theatre cleared, by his services alone, upwards of twenty thousand pounds.

At the rival house I find the following statement of receipts :—

Theatre Royal Covent Garden.

	£	s.	d.
1809-10	96,051	14	4
1810-11	106,177	8	10
1811-12	95,001	6	2
1812-13	78,209	3	8
1813-14	87,160	14	11
1814-15	93,613	17	9
1815-16	83,780	7	9
1816-17	77,603	1	3
Carried forward	£717,597	14	8

Brought forward	£717,597	14	8
1817-18 . . .	75,149	9	8
1818-19 . . .	74,121	12	4
1819-20 . . .	55,833	14	0
1820-21 . . .	69,108	15	10
	£991,811	6	6
Average per season .	£82,650	18	10½

ACTORS.

JOE KELLY.

CHAPTER X.

JOE KELLY—MASQUERADING SCENE AT CAMBRAY—A LARK AT VALENCIENNES—SIM FAIRFIELD, OF THE 88TH, CONNAUGHT RANGERS—MISS F. KELLY—A HOAX—THE LADY IN BLUE—COLONEL CHARRITIE—A LOVE ADVENTURE.

"None better knew the feast to sway,
Or keep mirth's boat in better trim;
For nature had but little clay
Like that of which she moulded him.

"He kept at true good-humour's mark,
The social flow of pleasure's tide;
He never made a brow look dark,
Nor caused a tear but when he died."

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

AMONG the celebrities that I became acquainted with during the occupation of France by the Allied Armies, was Major, or as he was usually called "Joe Kelly." No sooner had Wellington entered Paris, after the peace of 1815, than Kelly made his appearance at head-quarters, and the Duke having known him in the Peninsula, he was an occasional guest at his Grace's board. When head-quarters were removed to Cambray, Joe Kelly again

turned up; being a jovial companion, and an excellent singer, he was welcome at the messes of all the regiments quartered there and at Valenciennes. He was brother of Michael Kelly, who, born in 1762, possessed a fine tenor voice, and made his first appearance at Drury Lane in 1787. Michael Kelly composed the music of Monk-Lewis's "Castle Spectre," "Blue Beard," "Of Age To-morrow," "Deaf and Dumb;" he also wrote many songs. Parkes accuses him of a want of knowledge of harmony, and of stealing from the Italians. The march in "Blue Beard," if original, would falsify the first charge. He was highly patronised by George IV.; being both a wine merchant and composer, some ill-natured wag declared that Michael Kelly "was a composer of wine and importer of music."

A cruel hoax was played upon Kelly one night at Cambray, A little distance beyond the outward works there was a large saloon, in which balls were occasionally given by the bourgeois, and sometimes by less respectable parties. During Lent a sort of Carnival was held there, terminating in a *bal masqué*. To this Kelly had made up his mind not only to go himself, but to take under his charge two of the *demi-monde*, recently imported from Paris, the regulation being that no ladies could be admitted except accompanied by gentlemen. On the night of the ball Kelly dined at the mess of the Guards, where he was to be called for by the ladies, and on his way to the masquerade was to don his costume as the Grand Turk, not an inap-

propriate *rôle* when we consider his companions. As a matter of course, Kelly was asked to sing after dinner, one song led to another, the hour arrived at which he was to be called for, still no ladies. At last they arrived. "Make the best of your way to Le Grand Canard," shouted the hero of this adventure to the coachman—"I shall scarcely have time to dress myself." They approached the gate of the town just as it was about to be closed for the night, passed on, and reached the outer gate, when to their dismay they found it was actually closed, and that nothing but a special order from the Governor could open it before the following morning. To return to the town was equally impossible, so the Grand Turk and his fair friends had to remain in their carriage until the *réveillé* was sounded.

During the above period the ladies were furious, and vented their rage in not very measured terms. It was "*infâme*," "*dégoutant*," "a *mauvaise plaisanterie*," an "*insulte*," to tell them to be ready at a certain hour, and then to write and name a later, it was a *polissonnerie* worthy of a *cochon Anglais*. "*Quelle lettre?*" asked the victim of the hoax. "*Voici!*" exclaimed a lady, dressed as a Vivandière, "*prenez le.*" To Kelly's astonishment, he read as follows :—

"Chère Mademoiselle,

"Ne venez pas avant dix heures, un quart d'heure de plus ou de moins ne fait pas une grand différence.

"Tout à vous,

"J. KELLY."

"*C'est une fausseté!*" shouted Kelly. "If I could only find the rascal that wrote it, I'd shoot him like a dog."

Happily for the enraged and engaged party, the fair Vivandière had filled her canteen with Cognac, which helped to while away the tedious hours.

A practical joke was played upon some French officers at Valenciennes, which, if the perpetrators had been discovered, would have led to very serious consequences. Every night after the amateur play, the officers of the 1st Royals, 88th Connaught Rangers, or the 21st Fusiliers, gave a supper to the corps dramatique and their friends, and after a rather late sitting, Sim Fairfield of the 88th, and a few congenial spirits, who had realized the line of the song, "Of keeping their spirits up by pouring spirits down," sallied forth for a lark. The Hôtel de Commerce was at the time I write of patronised by the visitors from Cambray, and on play nights was always kept open to a late hour. Seeing a light in the coffee-room, the party bent on mischief entered, and ascertaining that a detachment of heavy cavalry were billeted there for the night, held a council of war as to how they could play off a practical joke upon them. "If I can only get hold of a trumpet, I will sound the boots and saddle in about an hour," said Fairfield. "Capital!" shouted the rest. "Fancy," cried another, "on going upstairs to make a reconnoisance, I saw at least half a dozen pairs of boots left out to be polished." "We'll polish them," chimed in a third. "Here's a find," said Fairfield, pointing to a trumpet which

was hanging upon a peg in the room, "the very article I'm in search of."

Two of the conspirators walking stealthily upstairs, changed the boots from one door to another, leaving two rights at one and two lefts at another, depositing in one a sponge dipped in red, in another a sponge dipped in black ink. All arrangements having been concluded, the party left the hotel, and proceeded to the stable-yard, where Fairfield sounded "boots and saddle," and then replaced the trumpet. Of course the result was not known until the following day, but from the waiter's account, the effect produced must have been terrific. At the sound of the trumpet, officers and men turned out, then there was a rush and scramble for boots amidst the hundred cries of "Sacré," "Mille tonnerres," "Les coquins," "Les scélérats." The most vociferous, it appeared, were those who all of a sudden found their feet soaked with red or black ink; the captain too was highly irate when trying in vain to get his colossal legs into the major's small boots. Fortunately for the real delinquents, some travellers, or "bagmen," as they are called, had supped at the hotel, and being unable to get accommodation for the night had sought it elsewhere, and upon these innocents the blame was laid. Luckily for them, for the officers had vowed vengeance against their tormentors, the "bagmen" had left the town before the victims were aware of the cruel trick that had been played them. The waiters, who were always liberally paid by the English officers, and who had received an extra

gratuity upon the above occasion kept the affair dark, as far as the real offenders were concerned. Inquiries by the local authorities were set on foot, a reward was offered, but not a word escaped Fairfield or his partners in guilt, and the whole affair soon ceased to become the topic of conversation. A few nights after the above mad trick had been practised, "Bombastes Furioso" was acted, and when the General exclaimed :

"Who dares this pair of boots displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face."

There was a shout throughout the house, which was not a little increased when the King replies :—

"I'll make thy boots as bootless as thyself."

For a considerable time practical jokes were carried on in the army, but happily of late years they have been put a stop to. "A joke's a joke! and even practical jests are very capital in their way, if you can only see the fun of them," so wrote one who is no mean authority on these matters; and in too many cases the victim may exclaim in the words of Persian,

"Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges."

"You drive the jest too far," for as Mrs. Opie says, "jokes are like sky-rockets, which though they are meant only to amuse, yet are often, according to the place or object on which they light, the cause of mischief and of pain, if not of destruction."

One of Joe Kelly's greatest "pals" (I adopt the phrase now introduced into high society) was Sim Fairfield, of the 88th, Connaught Rangers, who was

quartered at Valenciennes when Kelly was "loafing" between that garrison and Cambray. Fairfield was a splendid singer, though his songs partook more of the public-house school than that of the drawing-room; still he was very popular as a diner-out, and, to use a common expression, was the life and soul of the mess of his gallant corps. At the amateur garrison theatricals at Valenciennes, he and Kelly appeared in the "Beggar's Opera;" Kelly as Captain Macheath, Fairfield as the leader of the thieves, in their fine chorus from "Rugantino," "Let us take the road;" they also sang "Glorious Apollo" and other glees between the play and farce. As I constantly attended the above performances, I got acquainted with Fairfield, though I never took kindly to him, as he was rather coarse in his language, and very quarrelsome in his cups—so we never became great chums.

One day, after my return to England to join my regiment at Windsor, I accidentally met Fairfield in the Strand; he had quitted the service, and evidently showed signs of decay, both constitutionally and outwardly. His face was bloated, his breath was very redolent, not of sweet scent, but of brandy; his toilet was equally in a state of dilapidation, the well-brushed beaver hat was napless, the frock coat, like the wearer, a "little out at the elbows," the waistcoat, once bright, now faded, the old regimental trowsers showed evident signs of having been mended, and the only smart things left were the white leather gloves and a silver-

headed cane, which had been presented to Fairfield by some admirers of his vocal talents.

Not wishing to drop an old acquaintance, especially in his reduced state, I crossed the street, and shook him warmly by the hand. We talked over bygone days, of the symposiums after the plays at Valenciennes, of the Connaught Rangers. Before leaving, he urged me to take an early chop with him at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where he was staying, and to end the evening at the Adelphi, where, through the kindness of his old friend Frederick Yates, he had free access. At that period there were few clubs open in London, and the only one I belonged to was White's, where no visitors were admitted. Even had they been, I fear I should scarcely have had sufficient moral courage to have taken my "seedy"-looking friend into that fashionable club. To get out of the difficulty, I told what is termed a white lie (it would be an interesting subject to trace the different hues of mendacity), and said I had ordered dinner at the Piazza, and hoped he would join me there.

"I too," he replied, "have told the waiter at the Golden Cross that I should dine at home, and should not like at this late hour to counter-order my dinner. So I shall expect you at five o'clock, military time."

"Upon one condition," I rejoined; "that you will be my guest upon this occasion."

"Agreed," he said; "if such be your ultimatum, I cannot refuse."

In less than two minutes I was in the coffee-

room of the Golden Cross. "Waiter," I said, "Mr. Fairfield will dine with me at five. Let us have the best dinner you can provide, and a bottle of the Beeswing port."

The waiter looked rather surprised, and not a little pleased. The order was attended to, and in that snug coffee-room, immortalised in verse by poor Maginn, we fared sumptuously.

"No more I'll eat the juicy steak
Within its boxes pent,
When in the mail my place I take
For Bath or Brighton bent.

"No more the coaches I shall see
Come trundling from the yard,
Nor hear the horn blown cheerily
By brandy-sipping guard.

"King Charles, I think, must sorrow sore,
E'en were he made of stone,
When left by all his friends of yore,
(Like Tom Moore's rose) alone.

"No wonder the triumphant Turk
O'er Missolonghi treads,
Roasts bishops, and in bloody work
Snips off some thousand's heads!

"No wonder that the crescent gains,
When we the fact can't gloss,
That we ourselves are at such pains
To trample down the Cross!"

The dinner passed off pleasantly enough, and we proceeded to the Adelphi Theatre, where I paid a visit to my old Cambray commissariat friend, Frederick Yates. At the conclusion of the play, Fairfield suggested an adjournment to a neighbouring tavern, where we could have a broiled bone or kidney for supper. To this I agreed, and we

drove off to a house recommended by him in Leicester Square. "There is a little play going on," he said, "but we can have some supper."

The room we were ushered into was a tolerably spacious one; in the centre was a hazard-table, at which two or three very flashily-dressed men were playing, and in the alcove was a sideboard, on which was displayed cold ham and beef, brandy and sherry.

"Will you try your luck?" said my companion, "the stakes are limited to silver." Suiting the action to the word he threw down half-a-crown, called "Seven's the main!" it came up four.

"Four the caster has to seven. Two to one against the caster," said one of the croupiers, evidently of the Hebrew persuasion.

Another half-crown was thrown on the board of green cloth, and soon a three and a one appears on the dice. "Four! the caster wins."

My friend pocketed his winnings, and again appealed to me to try my luck; adding, "Of course, you understand the supper is given by the proprietors."

Not wishing to sup at their expense, I, though never a gambler, risked a crown piece, which was immediately swept away; another speedily followed it. I then retired to the sideboard, and had a glass of brandy and water, for which I had already dearly paid. Fairfield followed suit, with this exception, that he did not attempt to mix the stronger with the purer element, the result was that, after swallowing a large tumbler of fiery brandy, he became

intoxicated. Knowing the effect this would produce on his temper, I proposed that we should go home.

"Go home at this early hour!" he exclaimed. "You may if you like." Then in a theatrical tone shouted:—

> "Slave, I have set my life upon the cast,
> And I will stand the hazard of the die."

He then continued playing, occasionally winning, but more often losing; at last he turned to me, to ask me to lend him five pounds. Fortunately I had not that sum with me; if I had, most assuredly I should not have parted with it. My refusal infuriated him, and when I urged him to leave the low house, his anger burst out. "Low house!" he exclaimed; "do you mean to insult me?" then rushing to the door, he was out of the house before I could explain my somewhat unguarded expression.

No sooner had he left, and I was preparing to follow, when one of the proprietors addressed me in rather a defiant manner, and wished to know whether it was my intention to continue play. I replied in the negative. "Well," continued he, "most gentlemen" (laying a great stress upon the word "gentlemen") "after supping here patronise the game. Your friend always acts an honourable part."

Not wishing to listen to any more impertinences, and feeling I had amply paid for the glass of brandy and water, I walked towards the door, when sounds anything but pleasant reached my ears. "Shame! Shabby! Call himself a gentle-

man!" Fortunately for me, at this moment two strangers entered the room, for I verily believe that I should have been assaulted and probably robbed by the proprietor of this "Silver Hell" (as I afterwards heard it was called), aided by his "bonnets." To the uninitiated I must explain, "bonnet" means a man belonging to the gang who plays to tempt others on.

Early next morning a card was brought to me by the waiter at the Gloucester Coffee-house, with Mr. Kelly's name on it. He was ushered in, and soon informed me that he was deputed by his friend, Mr. Fairfield, to demand an apology for an offensive remark that I had made on the previous night.

"If there was any offence," I replied, "it was not on my part. Mr. Fairfield took me to a low gambling-house, and, from what I saw there, I felt perfectly justified in denouncing it as one."

"Sim is a good-natured fellow," replied Kelly, "but rather hot-headed, more especially so since his losses at play. You know I have always tried to prove myself a peace-maker, and I will take upon myself to say that, if you will only tell me you meant no personal offence, all will end amicably."

"I can have no hesitation in doing so," I answered; "nothing was farther from my thoughts."

"All right," responded Kelly; "and now come and meet poor old Sim at breakfast with me at the Tavistock. Shake hands, all will be serene again."

The kind-hearted "Joe" then burst forth into one of Moore's Irish melodies :—

> "And doth not a meeting like this make amends,
> For all the long years I've been wand'ring away;
> To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
> As smiling and kind as in that happy day?"

Although I own I would much rather have preferred staying away from the breakfast than attending it, I agreed to accompany Kelly to the Tavistock. There I shook hands with one who, an hour before, was ready prepared to meet me with pistol in hand at twelve paces "on the daisies." This was the last time I ever saw Fairfield; a few years afterwards I heard of his death, brought prematurely on by reckless dissipation.

Kelly, albeit not a quarrelsome fellow, was ever ready to resent any slight, and to stand up for those of his friends who were unfairly attacked. I recollect once at Cambray, when the conversation after dinner turned upon the English stage and English artistes, the name of Miss F. Kelly was mentioned, and reference was made to the fact of her having been twice shot at while acting, in both cases by rejected admirers.

"Perhaps in a fit of jealousy," chimed in Horace Churchill, "against some more favoured lover."

"Favoured lover!" echoed Kelly, really misinterpreting the remark; "I cannot listen to any scandal against so near a relative." Saying this he abruptly left the room.

In those pugnacious days, when the slightest real or often supposed offence led to a hostile meeting,

everyone present felt that a duel would be the inevitable result, especially as Churchill was as brave as a lion, as his military prowess afterwards in India (where he was killed) proved, and Kelly was not wanting in pluck. Happily through the mediation of friends the affair was amicably arranged, the belligerent parties shook hands, and the evening passed off pleasantly.

Miss Kelly might fairly be called the heroine of domestic tragedy; she was equally good in comedy, and being gifted with a remarkably sweet voice, often took part in operas and operettas. Her romps were all exuberance and grace; full of girlish gaiety and unrestrained wildness; her waiting-maids were inimitable. Charles Lamb, in 1818, wrote of her as follows:—

> "Your tears have passion in them, and a grace,
> A genuine freshness which our hearts avow;
> Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot trace,
> That vanish and return we know not how."

Miss Kelly after a brilliant career retired from the stage, and then turned her mind to the establishment of a Dramatic School, as the following letter which she addressed me will show:—

"Dean Street, June 6.

"My Lord,

"Many of my friends, amongst whom I am proud to name Mr. Serjeant Talfourd and Mr. Charles Dickens, have suggested my return to the public for a fortnight, as the readiest and most proper means for the renovation of the funds necessary for the support and furtherance of my Dramatic

School. I propose, therefore, to give a series of Dramatic Evenings, and with a view to render them strictly private and select for the patronage of the nobility and gentry, I prefer to solicit as a personal favour that which I might, perhaps, venture to flatter myself would now, as on former occasions, be kindly responded to through the medium of a public announcement. Hoping then to excuse, or at least account for this intrusion, I have the honour to subscribe myself,

"Yours faithfully,

"M. F. Kelly."

It was with the above view that Miss Kelly converted some houses in Dean Street, Soho, into a theatre—now known as the Royalty—and the greatest credit is due to her for her endeavours to form what has long been required in England—a Dramatic School. It is true that, at the present time, many highly-gifted professional ladies and gentlemen devote their time to instructing pupils for the stage, but beneficial as that is it does not meet the requirements. We want a Dramatic School on the same principle as the Royal Academy of Music.

To return to practical jokes which in bygone days distinguished the manners of the citizens of London; these were generally innocent, and generally very silly, but one of the contrary description marked the autumn of 1737. A well-dressed man rode down the King's Road from Fulham, at a most furious rate, commanding each turnpike-gate to be thrown open,

as he was a messenger, conveying the news of the Queen's sudden death. The alarm instantly spread into every quarter of the city; the trained bands, who were on their parade, desisted from their exercise, furled their colours and returned home with their arms reversed; the shopkeepers began to collect sables, when the jest was discovered, but not the author of it.

"There are certain wags," so writes a chronicler of the above date, "who find great amusement in contriving wonderful stories for the public, which are sometimes circulated verbally, and frequently inserted in the newspapers. This waggery has recently received the elegant term of *hoaxing*. Twice very lately crowds have been sent to the ship-yards below London to witness the launching of men-of-war and Indiamen which were not ready to launch; and last winter an old story was reproduced of a gardener digging a pit to receive the body of a servant he had seduced, whom he intended to have murdered had not his master luckily discovered the play, by the intervention of a dream."

That practical jokes are often attended with the most fatal consequences cannot be doubted, I might refer to one at least, if not more, that have occurred in our days, but prefer quoting an anecdote that establishes the fact. Mrs. Hutchinson, in the Memoirs of her husband, relates an anecdote to prove that practical wit, as it is falsely called, had arrived to a very shameful degree of indulgence in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Speaking of a branch of the family of Biron, she proceeds, "That mar-

riage, wherein the father had not been obeyed, was fruitless; and the young gentleman himself being given to youthful vanity, as he was one day to go out a hunting with his father, had commanded that something should be put under the saddle of a young serving man that was to go out with them, to make sport at his affright, when his horse should prove unquiet. The thing succeeded as it was designed, and made them such sport that the young gentleman in the passion of laughter died, and turned their mirth into mourning; *leaving a sad caveat, by his example, to take heed of hazarding men's precious lives for a little sport.*" The lines in italics are thus in the original.

Theodore Hook's practical jokes, inexcusable as they must be considered, were so inexpressibly ludicrous in effect as well as original in conception, and were carried out with so unparalleled a degree of impudence as to provoke the dullest mortals to mirth; not so the practical jokes of many of his followers, which were tame, mischievous, and devoid of fun. Well do I recollect the time when men of high position amused themselves after a drunken bout with breaking windows and lamps, "flooring Charleys," as the so-called guardians of the night were named, wrenching off knockers and bell-pulls. Nor does it seem that this aristocratic amusement was confined to London, for in a recent publication, "The Memoirs of the Life and Times of Lord Brougham," I find that the same exploits were carried on to a great extent in Edinburgh early in the present century. Brougham himself makes

the following confession, "One of our constant exploits, after an evening at the Apollo Club, was to parade the streets of the New Town, and wrench the brass knockers off the doors, or tear out the brass handles of the bells. No such ornaments existed in the Old Town; but the New Town, lately built, abounded in sea-green doors and huge brazen devices, which were more than our youthful hands could resist. The numbers we tore off must have been prodigious, for I remember a large dark closet in my father's house, of which I kept the key, being literally filled with our *spolia opima*. We had no choice but to hoard them, for it is pretty obvious we could not exhibit or otherwise dispose of them. It was a strange fancy, and must have possessed some extraordinary fascination, for it will scarcely be credited, and yet it is perfectly true, that as late as March, 1803, when we gave a farewell banquet to Horner on his leaving Edinburgh for ever to settle in London, we sallied forth to the North Bridge, and then halted in front of Mr. Manderson, the druggist's shop, where I, hoisted on the shoulders of the tallest of the company, placed myself on the top of the doorway, held on by the sign, and twisted off the enormous brazen serpent which formed the explanatory announcement of the business that was carried on within. I forget the end of the adventure, but I rather think the city guard exhibited unusual activity on that occasion, and that we had a hard run for it."

A practical joke was played upon an old friend of mine, the late John Spalding, than whom a kinder-

hearted creature did not exist. If Jack Spalding, as he was usually called, had a fault it was that of vanity. Being extremely good-looking, full of life and animation, with an off-hand manner, he had in early life been spoilt, and when he entered the army and joined the 9th Lancers, and subsequently the Life Guards he was made much of, and if not in reality so, fancied himself *l'enfant chéri des dames*, a regular *crêve-cœur*. During his temporary residence at Brussels, a gallant colonel of the Guards, now no more, to whom Spalding had boasted that he had captivated the Queen of the Belgians, turned over in his mind how he might cure the ex-Lancer and Life-Guardsman of his folly. Here I may remark, although it is scarcely necessary so to do, that the only grounds Spalding had for supposing he had inspired any feeling in the breast of Her Majesty, was that the Queen's attention had been attracted by a wonderful fancy uniform that her gallant admirer had appeared in at a court ball. To carry out the hoax, the colonel got some lady acquaintance of his to address a note to Spalding, saying that a certain illustrious lady would be *en voiture* in the Allée Verte the following day at four o'clock, that she would appear in a blue dress, a bonnet ornamented with *pensées*, and a white veil. The highly scented note contained the following couplet:

"C'est une si bonne et si douce chose
De pouvoir dire: j'aime, je suis aimé."

Upon receipt of the above billet-doux Spalding was in a state of ecstasy, and the next day mounted on the colonel's hack, which he borrowed for the occa-

sion, wended his way to the appointed spot. Carriage after carriage passed, but no blue dress was to be seen. At last the victim of the hoax caught a glimpse of one, and to his delight saw a lady sitting back in a close carriage, fully answering the description. Cantering up to the door of it, with the note very redolent of patchouly betwixt finger and thumb to prove his identity, he gracefully took off his hat, and said, "Madame, j'ai l'honneur, Madame—" At that instant the note was snatched out of his hand, and a voice which he immediatly recognised as that of his wife, his "dear Mary," as he called her, exclaimed, "So I've discovered your goings on at last." Spalding stammered out an excuse, when the lady in blue came to his rescue, and a reconciliation took place. Spalding vowed vengeance against the perpetrator of the hoax, should he ever discover him, which happily he never did. It was generally supposed that the colonel had a confederate, no less a person than Mrs. Spalding, who, though the best of wives and devoted to her husband, was anxious to put an end to his fantastic illusions.

Colonel Charretie of the 2nd Life Guards was in some degree a celebrity about town; he was what is called a "knowing fellow," a good shot, especially at pigeons, and with pistols, a first-rate amateur jockey, and a foremost rider to hounds, good-humoured and agreeable when all went well; but queer-tempered when put out. He was the hero of an adventure, the recital of which may prove amusing. About five-and-twenty years ago

some friends of mine were staying at Bognor for Goodwood races; the party consisted of a father and mother, a daughter, and an aspirant for the fair young lady's hand. I, who was made a confidant of the love affair, was at Goodwood House, and of course did all I could to encourage the lovers, feeling assured that they were worthy of one another. The girl was not out of her teens, and her prudent father wished her to see a little more of the world before she entered the matrimonial state; the mamma, probably remembering her "love's young dream," was more disposed to make her daughter happy. On the Cup day my friend approached me with a very woe-begone face, and said that paterfamilias had made up his mind to leave Bognor on the following day; that if that plan was carried out he would not meet his inamorata until the following season, and besought me to exert my influence to keep the party at Bognor until the following Tuesday, the house having been taken up to that period. I promised to do all in my power, and approaching the mamma said she must see Goodwood House and gardens before she left; that during the races every room was occupied, but that on the Monday I should be delighted to show her over it.

"I fear," she replied, "we must leave to-morrow, for we are going to Scotland earlier than I expected, and my husband must be in London for a day or two."

"To-morrow," I responded, "impossible! You

will miss one of the best days' racing. Lots of gentlemen-riders to-morrow."

"I assure you I regret it much," she continued, "but when once my husband has made up his mind, his law, like that of the Medes and Persians, cannot be broken."

Greatly disheartened, I sought my friend to communicate the failure I had met with. At that moment Charretie came up. "Why, what has happened?" said he, addressing the disconsolate youth. "You have not been dropping your money on the Cup; if you have, I'll give you a tip for to-morrow. Let me see you before the first race, and I'll let you stand a 'poney.' I've a large stake, and it's a dead certainty."

"It is a love affair," I replied.

"I'm not a bad hand at that," rejoined Charretie. "Tell me all about it, and I'll see if I can pull you through."

We told him the case, as far as the projected movement to London was concerned.

"All right," he continued, "I see my way. Only point out the cruel parent, leave the rest to me."

At all times the colonel had what is termed a "horsy" look about him, and by raising his shoulders, turning his toes in, and smoothing down his hair on his forehead, he added greatly to that look. Without saying more than "Follow me," he went straight up to the spot where the mother of the young lady was standing, took off his hat, made an awkward salaam, and thus began:—

"Please, ma'am, I understand you wish to have post 'osses to take you up to town to-morrow."

"Yes, yes, we do," interrupted the pater.

"Quite impossible, Sir; all the 'osses at Bognor is engaged for to-morrow, and on Saturday, after a week's 'ard work, they won't be up to much, much less to take you to Pet'orth or Midhurst."

"How unfortunate!" exclaimed the dupe. "What is to be done?"

"Well, sir, if I may be so bold," proceeded Charretie, "I should advise you remaining over Monday. Squire Gratwick was going up to London on Tuesday" (this was a pure invention), "but he has been unexpectedly called upon to remain at home all next week, and if you like, Sir, you can have the 'osses I have ordered for him at Midhurst, Godalming, Haslemere, Cobham, and Kingston."

"I feel very much obliged to you," responded pater, "but perhaps by writing I may secure horses for to-morrow."

"Unpossible, Sir; howerer I've done my best, and hope you won't get into no quand*ary*. Good day, ma'am. Good day, Sir."

"Stop! stop! Would it do if I gave you a decided answer to-morrow?"

"With every wish to 'commodate you, Sir, I've a gent waiting, who I've promised to give the refusal, if you declined."

"Under those circumstances, I agree. You'll be sure to have everything right."

"Right as a trivet, Sir. Your servant, Sir."

I had been a witness to this interview, and could

scarcely refrain from laughing outright at Charretie's imperturbable manner. Off I ran to my friend. "It's all settled," I said, "they remain until Tuesday. You may thank Charretie for this."

The result was, that during the next four days there were constant meetings on the beach, at Miss Binstead's library and emporium for fancy goods, in an excursion to Arundel Castle and Chichester Cathedral, and all went swimmingly well. I joined the party, and while the young people were billing and cooing, I occupied the attention of the mother; the father, poor fellow, was laid up with an attack of his old and only enemy—the gout.

On the evening before departure we sat on the beach; it was a lovely moonlight night. Had we asked, in the words of the song, "What are the wild waves saying?" they would have replied, "Two fond hearts have pledged their faith to love until death do them part."

The marriage took place shortly afterwards, upon which occasion I was "best man." In proposing the health of the father and mother of the "bride," I referred to their hospitality and philanthropy, slyly adding, that without Love and *Charretie* little earthly happiness could be expected. Both bride and bridegroom took the allusion, and coloured up. I ought to add, that the colonel had arranged to have the horses ready, so that the plot remained undiscovered.

THE BULLY.

CHAPTER XI.

DISRAELI ON QUOTATIONS—DIARY OF CAPTAIN CLAXTON, R.N.—THE BULLY—KILLING NO MURDER.

"A brave man is sometimes a desperado; a bully is always a coward."

HALIBURTON.

DISRAELI, the elder, in the "Curiosities of Literature," remarks, "Whenever we would prepare the mind by a forcible appeal, an opening quotation is a symphony preluding on the chords whose tones we are about to harmonise;" and he adds, "To make a happy quotation is a thing not easily to be done." Cardinal du Perron used to say that the application of a verse from Virgil was worth a talent; and Bayly declared "that there is not less invention in a just and happy application of thought found in a book than in being the first author of that thought."

Following at a humble distance in the same track, I think a more appropriate motto than the following cannot be found to illustrate an adventure I am about to record. I quote from Dryden:

"'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl."

A gallant old "Salt" and friend of mine, alas! now no more, Captain Claxton, of the Royal Navy, who distinguished himself in the American war, lent me one of his journals, with permission to make use of the following incidents, which I transcribe literally, with one reservation which will be seen at the end:—

"I often look with singular pleasure over the many pages of my Journal, filled to overflowing with anecdotes and occurrences, which now strikes me as most marvellous to have come under my observation, and with many transactions in which circumstances—the love of fun strong upon me then—induced, led, or almost compelled me to take part.

"I had some idea of publishing them, but passed them over, because 'Logs' of one ship, 'Cruises' of another, 'Scenes in the Cockpit' of a third, and novels of all degrees up to a high number, have repeated, *usque ad nauseam*, similar events; materials for which were never wanting with a fleet like ours, of above one thousand pendants, and still no doubt are to be witnessed in the cockpit of every man-of-war in the service, in the steerage of every frigate or sloop, in most ward-rooms and gun-rooms.

"In all ships which, like the one I sailed in, could boast messmates gentlemenlike as well as jolly, with a wag or a sea-wit or two, and a good 'butt' in the shape of an idler, neither ward-rooms

nor gun-rooms lacked amusement, but in the berth of the 'Mids,' where if there were two or three tolerably steady, the rest were sure to be a lively, frolicsome set of youngsters, mischievous as monkeys, playful as kittens, with wits sharp and always wary, there were never wanting incidents for an observer like myself, determined to be industrious in noting down all I could collect.

"Marryat has so well told similar events, and they are become so stale, that I pass over most; but one or two I cannot resist giving. I dwell not on many which I took part in: the frequent wearing of cocked hats, to mark the last dealer at whist, amidst noise, tricks, and roars of laughter from ourselves—irresistible bursts, however anxious we might be to be serious, so as not only to recollect that one's partner was not one's opponent, but also what cards were trumps.

"I dwell not on cutting down hammocks, in which I myself had on one occasion a hand against a mischievous brother reefer, who more than once made me the laughing-stock of the captain and all the quarter-deck, by pretending to teach me to give the word of command in backing ship, having previously blackened the trumpet all round the mouthpiece, with the clearly marked impression of which I went on deck; and a second time, of pinning to my jacket tail the very dirtiest knife-cloth that the filthiest of stewards, in the worst-ordered of midshipmen's berths ever used, and going in it to dine with the captain, ay, and sitting on it too.

"I dwell not on the game of able whackets, in which I was initiated with more force than was agreeable to my softer hands; but I cannot resist my notices of a duel—not a three-cornered one, like that so inimitably told by the author of 'Peter Simple'—but one which actually did take place, showing, I opine, in most clear colours, the stuff that the animal bully is made of; for be it known that our youngsters had in a midshipman of some standing, as far as years went, an animal of that sort to deal with, and there is seldom a mess or a school without one. He had for some reason, which is unimportant, quarrelled with Sims, who was the best of good fellows, his senior in age and seniority of rating. He challenged Sims to fight with pistols for having pommelled him well with fists. The blustering hero vowed he would have the youngster out, directly we arrived at Gibraltar.

"'Why not here?' asked one of the oldsters.

"'Ah, why not?' responded Bully, knowing it was unlikely to come off on board.

"The wink was passed to Sims, who, catching the idea, immediately said, 'Why not? Be it so, in the cable tier.'

"Away went one of the youngsters for pistols, which were brought with a cartouche box into the captain's clerk's berth, where others soon followed to hold a consultation. I happened to come down, and was called in, and told what was going on.

"'Frank Tyrrel, who wishes to act as your second,' said a larking middy, 'is in the foretop,

whether he has gone aloft to reef a sail, or has taken a hatchet with him to cut the clouds *for* to make the wind blow, I can't exactly say.' The youth, who was brimful of merriment, continued, 'You had better, Sims, bring yourself to an anchor, and suppose you take this pin to prick for a soft board to sit upon.'

"'Less chaff, you audacious radical,' said a more sedate messmate.

"Sims was now shown two cork balls, beautifully cut, and well black-leaded, that no one could tell them from the real ones that rolled about in a saucer on the table with the ship's motion. It was now settled that the joke should be carried on, and bets ran high that Curtle—for I must give him a name—would not come to the scratch, or, if he did, that he would run before the word was given.

"Two were appointed to load the pistols; only half a charge was to be put in, so that the noise might not be heard on deck; an unnecessary precaution, as the ship was going fast, and the sea highish and noisy. We all went into the midshipmen's berth, where Curtle and all hands took their seats. A solemn discussion began on the enormity and consequence of duelling. Curtle cared not; he had been insulted, and had made up his mind to receive satisfaction.

"'But,' said the Doctor, (a Scotchman), 'think of the saarveece, mon, sic a thing never before took place at sea.'

"'Ah!' responded Curtle, 'you want to stop it,' and believing fully that it would be stopped, 'but

I say no, my honour is concerned, have it out I will.'

"'Then!' exclaimed Sims, 'bear witness, all of you; I was challenged, called a coward. If I fall, or he falls by my hand, it is through his act. Give me a sheet of paper.'

"Seizing a somewhat stumpy pen, and a greasy slip of foolscap, he wrote rapidly, saying at the same time,

"'Load the pistols. The sooner all is over, the better;' then folding the letter, he handed it to the Doctor's mate, who promised that his requests should be attended to.

"With great formality, preparations were made for loading the pistols.

"'Wrap the bullets in flannel,' said Sims, 'paper may light, and get between the coils of the cable. But first blow them off, to make sure they are clean.'

"That done, the loading commenced, and in due time was completed. I, trembling, lest a mistake should be made, rendered surety doubly sure by taking the half-dozen leaden bullets one after the other out of the saucer, putting them in my pocket and remarking,

"'We may want these presently.'

"Curtle, for the first time, looked 'dashed.'

"'Doctor,' interrupted the clerk, 'have you brought your tourniquets?'

"Doctor Balquidder—the names I give are fictitious, as I have said before—was a North Briton, a native of Aberdeenshire, and had more than usual

of the Scotch accent. Ours was his second ship, he had only been three years at sea, and had been assistant-surgeon of Sir Pulteney Malcolm's flag-ship the 'Royal Oak.' In that capacity, he had been sent to assist the army-surgeons on board one of the transports which was conveying the poor fellows that had been wounded at New Orleans to England. There, in half-a-dozen weeks or so, he had seen more of gun-shot and musket wounds than he would have seen for a whole life in an Edinburgh, London, or any other hospital, except, perhaps, a Parisian one.

"He was clever in his profession, dry, and a wag withal, entering with great zest into the fun that was going on, as he would have entered into any plot that was intended to annoy the bully who was his especial aversion. He disliked Curtle for many causes, but most of all for taunting him, as a Scot, with the crime of his countrymen for selling King Charley; in which it must be owned, he was ably assisted by most of the wags of the mess, when once it was found that a tender place had been established, and how easy it was to raise the Doctor's choler.

"It would be quite impossible to tell, where so many were speaking at the same time, or in rapid succession, a tithe of what passed on that never to be forgotten occasion—every one chiming in with some dry, witty, or shrewd remark; the whole bearing of which was intended to alarm the bully more and more. Balquidder was the principal actor, and him alone I can attempt to follow, the more

particularly as because, whenever he spoke, something to raise the cachinnatory muscles was expected, and he was listened to when no one else had even a chance of getting in a word edgeways.

"'Ah, weel! ah, weel!' said he, 'if wilfu' mon will be wilfu' here as in ane place else, he must e'en hae his way. All that we puir mortals can do, is to tak' heed that we do our ain duties on the melancholy occasion. Where's the gilly? Gang and tell the loblolly boy to bring a large basin o' warm water, the large and the wee sponges, and that, in all human probabeelity, I shall stand in need o' his assistance. Will ane o' you younkers just bring me my marking irons? You ken the box—mahogane, bound in brass; it stands in the dispensary.'

"Away flew one of them.

"'It's maist a pity, I did nae buy a fu' surgeon's case; that ane cost me seventeen pounds, ten shillings, besides the carriage, and five-and-sexpence for a leather case t'it, and one and two-pence for a box to put it in—two-pence more than was right. The fu' surgeon's wud ha' cost just five poonds more; but poonds were nae so plenty—the journey fra' Aberdeen, considered all the way to Portsmouth, where I joined; so after joining, seventeen poonds sixteen and eightpence just cleared me oot, for little did I think I had to find my ain instruments to cut up His Majesty's lieges; but they told me t'was the regulations, so I hope the laddie won't require my assistance.'

"Here the case was brought; as the Doctor took off the leather coating, and applied the key to unlock it, he proceeded.

"To think of a' those tools that ha' done sic saarveece,' taking out the two blades of saws, and commencing to screw the handle on the largest, wiping the ointment off with a piece of rag, 'just at the finish o' a bluidy war, should noo be wanted, mair than likely, in consequence o' a feud between mon and mon, now in time o' peace, just too, after the teeth ha' been set, after o'er meikle practice in that abominable transport, where I experienced banyan days enough to last for a life. I'd thank ye, gentlemen, just to keep your mou's a wee bit further fra' the instruments; your breath contains moisture, more or less, althay in this murky place it is nae veesible.'

"Balquidder here carefully laid the saw, now with its handle on, down, and taking out a probe, about seven or eight inches in length, soliloquised as follows,

"'You, too, my trusty probe! mony and mony was the bullet you found after that awfu' affair, New Orleans, laarge ones, too, some o' them were. The Yankees, I was told, were over fond o' rifles; but I can tell you they ha' muskets with large bores enough; after all, if not too large, a ba' of decent dimensions is nae so dangerous as a wee one is after it is lodged. You can find the large ane easily with the probe, even if it be three or four inches buried; but a' the college canna find the buck shot things, or the wee ones used wi'

duellers. I hope gentlemen, you're putting good sized ba's in; the wee anes get round corners o' banes, and altho' you may probe five or sax inches, it's all to nae purpose; the ba' must be left to its ain billet for aye, or till the body is handed o'er for dissection; then it is ta'en oot, covered wi' substance would surpreese you to look on, and mak' you wonder hoo the patient could ha' lived sae long as mony do with ba's in a' sorts o' places.'

"'What's this, Doctor?' inquired the clerk.

"'That? Why, mon, it comes into use after we ha' found the ba' with the probe; it is naething more or less than the forceps, difficult enoo' to use when the ba' is buried far in; for you ken we must ha' room to open the handles wide eneugh for the nipping parts to tak' the ba' in its clutch, and if deep-seated we're obleeged to inceese for the purpose.'

"'Inceese! what the dickens is that?'

"'Why, just to widen oot the hole, so as to spread the handles so' (suiting the action to the word), 'and that we do wi' this,' (taking out the amputating knife) 'or this,' (producing a smaller one). 'Awfy trying to my feelings when I had cut ower deep—nae doot, for the matter o' that, to the feelings of the patient too—before I got used to it. Sometimes we had to cut where there is an airtery, that we catch up with this ane, the airtery forceps; and when we have got it, we hae it held up by an assistant o' ane side oot of the way, and up highish, with this, call tenaculum,' (wiping

away as before, amid deep silence, most of us being deeply interested.

"'And i' by chance,' he proceeded, 'and it's nae uncommon the ba' sticks against a bane, as I fervently hope ane o' they you've wrapt so carefully in swaddling flannels, and put into they fire weapons may not, we tak' this, the bane clipper, and grope awa'. If we find the bone shattered, we clip awa' the splintered bits, it's always ower bad surgery to have bits o' bane behind; to mak' a' right we smooth the damaged bane, after denuding it with this, the raspatory, you see, nae unlike a file, having something o' the properties of that article; and if ba's mak holes in heads, as Selby's did in Stackpole's, the great dueller at Jamaica, where I was twa years or sae gone by, which guid Providence forbid either o' they may in the heads o' you poor sinners, then these trephines come into request; and this the head saw and the frocars—a beautiful pair they are—and the scalpels, a' which by the regulations we're obleeged to ha' sax. Noo wi' the sceessars, and the spatola, I think I hae got oot all I can possibly want, and I am well proveeded against casualties which must inevitably occur when apologies are scoorn nae to be made, worse luck, and fights gang on till bluid flows on one side or the other. Mind you, gentlemen, the loblolly boy will borrow the loan o' your tablecloth, which is nae ower clean, having been in use nearly a fortnight. He will spread it on the table, nae sic a bad one for an operation wi' candles anew.' Looking up the rest

of the instruments, 'You'll get down as quick as you can, for time is precious noo' (addressing the loblolly boy) 'a can o' hot water, anither of cauld, and pit the sponges in a bason here, and the tourniquets,' (pointing to a seat on a locker), 'and a roll of Baynton's adhesive plaister, a matterin o' lint, a sma' modicum o' white cerate, and I think all is provided.'

"Bully had shown no sign of flinching, and I felt quite sure he either had pluck, was wide awake, or expected the whole affair would explode before the pistols did.

"'And noo, gentlemen, aince mair a's ready; and if there's to be cutting, slashing, probing, nipping, sewing up or plastering, I'm the lad—ay! or bane setting either. Put two spleents on the locker.'

"'Ay, ay, Sir,' responded Lob.

"'And the sooner we gang to business the better, for time grows precious.'

"There was a general move, Curtle at last turning very pale, while two pearls of perspiration oozed out just in the centre of his forehead. At this moment came down my gallant cousin (now an honoured admiral,) who guessing from the move—the lights ordered to the cable tier—and the sight of the pistols, that a duel was in the wind, called me on one side.

"'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'how could you assist in such a matter as this? Stop it! stop it! or I will, at all hazards, tell the first lieutenant, cost me what it may. Stop it, pray! I hate the beast,

much reason have I, if bruises many and oft could speak for me; but oh! all unprepared without a moment's reflection—oh, let it not happen!—and poor dear Sims, too, to be led into such an affair —the bravest and the best, oh! put an end to it!'

"Real, genuine, honest tears coursed themselves down the lad's handsome face. I could have hugged him to my heart of hearts. I whispered, 'Tis all fun. Curtle is the only person not in the secret. The pistols are not loaded with balls—only cork, which can't hurt much.'

"To describe the transition!

"'Capital! glorious! won't I help? Tell Brayley (the second to one of them, I forget which) to keep them talking till I come down; they're killing one of the captain's sheep.'

"Away he rushed, I told Brayley that my cousin was gone for some sheep's blood. As we proceeded along the wing, where a few dips were being stuck to the stanchions, for, as the doctor said, 'In deeds of daarkness, the daarker the better, sae lang as they can jist see one another,' my coz arrived with a small pannikin, such as the men drink their grog from, and in a low tone of voice said,

"'All ready; let the play go on.'

"The clerk heard, and became spokesman.

"'They must toss for choice; one must sit on the cable forward, the other aft. The cable will deaden the sound more than the wing. Here run this line along' (it was just eight yards), 'they must not be too far apart, as there is only half a charge of powder.'

"'Quite enough for that distance,' chimed in my cousin, 'I sent a ball through an inch plank the other day, with only half a charge at ten yards; and you too, Tom——'

"'Yes,' responded the one addressed, 'and I picked up my ball fourteen yards from the place, all battered by the brick wall, you know.'

"Of course, I need hardly say, there was not one word of truth in these remarks.

"I was then asked to 'toss,' Curtle was to cry, which he did in a husky voice, 'Heads!' I turned over the half-crown and said 'Tails,' so that his adversary might choose the darkest place. Sims, not intending to aim at all, had provided himself with his cap, having some regard for his eyes, and a misgiving as to whether a piece of cork might not be disagreeably propelled a few yards; meaning, as I saw he did, when the time came, to turn his face away. The seats were chalked, for the belligerents were compelled to sit on the cable, it being too raised for standing room.

"'Now,' said Brayley, taking his station in the wing, 'instead of looking to me to drop this handkerchief, which you may not see in the light, and which always diverts attention, I think it best to give the words, "One," two," "fire." You will be able to take better aim at one another, instead of peering for the handkerchief. At "one" you will each cock your pistol,'—one being now handed to each—'at "two" you will take aim, and when I say "fire," but on no account till then, and I will

give you plenty of time to cover one another, you will know what to do.'

"Curtle here showed signs of a move, looking behind him over my cousin's head, who had crunched himself into the smallest possible space abaft the cable, pannikin in hand.

"'Gallant fellow!' exclaimed he, 'covers Sims well. I think he is going to run. Stand to your guns.'

"'Now, gentlemen,' said Brayley, 'please to keep out of the line of fire, balls are apt to glance. Is it yet too late to make apologies?'

"'I have none to offer,' replied Sims.

"Curtle seemed not to hear.

"'Then, once more, recollect the word—I will repeat it again—"one," a pause, "two," a longer one than the last; "fire." When that comes may evil consequences be averted, but if not——'

"Here the clerk pretended to be overcome by his feelings, as he muttered some unintelligible words. He soon recovered.

"'Stand by—"one?"'

"Click went both pistols, and down went Sims' averted head.

"'Two!'

"Over spun Curtle on his seat, rolling on to the deck. In his fall, off went his pistol; he scrambling up, left it behind, and darted for the hatchway several yards away.

"Sims heard the report, looked round, saw his adversary gathering himself up, thought he had

fired without the word, and rushed after him, exclaiming,

"'Coward and murderer to boot!'

"'Pull foot!' cried my cousin, rushing alongside of Sims, 'pull foot! pink him! pink him on the ladder!'

"Curtle had a good start, but stumbled at the third step, by which untoward accident Sims came up before he cleared the top, just in time to fire his pistol within a few feet of the flying foe. Over went the bully, likely enough from the impetus of the explosion, or from tripping over the combing flat on the deck. Before he could rise, my cousin, without being discovered, had contrived to drop about half a gill of the sheep's blood on the white trousers of the prostrate coward, exactly where it ought to have been, the place being clearly defined by the smoke, and the flannel wadding wedged in by the cork. Had it not been from the load of flannel, and a slight obliquity in the aim, I verily believe the cork would have taken effect; as it was, the blow that Curtle had received was a stinger.

"Clearing himself from my hopeful coz, who tried to push him down the ladder, away rushed the wounded Curtle; but not before Mr. Train, the officer of the watch, had come down from the quarter-deck. The captain made his appearance from the cabin, close to which all this had taken place. The first-lieutenant, who was taking a nap in the gun-room, followed by all the officers and men of the watch, had gathered aft; and those below were turning up with all speed. Bully saw

not, heeded not, but made for the quarter-deck ladder, crying,

"'Murder ! murder !' both hands clapped behind (I and others had sneaked up the middle hatchway, and were spectators in the crowd), but his way was barred by numbers.

"'I'm shot,' he exclaimed, beginning to dance first on one leg, then on the other, when down fell the cork, rolling towards the captain, who immediately demanded what had happened.

"'I'm dead—I'm dying!' bellowed Curtle, who began to perspire and looked deadly white indeed. Seeing the ball picked up by Train, as it rolled away, he faintly exclaimed, 'Thank Heaven it is out!' and fell into the nearest arms in a real fit; not, however, before he had answered the captain's question, "Who did it ?"

"'Sims ! Sims ! my murderer !'

"I may here remark, although the *dénouement* is yet to come, that Curtle was taken below; the ship's surgeon now attending, as in duty bound, by the captain's orders; that Train, who from the first had suspected the trick, had shown the cork to the captain and first-lieutenant, that the breach of discipline, in using firearms below, made a great sensation, that examinations took place, that the gallant mids never allowed my name to be even mentioned; that Sims was disrated and in disgrace; that he would have been kept so long, perhaps, but for the kindness of the captain, who was positively uproarious with merriment when he heard from me much more of what took place than I have indited here.

"My note-book contains only the following words, 'The doctor operated on Curtle—an event impossible to be described, but never to be forgotten. I must try my hand, nevertheless, although I feel it quite beyond my power to do more than give a slight outline—a pen and ink sketch—of that memorable transaction.

"While descending with the body to the steerage, our Scot told his superior the facts as they had occurred; and the superior went into the gun-room, where we, who had followed him, were within earshot of no small amount of merriment.

"'Of course,' said the Doctor, 'I have left the wounded man to my assistant; you may depend upon it those devils of middies have more in store for the bully yet.'

"First one, then another, said they would go and see; so the berth to which Curtle had been removed was soon quite filled with anxious gazers. The frightened youth, who had been brought to consciousness through the aid of buckets-full of salt water splashed in his face, was told his wound must be examined as soon as he felt himself sufficiently recovered. Some brandy and water having been given him, he proceeded to interrogate the surgeon.

"'Is it much, Doctor? Did the ball go through? I saw it drop out. You won't have to use that horrid probe you showed me, will you?'

"'Why, mon, as to that nae one can say till he looks. I speene that the bullet struck the end o' the vertebra o' the back-bone, but as I told you before, the sooner shot wounds are looked into the

better. If you feel equal to it we'll just commence.'

"Curtle submitted, and was assisted by no lack of volunteers on to the table. The inside of the berth was crammed, and outside the lattice were heads and pairs of eyes, wherever a view could be obtained. The poor wretch, face downwards, could of course see nothing; and his groans, as the Doctor lectured, prevented him from hearing the suppressed laughter of all around him.

"'Gi' me the large bent sceessars. I see you've lost a guid deal o' bluid, so there will be no occasion to phlebotomize.'

"Upon inspection, it was ascertained that a slight contusion had taken place, as was apparent from a red mark larger than a shilling, blue in the middle, and which, while the lecture went on, and long before it was over, had got to the size of half-a-crown.

"'Sure eneugh,' said Balquidder, 'you ha had a haard hit, and you may bless your stars there was sic a lot o' my best flannel o'er the ba'. An ungainly shot it was, you see it went in here,' pressing the bruise so hard as to cause pain and a groan, 'and it came out here,' another groan and wince; 'and as I said before, nae doot it was turned by the bane at that point. I hope it's nae shattered, but I doot. Do you feel pain hereabout!' pushing hard against the bruise.

"'Oh, yes—murder, murder! I feel it, is that the bone?'

"'Oh yes, 'tis just it, and we hae some sair wark

afore us. Gi' him a wee drap mair brandy and water, for I see we must hae an operation; for you must ken it's an unco bad piece of surgery to leave two holes open to ane and the same wound. Now as the ba' entered here,' a push, wince, and groan, 'and cam oot here,' ditto, ditto, ditto, 'it will be necessary to join the twa. The distance is nae so great between—barely five inches, and while we mak that slittuck, we must try to lay the bane bare, sae as to examine it too, afore we sew our plaister all up comfortably and nice. Just tak my key and bring twa o' the sewing needles. You'll ken them, crooked things—bring twa oot, for ane may break. I fear now there is raather too much fat here about for me to see; but nae matter, I shall be able to feel. Noo, hand the sponge here aboot. I'm ganging to cut!' taking the gold spatula in his hand, and holding the end of it short between his thumb and fingers, so as to be able to press with some weight.

"Some of us outside thought he had a knife, and a murmur actually began, but seeing that no blood followed, it was suppressed. My cousin held a dip lighted, and fancying the Doctor did not punish enough, at this point of the operation put the flame close to the point of the spatula, actually touching the skin (groaning now and wincing enough). Balquidder himself, almost bursting with restrained laughter, was for some time unable to speak.

"'That was raather a shaarpish touch—a vara

wicked ane, I'm after thinking. Did it smart?' (groan, groan, groan).

"The surgeon here poked a stick through the lattice-work, for he could not get nearer, and made signs to the sub to desist and finish; but humanity to Curtle, who had been his tormentor, formed no part of the assistant's thoughts. He was intent on punishment; knowing he should never have another chance, for he was aware what was in store for himself, when the bubble should burst. He told me afterwards, when I taxed him with being over cruel, that, having had the whip-hand, he determined to keep it as long as he could over a man so savage to the youngsters, and his bitter enemy.

"Not, however, liking to disregard his superior's warning altogether, he remarked,

"'Ah, weel, there's nae sae much amiss after a'; you see, gentlemen, for yourselves, the bane's nae shattered, so now we'll sew all up, and hermetically seal the wound. No doot, in a week or sae, the patient will aince more be able to sit down comfortably. Gie me ane o' the needles, and thread it fust wi' a double thread—no cotton mind you, it's nae strong eneugh.'

"A very pretty sham operation was now carried on, through the needle slightly pricking first on one side then on the other, by the now clearly defined red mark. Each puncture was followed by groans, when down came a hand upon the doctor's, who immediately dropped the needle, but not before the effect of his chirurgery was apparent.

"And from the wound appeared the trickling

blood. There was a murmur, it was rather in human, and because it was so I forbear saying whose hand it was that came to the unfortunate youth's rescue.

"'Now a' is complete, except the adhesive plaister. Hand me the sponge. That tying the knot was sharpish pain, but you'll nae suffer mair. Have you got the soldering iron?'

"'Yes, sir, here it is, all hot!'

"'Oh!' groans and wincing.

"'Bide still, mon, it's only to warm the plaister!'

"Strip upon strip of Baynton's adhesive plaister were put on hot enough to cause more wincing, until the whole of the part resembled an overgrown star-fish.

"The operation was now pronounced over; as strangers left the scene of action, the loblolly boy was ordered to wipe dry and re-annoint the instruments, and the patient was carried as he lay, face downwards, and in that position placed on a mattress in a cot, which was to be hoisted into its place outside the berth where he was in. Curtle was told to keep himself in that position, and if hemorrhage did not come on for four or five hours. 'By which time,' said the Doctor *sotto voce*, 'I shall give him something to prevent fever.' Then came the hoisting up, in which work all the youngsters took part.

"The cot was no sooner up than down it went at the foot, my cousin declaring the lanyard had broken. When the end was up, down came the other; but some of us interfered, and Curtle was

placed as the Doctor had ordered, told to keep quiet, and there we left him. Sure enough, the disciple of Galen did administer to his patient as nauseous a draught as was ever concocted, with a view of preventing fever—a precaution rendered necessary, after so much fear and excitement.

"In the course of a few hours the patient was allowed to turn over, and without being enlightened, passed the night, and would have passed many days probably in this state of ignorance, had it not been for the Captain's inquiries, when it became necessary to inform the victim of the hoax, of the practical joke that had been played upon him. Curtle did not long remain in the ship after her arrival at Quebec. He found her too hot to hold him, and the Captain giving him his discharge, he left the service for the backwoods, where we afterwards heard he became a settler, assisted by his family in England. It was a good riddance for all hands. He left without one expression of regret, for he was without a friend."

I have given fictitious names, not wishing to wound the feelings of anyone who participated in this truly practical joke.

CANADA.

CHAPTER XII.

AN ADVENTURE IN CANADA—AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"The once fallen woman must for ever fall;
For vice must have variety, while virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls around
Drinks life and light and glory from her aspect."

BYRON.

AN incident occurred in Quebec, when in conjunction with Colonel, now Field-Marshal, Fitzgerald, I was manager of the amateur garrison theatricals. Upon arriving in that city, at that period the residence of the Governor-General, we found the theatre open with a small and very indifferent corps dramatique, who for some time had been struggling unsuccessfully to obtain a livelihood. The manager, Mr. Baker, had married against the consent of her parents, who moved in a highly respectable circle, a young girl of exquisite beauty and lady-like manners; of a romantic nature she readily assented to her husband's proposition to make the stage her profession, he having already trod the provincial boards with fair success. As Mrs. Baker's

parents and friends refused to notice her, the happy couple, before the honeymoon had passed, proceeded to the United States in the hope of getting an engagement at New York. Failing in this, they got together a few other disappointed members of the theatrical profession, and left the States for Canada. Upon reaching Montreal they found the ground occupied, so they journeyed on to Quebec, where they opened a small theatre in the square where then stood the Governor-General's château, as it was called. My brother Frederick and myself, being devoted to theatricals, took the earliest opportunity of visiting the theatre, accompanied by an equally great lover of the sock and buskin, the late Frederick Tolfrey, author of the "Sportsman in Canada," and other works. We were introduced to the manager, who, finding nightly a "beggarly account of empty boxes," had given notice that the theatre would close after a bespeak from my father, the Governor-General. He then suggested that, in the event of our wishing to get up garrison theatricals, the females of his company would be happy to join us; adding that with a word from us he could obtain a clerkship near Kingstown in the upper country, leaving Mrs. Baker to take the principal rôles. In consequence of the above intimation, a meeting was held at the Union Hotel, when the subject of having a series of amateur performances was discussed, a resolution passed to form a corps dramatique, and Fitzgerald, then Colonel of the 60th Rifles, and myself appointed joint managers. No sooner was the

above arranged, and my father's consent gained, not only to patronize the performances, but to take a large private box for the season, than we commenced operations by having the theatre newly painted and decorated. With the aid of some non-commissioned officers and soldiers of the 60th Rifles, under the superintendence of Captain, afterwards Sir Joshua Jebb of the Royal Engineers, we soon completed the work, and then commenced those difficulties which managers, whether amateur or professional, are heirs to. The first difficulty was selecting pieces, the second was to cast the pieces, for the capabilities of the actors were unknown to my colleague and myself. At last all was arranged, and the "Honeymoon" and "Raising the Wind" were announced for the opening night.

Then commenced the rehearsals; as usual nobody attended punctually, nobody remembered the sides at which they were to go on the stage, and nobody observed the directions of the prompter, that useful functionary, "tho' lost to sight to memory dear."

The night arrived, the theatre was crowded in every part, and the Juliana of Mrs. Baker elicited the warmest applause; she afterwards performed Lady Teazle, Mrs. Oakley, Lydia Languish, Miss Hardcastle with the greatest *éclat*. All went well, until one morning when Mrs. Baker sent to Colonel Fitzgerald and myself to say she had received a letter from her husband, who was seriously ill, and at once required her presence. "A Cure for the Heartache" had been announced, in which Mrs. Baker was to perform the principal female charac-

ter, so losing no time we proceeded to the theatre, sent for the lady, and pointed out the great inconvenience we should be put to if she left us so abruptly. From a rumour that had reached us, which afterwards we found to be untrue, we fancied that the reason assigned was not the real one, and that jealousy of another actress had caused her to "strike." Our persuasions were met with no response, and amidst tears and sighs, Mrs. Baker declared she must leave the following morning. We then began to blame ourselves for our hard-heartedness in not having sympathised with the sufferer, and to make up for it proposed to pay her expenses to Kingstown. This she gratefully declined, having realized a very fair sum for a benefit we had recently granted her. As the weather was intensely cold, I offered her my regimental cloak, the use of which she gladly accepted. She then left us to visit the cemetery where her only child had been buried, and early the next day started on her journey. Fortunately we found a substitute, and all went off well, albeit everyone regretted the loss of one who both in private and in public had conducted herself so admirably well.

On the afternoon of the performance I found, on my writing-table, a letter from Mrs. Baker full of gratitude, and expressing a hope that if she found her husband better she might be allowed to resume her post, adding that anxiety for her dear husband, and grief at visiting the grave of her beloved child, had so completely upset her that she was compelled to remain one night at a small

village not more than fifteen miles from Quebec. Wishing to communicate the above to Colonel Fitzgerald, for we had previously written to a young American artiste, a Miss Denny, then starring at Montreal, to ask her if she could at the end of her engagement join our company, I proceeded to his house.

"Have you seen Dr. Halket?" he asked, "I have sent everywhere and cannot find him."

"I met him," I replied, "on my way; by the appearance of his horse, he must have been some distance away, for I never saw an animal so distressed."

I must here remark that Dr. Halket was the "gallant gay Lothario" of Quebec; previous to our arrival at Quebec, he had been wounded in the arm by a brother officer for an affair of gallantry, and for months seemed proud of having his arm in a sling. Nothing more occurred, but on casually looking at Mrs. Baker's letter, I saw no post-mark, and was at a loss to know how it had been conveyed to me. At that moment an officer of the 60th entered the room to report his return from Montreal to the Colonel. Turning to me, he said,

"I saw a lady enveloped in your regimental cloak, in company with Halket, she was *en route* to Kingstown—he was returning home. The parting was quite a case of Romeo and Juliet."

So then the mystery was cleared up, Halket, the lady-killer, had sacrificed another victim to his illicit passion. As Mrs. Baker had been greatly patronised by the ladies at Quebec, and I was anxious as

far as possible to avoid a scandal, I took the officer aside, and requested him not again to refer to the subject, as if once any female members of our *corps dramatique* were known to be bad, there would probably be a veto against married men, at least, acting with them. The affair, fortunately not coming to the Colonel's ears, was hushed up. A few months afterwards I paid a visit to Kingstown, where I was most hospitably entertained by the officers of the 70th Regiment.

"You are just come in time," said the Colonel, "to see our amateur play. We dine early to-day, so as to be present at the commencement. I believe some of my young fellows will have a supper after the play."

Of course, I could not refuse so polite an invitation, though I felt anxious to avoid both Mr. and Mrs. Baker, especially the former, for fear something unpleasant might ooze out. No sooner had I entered the stage-box than I saw the frail but fair lady peeping through the green curtain, and shortly afterwards I received a hasty scrawl written in pencil, urging me not to condemn the writer unheard, and expressing a wish to see me the following morning at ten o'clock, on the subject of renewing the engagement at Quebec for the following season. There was a postscript, which, as usual in a lady's letter, contained the pith of it.

"What will my husband think if, after the kindness you bestowed on him and myself at Quebec, you should leave Kingstown without seeing us."

My reply was that I would call upon Mr. and

Mrs. Baker the following morning, at the hour named. I need not dwell upon the interview which took place between the lady and myself, for "urgent private affairs" had called the husband from home; suffice it to say, with hair dishevelled and weeping eyes, she told me how, in a weak moment, she had fallen from her high estate, had become a victim to Halket's "winning tongue;" throwing herself at my knees, she quoted, in a theatrical strain, and with all the tragic powers she possessed, the not inappropriate lines from "Jane Shore:"—

"Why should I think that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial justice we are judg'd,
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And such the curse entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawless libertine, may rove
Free and unquestion'd through the wilds of love;
While woman, sense and nature's easy fool,
If poor weak woman swerve from virtue's rule,
If, strongly charm'd, she leave the thorny way,
And in the softer paths of pleasure stray,
Ruin ensues, reproach and endless shame,
And one false step entirely damns her fame;
In vain with tears the loss she may deplore,
In vain looks back on what she was before,
She sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more."

Dreading the return of Mr. Baker, who, finding his wife in tears, might arrive at a natural but wrong conclusion as to the cause of them, and who, Othello-like, might have denounced me as the Moor did Cassio, I begged Mrs. Baker to dry her tears, promising that her secret should never be divulged. At parting, I pointed out that her husband was devoted to her, and warned her as to the future.

Time circled on, the scandal had reached Quebec, and Colonel Cockburn, our newly-appointed manager, had made arrangements for the ensuing season, irrespective of our former leading lady. Unfortunately, the death of my father put an end to the theatricals, and I returned to England.

In the following year, I received a letter from Mr. Baker, asking for some temporary assistance, as his lodgings at New York had been burnt down, and all his wife's wardrobe destroyed; moreover his only remaining child was seriously ill, and not likely to recover. There was a postscript in pencil to the following effect.

"My sin has found me out. Everything goes wrong; some malignant wretch has poisoned my husband against me. I am nearly driven to desperation.

"AUGUSTA BAKER."

From the time I replied to the above letter in 1821, until the year 1832, I heard no more of this unfortunate couple, when one night, on returning late from the House of Commons, and about to enter my chambers in Regent Street, I was accosted by a female, evidently in a state of intoxication, who placed herself between me and the door.

"I want a word with you," she said, "give me a shilling, I must have more drink."

"You must let me pass," I replied, in rather an angry tone, "you have evidently had drink enough."

"You would not have said so," she hiccoughed out, "ten years ago to Augusta Baker."

"Augusta Baker!" I exclaimed. "Impossible!"

"Yes."

At that moment she turned her face towards the lamp, and then despite the dissipated look, the attenuated face, I recognised the heroine of our Quebec theatricals.

"Here," said I, offering her some silver, "take this; tell me your address, and I will send to you to-morrow."

"Address," she replied, "I've no address. My landlady turned me into the streets, as I was unable to pay the rent, but when I show her this she will take me in again."

"What street and number?" I asked.

She gave me the address. I then left her, and on the following morning, requested the porter's wife, a kind, good-natured creature, to proceed to No. 4 Oakley Street, Lambeth, and ascertain whether the unfortunate woman would avail herself of one of those refuges for the fallen, and what sum would be required for her immediate wants. The result was most unsatisfactory; upon the return of my emissary, she informed me that Mrs. Baker, who had passed under the name of Mrs. Burton, had not gone home that night; and that she had been seen in a hopeless state of intoxication at a neighbouring public house, denouncing vehemently the landlady, and declaring that she never would put her foot in the house again. From that day to this, though I had left my address with the landlady, no

communication ever reached me. Whether the meeting with me had brought back to her memory the remembrance of happier days, and that, influenced by remorse, she had sought a relief from her worldly sorrows and shame in the cold and fœtid waters of the Thames, I know not, but from what I afterwards heard I fear that such was the case.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

CHAPTER XIII.

COUNT D'ORSAY—PARIS IN 1815—ROYAL CHASSE AT FONTAINEBLEAU—ALBERT CLEY ON FOREIGN AND ENGLISH SPORT—THE CHAMP DE MARS—FRENCH RACING — LE MARCHAND DE CHEVAUX —VISIT TO THE HAGUE—MARIAGE DE CONVENANCE—ADVERTISEMENTS—MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN PARIS—LE CHEVALIER DE PANNAT—M. RIVAROL—MADAME BOYON.

"The English have a scornful insular way
Of calling the French light."

"May God save France!"

"So, I mused
Up and down, up and down, the terraced streets,
The glittering boulevards, the white colonnades,
Of fair fantastic Paris who wears trees
Like plumes, as if man made them, spire and tower,
As if they had grown by nature, tossing up
Her fountains in the sunshine of the squares,
As if in beauty's game she tossed the dice,
Or blew the silver down-balls of her dreams
To sow futurity with seeds of thought
And count the passage of her festive hours.

"The city swims in verdure, beautiful
As Venice on the waters, the sea swan.
What bosky gardens dropped in close-walled courts
Like plums in ladies' laps who stand and laugh;
What miles of streets that run on after trees,
Still carrying all the necessary shops,
Those open caskets with the jewels seen!
And trade is art, and art's philosophy,
In Paris."—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

FEW men were more popular in England than Count d'Orsay. I had the good fortune to form his acquaintance at Paris in 1814; that acquaintance sprang up into a friendship which lasted during his life. Alfred was the son of General d'Orsay, and was born in Paris in 1798. He entered the army at an early age, and was quartered at Valence in 1822, where he first met Lord and Lady Blessington. Renouncing his military career, he accompanied them to Florence and other places in Italy, eventually marrying Lord Blessington's only daughter by a first marriage. This marriage unfortunately did not turn out well; a separation ensued, and in 1829 Count d'Orsay returned to England with Lady Blessington, where they became the centre of a brilliant circle, distinguished for art, science, literature, and rank.

Having shown the greatest kindness and hospitality to Louis Napoleon when an exile in London, the Prince President was not forgetful of his former friend, and in 1852, soon after the *coup d'état*, d'Orsay was appointed "Directeur des Beaux Arts," for which he, being himself an accomplished artist, was eminently qualified; but he did not live long to enjoy it, as he died in the same year. Had he been spared, d'Orsay would have been broken-hearted at the fatal result of the war with Prussia. He who was devoted to Napoleon III., would have lamented his captivity, and to his last hour would have mourned over the treatment the Empress Eugénie met with from some, happily few, of her adopted countrymen. One cannot think of the cruel per-

secution she met with, the insults that were heaped upon her when escaping from an infuriated populace, without being reminded of Burke's splendid oration on an equally unfortunate illustrious lady :—

"It is now," said he, "sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles, and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in ; glittering like the morning star, and full of life and splendour and joy. Little did I think that I should live to see such disasters fall upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought a thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge a look that threatened her with insult, but the age of chivalry is gone."

Upon my first visit to Paris in 1814, as an attaché to Wellington, I was placed under d'Orsay's care, who, by the Duke's desire, engaged a French master and a fencing-master. In the hours of recreation, he showed me all the sights of the "City of Frivolity," as Paris has been not inaptly termed.

One of our first visits was to Le Café des Milles Colonnes, which was, at the period I write of, the most attractive café in Paris. Large as it was, it was scarcely capable of containing the vast crowds who besieged it every evening, to admire its saloons decorated with unprecedented magnificence. An-

other cause of attraction was that the young lady who did the honours of the establishment, dispensing ogles and orgeat, sighs and sherbet, amorous looks and absinthe, glances and glaces, united to beauty and the most graceful manners, the splendour of a rich and most elegant dress.

Wellington had a private box at the Théâtre Français, which d'Orsay and myself constantly occupied to witness the splendid acting of Talma, Madame Georges, Mademoiselle Duchesnois in tragedy, and of that daughter of nature, Mademoiselle Mars, in comedy. The Ambassador had also a box at the Italian Opera House, where the ballets were magnificent. I own I preferred the melodramas of the Porte St. Martin, and the comic pieces of the Variétés Theatre, to the more legitimate performances. Upon witnessing Perlet in "Le Comédien d'Etampes," d'Orsay said,

"Is not Perlet su*perlet*ave?"

At that period the Government proposed that a new wall should be built round Paris, so as to increase the imposts, which announcement gave rise to the following play of words, "Mur murant à Paris, rend Paris murmurant." While upon the subject of witty sayings and clever repartee, I am reminded of two anecdotes told me by Count d'Orsay, of which, had he lived in the period referred to, he might have been the hero. An officer of the Regiment d'Orléans, sent to the Court with despatches of an agreeable purport, solicited from the Monarch the Cross of St. Louis.

"You are very young, my friend," said Louis XIV.

"Sire," replied the officer, "we do not live long in your regiment d'Orléans."

The other was of a complimentary nature, which none but one of the most polite nations under the sun could have thought of. A French officer having presented himself at the Court of Vienna, the Empress, knowing that he had met the Princesse de ——, asked him if he thought that the Princess was, as report said, the most beautiful woman in the world.

"Madame," replied the officer, "I thought so then."

Among the sporting sights of Paris which we visited, was the "Combat des Animaux" at the Barrière St. Martin; had the Irish Patron Saint of animals, the late Martin of Galway, and M.P. for that county, been present, he would have been thoroughly disgusted, as I was, at the exhibition. A tolerably-sized arena, comprising pit and boxes, formed the scene of action, and a guard of gendarmes was on duty to preserve order. The sports consisted of dog-fighting, where any gentleman could try the courage of his quadruped from a pack of mastiffs and bulldogs kept for the occasion. Occasionally a wolf, or stag, or bull was turned out to be attacked and baited by dogs; two bears were on high days and holidays brought into the ring, but it was quite clear to the spectators that there was no mischief brewing (Bruin) between them, as they danced and posturized in the most amicable manner. The entertainments wound up with a splendid display of fireworks, in which a

mastiff was drawn a considerable height in the air, holding fast by a rope, amidst a shower of sparks, blue flames, squibs, and crackers.

Here I cannot refrain from alluding, and with the utmost good feeling, to a work emanating from the Parisian press, which treats of horses and horsemen. It is entitled "La Comédie à Cheval; ou Le Monde Equestre." The author, Albert Cley, lashes out pretty considerably at the absurdities of his own countrymen, who metamorphose themselves into "Centaurs" and "Phaetons," and who hunt, ride races, steeple chases, drive four-in-hand, form jockey clubs, bet, wear leathers and tops, leap fences and ditches, break their necks—all to follow at a distance the example of their insular neighbours. So far so good; yet I think the author greatly underrates his own countrymen; for I was present at a brilliant *chasse* which took place at Fontainebleau. Nothing but the intended hunt had been talked of for several days, and on the morning of the meet, Fontainebleau was crowded with sportsmen. The Duc de Nemours (the above took place during the reign of Louis Philippe) arrived at an early hour from Paris, dressed in grand hunting costume, a red coat à la Louis XV. ornamented with gold stripes and gilt buttons. A brilliant sun, too brilliant, was shining, and the rendezvous was graced with many carriages filled with elegantly dressed ladies. A four year old stag was found, and the hounds laid on, followed by the Duc de Nemours, his brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg, Prince de Wagram, Count

Walewski, Baron Vidil, MM. Jules, A. de l'Aigle, d'Albufera, De Chabannes, De Reild, De Larochette, De Greffulle, De Caumont, De Vatri, Caccia, Dupin, and De Bernis, Colonel d'Oraison, and several other officers. After a burst of three quarters of an hour the stag rushed towards the Seine, and crossed it. He ran for some time along the bank, followed by the hounds, and then recrossed the river and entered the forest. The heat was now so great, and the dust so oppressive, that the hounds came to a check; unable to hit off the scent, another stag was found who adopted the same course as that which had been so successful with the other. He crossed the river twice, and the hunt was prolonged until darkness set in, when the hounds were taken home. The Duc de Nemours rode well, and with MM. De Chabannes, De Reil, De Larochette, De Caumont, Jules, and De l'Aigle was always among the first flight.

In the evening I had the honour of attending a grand dinner of four-and-twenty at the château.

Some of the "skits" on "La Comédie à Cheval" against the English are amusing enough, but I must protest against the following sarcasm. The author, in pointing out to what an extent the Anglomania has been carried, says, "that some of the French dandies 'font brunir' their teeth to make them look more like real Englishmen." The following remarks upon our love of equitation, are in a great measure correct, though the latter part is highly caricatured. Monsieur Cley says:

"In England, everyone, without exception

rides; ladies pay their morning visits on horseback, attended by a single groom. The Members of both Houses of Parliament usually adopt this mode of locomotion, and hundreds of horses may be seen at the doors of the Houses of Lords and Commons. The lawyers ride to the courts on horseback, spurred and booted, whip in hand; the grave professors of the University pique themselves upon being mettlesome cavaliers. Jurisprudence shows itself in a gallop; philosophy executes the most graceful curvettings, and theology caracoles."

Racing in France has improved wonderfully of late, and now the Grand Prix at Paris creates as much interest with our continental neighbours as the Derby does with our islanders. Never shall I forget accompanying a young Frenchman, some three and thirty years ago, to a meeting in the Champ de Mars. At an early hour, upon a lovely day in summer, my friend drove up to the door of the Hôtel Bristol, in the Place Vendôme, where I was residing. Taking my seat in his tilbury, a gaudy coloured vehicle, picked out with red, lined with morocco leather of a light blue colour, ornamented with a huge coat of arms, with lamps and harness covered with silver, we proceeded over the Pont de Jéna to the racecourse. The "tiger," whose place I had taken, was mounted on a high-stepping English horse, and was as extraordinary specimen of the genus as ever was seen. The youth, about fourteen years of age, whose growth had been considerably stunted, would not have been a very inappropriate pendant for General Tom

Thumb. He was decked out in a pair of top-boots, the tops being about the size of a wristband, and nearly as white as driven snow, thus contrasting beautifully with the highly polished boots, shining in all the brilliancy of day—French Day and Martin; a pair of smalls, literally smalls of white leather, a red and white striped waistcoat, Prussian blue coatee, black velvet collar, huge livery buttons, white stock, so tightly fastened that it looked as if it was giving the wearer the first lesson in hanging, and a Parisian velvet napped hat, with a broad gold band, and gold cord "ratlines," terminating at the "main top" in an elaborately worked button. Upon reaching the Champ de Mars, we found hundreds already assembled there. The sloping embankment was covered with spectators, while groups of well-dressed Parisians, gathered under the avenues of fine trees, gave a picturesque and pleasing appearance to the scene.

The course was marked out with posts and cords, the centre of the oblong space (2,700 feet by 1,320 feet) was open to the public, and was filled with a most heterogeneous mass. There was aristocratic and plebeian life—the Royal *cortége*, with the arms of France emblazoned upon the panels, hammer-cloths, and harness of sundry huge lumbering carriages; the English barouche, with four as neat iron greys as ever trotted; horses that any member of the four-in-hand club would have delighted to have driven from the Magazine in Hyde Park to Greenwich or the Alexandra Palace; the heavy *calèche*, with its corded springs, just off a long

journey; the glass-coach freighted with frail beauties from the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal; the gaudy omnibus decorated with laurels and bay-leaves, reminding one of the road to Hampton Court upon a holiday; the light tilbury with nothing *plain* about it, except itself and the harness, with a stepper in it that would have gratified the fastidious eye of a Beaufort; the Anglo-French dennet, a contrast to the latter, the horse being *plain*, and the carriage and harness as gaudy as paint and brass could make them. But it would be tedious to enumerate the numerous vehicles that were put into requisition upon that occasion; suffice it to say there was a goodly show of berlines, landaus, demi-fortunes, phaetons, britschkas, kibitkas, fiacres, cabriolets, coupés, and boggys—*id. est* buggies. The equestrians were "plentiful as blackberries," consisting of gentlemen-sportsmen of every civilised nation under the sun—French, German, Italian, Belgian, Russian, Polish, American, and last not least English, with not a small sprinkling of "Greeks." There might be seen the French dandy, beautifully got up, in a green cut-away coat à l'Anglais, tastefully ornamented with buttons representing every species of sport—shooting, hunting, coaching, coursing, and cock-fighting —leather "unmentionables," highly French-polished top-boots, with cream-coloured tops, a fanciful waistcoat, gaudy cravat, gloves the colour of early violets, hat well cocked over the right ear, displaying under it ringlets of the raven hue, face covered with hair, huge *favoris*, and a goatish-looking tuft

of hair on the chin. Next might be observed one of the *ancien régime*, a veteran, one of the first Napoleon's gallant heroes, in a blue military frock-coat; the red ribbon in the button-hole, and the empty coat-sleeve looped up showing how dearly he had bought the distinction. Next came a coterie of young men, aping notoriety, and calling themselves "Young France." Now might be seen a party of Englishmen, galloping their steeds down some green alley to the terror of sundry grisettes, who had made it the scene of a rural pic-nic. Then came the English horse-dealer, and the French Marchand de Chevaux trying to dispose of some splendid importations from England.

I must now give a sketch of a veritable French *Marchand de chevaux* of that day, not in my own words, but in those of one of his countrymen.

"In order to prosper, a *Marchand de chevaux* must be a deep diplomatist and a great philosopher. He must be perfectly *au fait* with the weaknesses of bipeds, and the qualities of quadrupeds. His fortune depends upon the knowledge of the human heart. Let him have the finest stud in the world, if he does not flatter his customers, his stables will remain full. Just see how gently he caresses and picks the feathers of a young pigeon just emancipated from college, and to whom are transiently vouchsafed the good graces of some Palais Royal actress.

"That horse, Monsieur le Comte, (for every buyer, to the dealer is a Count) has carried a lady, quiet as a lamb, perfect action. Mademoiselle

Josephine of the Palais Royal Theatre admires him greatly; indeed I cannot dispose of him, without giving her the refusal."

"Really," replies the infatuated victim, "if Mademoiselle Josephine declines, you may send him to me, but I cannot give more than five thousand francs."

Need I add, the horse that the previous day had been purchased for fifteen hundred francs, is upon the next morning transferred to the Count's stables.

The horse-dealer has not always to deal with such easy folks, but nothing daunts him; he has an irresistible argument and a piece of flattery in store for every character. To sportsmen he says, "If you buy that hunter, you will beat the whole field." To the exquisite he remarks, "That iron-grey mare is a perfect lady-killer—there's nothing in Paris that can come up to her." To the Colonel of Hussars he recommends an English charger that was the admiration of the Court of St. James's.

The daily routine of one of these horse-dealers is as follows:—Of a morning they go forth to receive their money, but are patterns of creditors, as they never "dun;" they run to their bankers, discount bills that are to fall due, fly about in quest of unknown horses, bargain for them, bring them back to their stables; when, as if touched by the wand of a magician, they become worth more than ten times what was paid for them an hour before. At two, the crowd arrive, and to receive these fashionable visitors, the dealer is curled, pommaded, and dressed in the neatest order, spurred and

booted, like a *lion de pur sang;* while the exquisites are exploring the stables, the "master of the horse" smokes, laughs, chats, and flatters. He is called by his Christian name, and "good-fellowed" to a great degree. But this intimacy is no bar to a deal being carried on. The horses are walked and trotted out, highly puffed, and usually disposed of. To listen to the horse-dealer's rhetoric, you would imagine the horses were actually given away.

When a string arrives from England, the dealer apprizes a few chosen favourites, only those with *cœurs bien nés*, easy minds, and full purses. To be admitted to a first inspection of these "terrible high-bred cattle" is a favour not easily forgotten.

"*Vous ne dites pas, Monsieur le Comte, que je refais mes chevaux, que je les pare; vous les voyez en robe de chambre; ils ont ni blanc ni rouge. Avec tout autre, je n'oserais pas jouer si gros jeu de cartes sur la table, mais vous, Monsieur le Comte, vous êtes un connoisseur.*" The horses are at Bourget; the darkness of the stables prevents your distinguishing anything; the weary horses can scarcely stand, much less walk, trot, or gallop; some cough, some are lame, some look blind. You have your suspicions, make your remarks, express your apprehensions, and to every word there is but one and the same answer, "It's the journey, Monsieur le Comte." "The horse coughs." "It's the journey." "His legs are bad." "It's the journey." "He's Roman-nosed." "It's the journey." "His hind-quarters are bad." "It's the journey, it's the

journey." "In ten days, Monsieur le Comte, that horse will be perfect." In these times of general cozening, the *marchand de chevaux* is a splendid specimen of the cozening tribe; you reproach him with his knavery — he ever continues polite and respectful. What a superiority the present race boast over the past! Formerly, horse-dealers robbed and insulted you; now, they are well-bred, give long credit, never "dun," often sell you a bargain, and sometimes a good horse. My remarks on the superiority of the present race of French *marchands de chevaux* are equally applicable to our own countrymen, for where can one find a more civil, obliging, well-mannered man than the English horse-dealer.

An adventure occurred to me just before I left Paris, which if well worked up, and properly embellished, would make a tolerably effective incident for a modern farce. It fell to my lot to be the bearer of despatches from the Duke of Wellington to the King of Holland at the Hague, containing the Treaty of Paris. At the time I write of, the costume of staff officers, especially that of aides-de-camp, was not very strictly attended to, and I had sported a fancy Hussar waistcoat, a braided military frock-coat, gold-laced trousers, and a highly ornamented cap. In a britzska and four, which the badness of the roads had made necessary, I left Paris. No adventure occurred on the road, except the usual vexatious delays at the fortified towns, the bribery of *douaniers*, the grumbling of postilions, the importunities of the large begging fraternity

that infested the wayside, and all the usual *désagréments* of continental travelling, until I reached the gates of the Hague. The day had been raw, cold, and wet, a regular *soft* day, as they say in Scotland, when at a little before ten o'clock at night, muffled up in my military cloak, I stopped at the outward barrier where there was a guard-house. "The bearer, of despatches for His Majesty the King of Holland," said I, in tolerably good French. The officer saluted, the sentry carried arms; an orderly entered the guard-room hastily; and in a moment, a staff officer, one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp, was on horseback by the side of the carriage.

"*Mon Colonel* (Colonel, brevet rank with a vengeance, thought I, for a youth of sixteen) *Sa Majesté le roi, mon maître, m'ordonne de vous informer qu'à votre arrivée en ville il vous recevra à quelle heure que ce soit.*" (I bowed) "*Postillon, à l'hôtel de Belle Vue; tout est déjà préparé pour vous recevoir, Colonel.*"

I had no time for explanation or thanks, as I was rapidly whirled away towards the hotel. At the entrance two sentries were posted, who received me with military honours. The landlord with a smiling face, attended by numerous waiters, chambermaids, *cuisiniers*, and *concierges* was at the door to welcome me. As I descended from the carriage, a party assembled outside gave three loud cheers, "*Vive le Roi!—Vive le Prince d'Orange!—Orange Boven!*" Knowing the admiration the Dutch felt for the gallant conduct of their Prince at Waterloo, I attributed this *furore* to the pre-

sence of a brother in arms. Le Colonel Von R—— was now announced, and evidently looked greatly surprised when he saw the stripling that stood before him; he, however, informed me that his royal master was ready to receive me. I requested a quarter of an hour to make my toilet, which was immediately granted. Just as I was about to descend from my bedroom, a gentle knock was heard at the door.

"*Entrez.*" The landlord made his appearance with a passport in his hand, which on presenting to me I found to be my own, and which I had left at the gate where I had been received with such honours.

"*Mille pardons, est-ce là votre passeport ?*"

"*Assurément,*" I answered.

Mine host left the room; I fancied some slight alteration in his manner. On re-entering my former sitting-room, the waiter, after indulging in a very suspicious-looking stare, begged my pardon, and requested I would follow him to another apartment, as that one was engaged. My surprise and confusion increased. I evidently saw the previous high tide of respect was rapidly ebbing. Left to myself I paced the room, the sound of marching off the guard attracted my attention, and I fancied I heard some expressions in Dutch, which translated would sound very much like "a trick—an impostor —no colonel." At length, after some little delay, the mystery was solved by the return of the royal aide-de-camp, who most good-humouredly explained that the King had for some days been anxiously

expecting the arrival of a distinguished Russian officer from the city of the Czar, with the contract of marriage between the sister of the Emperor and the Prince of Orange; that the greatest anxiety had been manifested throughout the country at so important and long wished for an event as an alliance with the House of Russia. He explained that the mistake occurred by the over-zeal of the captain of the guard, in not having ascertained the name of the bearer of the despatches, and that the passport had first thrown a light upon the subject. It now only remained for him to assure me that His Majesty would receive me on the following morning at eleven o'clock, and that every attention would be paid to me as an English officer. Of course I made a suitable reply, and retired to my room, where fatigue and excitement were soon drowned in sleep. On the following day I presented myself at the Palace, where I was most graciously received, and had the honour of dining with their Majesties at the somewhat early hour of two. Before dinner I strolled through the town, anxious to purchase some books to read on my journey home; will it be believed that in 1815, the only English work I could find was an odd volume of the Gentleman's Magazine for 1796? Now in 1877, there is scarcely an English book that I could not purchase at the Hague, owing to the system which enables foreign publishers to republish every work of value that emanates from the British press, at a cost of little more than the price of the paper. The above adventure, amusing as it was in some respects to

me the hero of it, nearly got me into a terrible scrape. My journey from the Hague was "flat, stale, and *unprofitable*," for the roads being under water a considerable portion of the way I was compelled to take four horses, which I was not permitted to charge for in my small account. On reaching Paris about four o'clock in the afternoon, I immediately proceeded to Wellington's residence, where I was an inmate, to report my return, and give the acknowledgment from the Dutch secretary of the receipt of the despatches. His Grace was from home, and I ascertained that he was to attend a grand banquet and ball at the Austrian ambassador's. In the meantime I went to my own room, found a pressing invitation to dine early with some young friends, for the purpose of going to the theatre to see "Les Anglaises pour rire," which had only lately come out, and to wind up our night's amusements at the above ball.

The dinner at Beauvillier's was most *recherché;* the farce truly laughable, the acting of Brunet and Potier perfect, and the ball most splendid. Whether the champagne had elated me a little I know not, but all thoughts of the despatches had quite gone out of my head, and when standing up for a quadrille, I caught the quick eye of Wellington gazing intently upon me; there was anger in his look, and he took not the slightest notice of me. It then for the first time came across my mind that I had reversed the saying of "duty first and pleasure afterwards;" and that I had been guilty of gross neglect in not having waited to

report my return personally and the result of my mission to my chief.

My anxiety was increased by a brother aide-de-camp telling me that the Duke had not been made aware of my return. As for dancing the quadrille (for in the days I write of men really went through certain steps, and did not shuffle through it in the slipshod manner they now do) I found it impossible. I mistook *l'été* for *la poule*, *chasséed* to the right when I ought to have gone to the left, attempted my *pas de zéphyr* (of which I was extremely proud) and failed, offered my hand to my partner and the lady on my other side for *le grand rond* when I ought to have advanced as a *cavalier seul*.

No sooner had the music ceased than I hastily left my partner, and tried to fall in the way of the great man; but I saw that he avoided me. Disheartened, I soon left the festive scene, and returned home to "chew the cud of bitter fancy." After a restless night, I was awoke by an orderly, who handed me an official letter, which I immediately recognised as coming from the Duke's military secretary. It was an order to attend his Grace at ten o'clock in uniform.

At that hour, with a trembling step and beating heart, I was ushered into his presence, and at once saw by his manner that he was highly displeased. In a firm yet dignified tone, he pointed out my error, told me that his own staff ought to set an example to the rest of the army in the fulfilment of their duties; and that although upon this occasion, no evil might arise from my disobedience of

general orders in not reporting myself, if once officers employed by him were to judge for themselves as to the importance or unimportance of a mission, their utility would be destroyed, and the most serious consequences might ensue. "Obedience to orders," he added, "is the first duty of a soldier. I hope I shall have no further occasion to revert to the subject."

I then retired, grateful that an order to join my regiment had not followed the reproof; still I felt vexed and annoyed, and my embarrassment was not a little increased at the fact of its being my day's waiting, when, as a matter of course, I should be thrown more in the Duke's way. But Wellington, as I soon discovered, was not of a resentful nature; the moment he had spoken and had seen a disposition on the part of the offender to reform, he treated him as if nothing had occurred.

During the morning I had made a resolution of being particularly attentive to my duties, and when I was released at four o'clock until dinner time, I was happy to find that there was no longer any mark of displeasure left upon the Duke's countenance. As the aide-de-camp in waiting, my post was at the top of the table; and although somewhat restored to my usual peace of mind, I could not help feeling greatly depressed at having so justly incurred my chief's disapproval.

The party was small, so the conversation was general; and as a matter of course—when is it otherwise?—my recent visit to the Hague was started by a young man fresh from Oxford,

who was not aware of the cause of my late disgrace. In vain did I try to change the subject, not wishing the Duke to know what pursuits had occupied me on my return; but as soon as I made the attempt, the persevering youth again came back to the charge.

"And when did you return? Did I not catch a glimpse of you at Beauvilliers?"

"I fancy I saw you at the Variétés."

"How came you to leave the ball so early?"

"Shall I mount you at the review to-morrow?" said one of my good-natured brother officers, addressing the talkative mischief-maker, anxious to give a new direction to his thoughts.

"I shall be greatly obliged," he responded. Then turning to me he continued, "I called upon you at four, and your servant told me—"

What this disclosure was I never knew, for Wellington, seeing my perplexity and anxious not to be made acquainted with more of my proceedings, abruptly put an end to further dissertation by asking me to drink a glass of wine with him, and then inquired how the new piece had been received at the theatre. This entirely drove the Hague out of the heads of all the party, and I could not but feel most grateful at the noble conduct of the Duke, who disdaining upon this as upon all other occasions to get information in an underhand manner, had most kindly come to my rescue, had shown his forgiveness in pledging me in a bumper of claret, and had terminated a conversation which might have led to most unpleasant

consequences, through the want of tact of an idle guest.

It was by such acts of kindness, affability and consideration, that Wellington won the hearts of his officers. Upon points of military discipline he was firm and strict; but the instant the duties were performed, he entered fully and freely with his personal staff into all their amusements, promoting as far as lay in his power, hunting shooting, fishing, and other manly sports.

I have referred to Wellington drinking a glass of wine with me, a custom very prevalent at the period I write of, now in disuse. Great as has been the march of intellect (and in many instances of improvement) I consider the discontinuance of the above custom to be a change for the worse. The simple action of asking a man to drink a glass of wine with you often led to an amicable result where there had previously been a coolness; it was a gratifying mode of noticing an old friend whom you might have failed to see before dinner; it was a compliment to a stranger; it was a courteous manner of recognising merit in anyone of note with whom you were not personally acquainted.

I was very much amused with reading the following notice, which appeared in "La Saison Gazette," published at Boulogne :—

"Afin de justifier en vogue dont elle jouit, la Saison se propose aussi rendre un signal service à ses lectrices. On fait en ce moment, pour notre gazette réconsement, rues par rues, de toutes les demoiselles à marier; la liste sera publiée pro-

chainement et un tableau qui comprendra outre le nom et les petits noms, l'âge, la dot, les espérances, les qualités, et défauts de chacune d'elles. Dans la colonne d'observations on entablera une balance de proportion entre les avantages et les inconvénients, et l'on dira surtout s'il y a une belle-mère à craindre. Comme malgré tous nos soins, il peut se glisser quelques erreurs, ou quelques oublis dans cette nomenclature, nous prions les intéressées de fournir les renseignements qu'elles désirent faire ressortir. Si cette innovation—il n'est pas besoin de faire valoir l'excellence—produit quelques mariages, nous nous contenterons des bénédictions que du fond du cœur nous adresseront celles qui nous devront le bonheur."

If translated into English, it would, I think, cause no little surprise. Fancy the following appearing in one of our journals :—

"A list of marriageable young ladies will be furnished, with their names, age, fortune, expectations, with a brief account of their good qualities and faults. The advantages will be set off against the disadvantages, and above all, every information will be given as to whether the mother-in-law is to be feared or not."

The above reminds one of those *mariages de convenance* which were so prevalent during the eighteenth century, when, as Shakespeare says :—

> "The hands of old gave hearts;
> But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts."

In too many instances Voltaire's line was realized :—

> "Un tel hymen est l'enfer de ce monde."

What could girls, fresh from convents or schools, expect? Never, in the marriages made up for them, were their inclinations or even their reason consulted. In almost all those alliances, all that was to be seen were genealogical trees mingling their branches, in order to perpetuate their families, or old escutcheons, tarnished by dissipation and extravagance, regilding themselves in the Pactolus of commerce or finance. Pride, *convenance*, and interest alone formed those ties. People married without knowing, and almost without seeing one another. Could such unions engage heart and faith? The wedded pair lived under the same roof, perfect strangers to one another, but they met in society with politeness, *égard*, and sometimes with pleasure; a tacit, verbal, and often even a written agreement secured to equal wrongs mutual indulgence. Those marriages without tenderness, without affection, without a home, relaxed the social tie in the high families, yet such unions were continually formed. In the "Souvenirs de M. Desprès," I find the following:—

"M. de Puisignieux, nephew to Marshal de Ségur, Minister of War, called one morning on Mademoiselle de Santo Domingo, whose eldest sister he had married.

"'Chère sœur,' said he, 'parlons un peu d'affaires sérieuses. Il s'agit de votre main. Deux hommes aspirent à l'obtenir; qui ne serait heureux d'y prétendre? l'un est le Marquis de la Suze, Colonel du régiment de Dauphiné. L'autre est M. le Comte de —— qui a une charge à la cour.'

"'Je ne connais ni l'un ni l'autre,' replied the lady.

"'Si fait, si fait; vous avec dû les voir chez mon oncle.'

"'Il y va tant de monde! comment aurais-je pu les remarquer?'

"'La Suze est un grand homme qui a l'air un peu bête, mais le Comte de —— est un homme d'esprit. Ils sont assez mal tous deux. Mais qu'importe, il s'agit de vous marier. Rien de plus.'

"'Laissez-moi donc au moins le temps de me décider.'

"'Pour vous décider, oui sans doute, il le faut; mais pour le temps, vous n'en avez guère. J'ai promis de porter votre réponse aujourd'hui même?'

"'Comment, si tôt?'

"'Mon Dieu, rien de plus simple. Sommes nous plus sages que le hazard? en bien des choses ne décide-t-il pas mieux que nous? Tenez,' added he, drawing a five-franc piece from his pocket, 'face pour la Suze, et pile pour le Comte.'

"He tossed the coin up. It was La Suze whom choice favoured; the marriage took place, and turned out a miserable one."

As late as the year 1850 the following announcement appeared in "Le Journal des Débats:—

"A recompense of 50,000 francs is offered to any one who will point out a young lady of a good constitution and ample fortune desirous of becoming the wife of a man who can confer upon her the title of Duchess. The advertiser is good-looking and

amiable. Relations, friends, or acquaintances are invited to reply to this proposition. The above-mentioned sum will be paid the moment the marriage contract is signed. Address, post paid, to P. R. du Chil, Poste Restante, Paris."

Before I take leave of Paris, I must say that a wonderful improvement has taken place in hotels since the period I first visited that city. English comforts have been introduced, and are to be met with everywhere. Well do I remember the time when at Dessin's Hotel, Calais, at the Hôtel des Bains, Boulogne, at the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf, Abbeville, or at the Grand Hôtel du Rhin at Amiens, the usual places for English travellers to rest at on their way to Paris, good as the dinners were, the arrangements for the toilet were wretched—a dampish towel about the size of a napkin, a small porcelain jug and basin were all that were provided for the usual ablutions. With baths in the house, or in the immediate neighbourhood, the evil could be remedied, but a miserable traveller reaching Calais or Boulogne late at night, after a disagreeable sea passage, was terribly put to it when he saw on his wash-hand stand about as much of the liquid element as would fill three finger-glasses at a London dinner-table. Not that I wish to denounce the French as an untidy race, they made up for the scant supply of water, when dressing, by frequent immersions in hot and cold baths.

Of course there are exceptions, for I lately read of a French gentleman, the old Chevalier de Pannat, who flourished under the Restoration—that great

gourmand, so witty and so dirty. It is he who said to M. Rivarol one day, "Il fait si chaud, laisse-moi jeter mon habit sur ton lit." When Rivarol replied, "Mais, après, où jetterai-je mon lit, Chevalier?" He was always dirty, and his maxims were of a very lax description, as the following dialogue between a young woman of fashion and himself will show,

"Monsieur Bozon vous rend des soins; il vous regarde, il soupire, il vous aime!"

"Vous rêvez, Monsieur de Pannat," replied the lady, "il n'en est rien, je vous assure."

"Madame, je persiste," continued Pannat, "il a pour vous de l'amour, et vous n'y êtes pas tout-à-fait insensible. Prenez-garde! La vertu ne vaut pas grand prix, mais elle vaut encore mieux que Bozon."

This is what he called moral talk. I saw a great deal of d'Orsay during his residence in England, and was a constant guest at Gore House, Kensington, where I first had the honour of meeting Napoleon III.

LE COMTE ——

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTERS FROM A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER — HIS VIEW OF SOCIAL AND SPORTING LIFE IN ENGLAND—THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND—FOX-HUNTING—HARE-HUNTING—DRAG-HUNTING —A STEEPLE-CHASE — GOODWOOD RACES — LEAMINGTON—THE WARWICKSHIRE HOUNDS—LIVERPOOL STEEPLE-CHASE—EPSOM RACES—ASCOT RACES—WINDSOR CASTLE—ST. GEORGES'S HALL— STATELY BANQUET.

"The pen of a ready writer, whereunto shall it be likened?
Ask of the scholar, he shall know.

. . . . . .

It fixeth, expoundeth, and disseminateth sentiment,
Chaining up a thought, clearing it of mystery, and sending it bright into the world.
To think rightly is of knowledge, to speak fluently is of nature;
To read with profit, is of care; but to write aptly, is of practise.
No talent among men hath more scholars, and fewer masters;
For to write is to speak beyond hearing, and none stand by to explain.
To be accurate, write; to remember, write."

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

HAVING given my impression of foreign sports, I must lay before my readers some letters from a French nobleman, in which he describes, in a most graphic manner, his reminiscences of England. As he strictly enjoined me not to let his name appear, I implicitly follow his wishes, albeit with

regret, as his name would add much weight to his valuable contributions. He writes as follows :

"My dear Lord,

"I am now about to give you an account of the sports and pastimes that I met with in the 'free fair homes of England,' and in so doing I shall studiously and carefully avoid that personality which has been too often introduced into the works of foreign travellers; with this flourish of trumpets, I 'throw off,' and if occasionally I fall into a false idiom, I must claim your indulgence, and remind you of a letter of one of your countrymen to me, who, having a card of the hotel he resided in at Paris before him, thus dated his letter, 'Hôtel de Wagram, *bien meublé*.' To proceed, I know nothing more striking to a foreigner than the country-house life of an English nobleman; the comfort, magnificence, liberality, and gaiety that is carried on is unknown in France; Woburn, Beaudesert, Knowsley, Berkeley Castle, Belvoir, Badminton, Goodwood are the *beau ideal* of princely munificence; and it astonished my weak mind not a little, when I was first initiated into the delights of many of the above mentioned châteaux. Where all are agreeable it would be invidious to select one for notice, I shall therefore say that on a mild drizzling morning in December, I left the Clarendon Hotel for —— Park. The first part of my journey was performed by rail, and securing a *coupé* to myself, I revelled in one of Eugène Sue's volumes during the hours I was thus confined. Upon reaching the station, where I was to transfer my precious self into a

yellow post-chaise, or dice-box on wheels, as you once felicitously called it, I was agreeably surprised to find a carriage and four, with two outriders, waiting my arrival; a note was placed in my hand, saying that it would convey me to the seat of my noble correspondent and host.

"After a most delightful drive I entered the park; at the end of about a mile the mansion was laid open to view; a fine extensive wooded plantation screened the domain from the cutting east wind; a herd of deer were at the extremity of the well-trimmed lawn, which extended from the southern part of the house. The day was setting in, and I passed the labourer returning from his day's work, looking cheerful and happy; a group of sportsmen, with guns in hand, attracted my attention, who seemed elated with the success of their day's sport, and which I soon found was not without sufficient cause, as the game-cart which I met was filled with hares, pheasants, and rabbits.

"The carriage now stopped at the principal entrance, and almost simultaneously with the bell ringing the doors were thrown open, and some two or three servants in livery, headed by one of the upper class, received me on alighting. Without the slightest noise or bustle, orders were given to unpack the carriage at the stables, to show my servant to my room, and I was conducted to the warm and well-furnished library, where my host and many of the gentlemen staying in the house were occupied reading the newspapers, finishing their letters, or

talking over the run with the foxhounds in the morning.

"After a most kind, hospitable, and unaffected welcome, I took my seat before the huge wood fire, and entered into general conversation. We were now joined by the shooters, who declaimed at considerable length on their prowess—four guns; the return of the killed amounting to three hundred pheasants, twenty hares, and a dozen rabbits. A huge gong now sounded, which was the signal for dressing. As I proceeded to my room, escorted by a groom of the chambers, I passed through a large hall, where some young Englanders, male and female, were dancing a new polka, and who seemed not a little scared at my presence; the graceful and beautiful Lady Caroline, the daughter of the house, rose from her seat at the pianoforte, and welcomed me with a modest warmth of manner that she felt was due to one of her father's friends and guests. The room that I was ushered into was the quintessence of comfort; a large blazing fire on the hearth-stone shed its influence over me, and as I looked at the well-lit and beautifully furnished apartment, I could not help contrasting it with some of the cold, cheerless country-houses of La belle France, and gave the palm to your native land.

"At 7 o'clock the gong was again sounded, and following a well dressed lacquey, who had been sent to pilot me through the long passages, I was shown into the drawing-room, where the hostess, after a kind greeting, introduced me to the ladies as-

sembled around her. In a few seconds dinner was announced, and offering my hand, which I soon found ought to have been my arm, to the beautiful mistress of the domain, we passed through a line of servants in livery on one side, and the well dressed 'gentlemen's gentlemen' on the other, into the dining-room, which was splendidly illuminated. The side-board, which reached nearly to the summit of the apartment, was stored with gold and silver plate, including vases and prizes which had been won by the noble owner and his ancestors upon the turf and at agricultural shows, or which had been presented to him by the farmers on his estate, in consideration of the great estimation he was held in both as a landlord and friend to the soil.

The dinner was excellent, the wine splendid—every sort from "humble port to Imperial Tokay." The long sitting after the ladies had retired, was to me the only drawback, for during that tedious period, the poor and corn laws were so prosingly discussed, that I own I almost wished myself in the Union workhouse to escape the dullness of the conversation. An anecdote told me by a young guardsman, amused me not a little; at a large dinner-party in London, which was honoured by the presence of some of the royal family, a somewhat gouty old nobleman, to relieve his foot, had taken off his boot, trusting that after the fair sex had left the room, he would be able to put it on again. A royal lady, when the signal was given to retire, suggested that on this occasion, as the concert above was to begin early, the gentlemen should

adopt the foreign custom, and hand their respective ladies upstairs. The horror of the bootless nobleman can be better conceived than expressed, he had to grope under the table for the object of his search, and on finding it he had to encase his swollen foot in it, the lady, whom he had taken down to dinner, waiting patiently for her gouty cavalier, amidst the roars of laughter of those around her.

"Upon joining the ladies the evening passed off delightfully; there was no formality, everyone amused himself or herself according to their own fancies. Some strolled into the billiard-room, others played at whist, or at écarté; a few grouped themselves round the pianoforte, to hear the sweet strains of Rossini, Mozart, Verdi, and Haydn sung by a most exquisite voice; while a larger party of the young retired to a spacious gallery, where polkas waltzes were the order of the evening. At eleven o'clock, the stately butler, accompanied by two powdered and pampered footmen, entered the drawing-room, and deposited a tray with sandwiches, wine, negus, whisky and water; from that hour the party separated according to their own pleasure.

"I was awoke from my 'rosy dreams' by the loud-toned stable-bell tolling the hour of eight, and getting up, strolled into the picture-gallery to admire the mellow touch, the glowing and lively colouring, the exquisite finishing of a Rubens, the elegance, grace, and natural animation of a Vandyck; the unrivalled brilliancy of a Titian; the faithful portraiture of a Rembrandt; the beautiful expression

of a Guido; the bold and grand expression of a Salvator Rosa; the warmth of a Lely, who

> "On animated canvas stole
> The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul."

the admirable delineations of a Teniers and an Ostade; the finished perspective of a Canaletti; and the rich vein of satire of a Hogarth. Whilst thus amusing myself, a gentleman of most agreeable manners and deportment, whom I afterwards ascertained to be the librarian, accosted me, and volunteering his services, entered at great length into the art of painting.

"'Plato, who flourished four hundred years before the Christian era,' said the talented bookworm, 'assures us that the Egyptians practised painting a thousand years before he wrote, both on the bandages of mummies, on the walls of the temples, in the tombs at Thebes, Denderah, and other places in Upper Egypt. Cleanthes of Corinth was the first Greek painter of simple outline; Telephanus of Sicyon, and Ardices of Corinth, improved on outlines, though still without colour.'

"Finding I was deeply interested at the research of my newly-formed acquaintance, he continued.

"'Bularchus painted the battle of the Mangerians seven hundred years before the Christian era, and this picture was bought by the King of Lydia for its weight in gold. Anacreon, who lived five hundred years before our era, mentions the practice of the art, which was effected by mixing wax with their colours, called encaustic painting. Pliny is lavish in his eulogy on the powers of Polygustus,

who lived four hundred and thirty years before the birth of our Saviour; and we find that during this and the three following generations, the names of Aglaophon, Cephisodones, Phyrylus, Evenor, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, Timanthes, Pamphilus, Euxenidas, and Apelles, as artists of no mean renown. After the founding of Rome, Aurellius, Ludius, Amulius, in Nero's reign; Purpilius, Cornelius Pinus, Accius Priscus, in the days of Vespasian, were the painters of the period.'

"Thanking my guide for his information, and begging that he would not devote his attention to so unworthy an amateur as myself, he replied by assuring me that it would give him the greatest pleasure to show me all that was worth seeing in the house at any time. This courteous offer I gladly accepted, when I was shortly afterwards summoned to the breakfast-table. From what I had heard of this repast in England, as compared with our *déjeuner à la fourchette*, I own I was not prepared for the luxury, comfort, and independence of this meal. In addition to a long table covered with the finest Irish damask cloth, there were two or three smaller ones placed near the windows; no sooner had you entered the room, and selected your party, or taken your solitary place, than a servant, out of livery, brought you a small bill of fare, on which was written a variety of the most dainty dishes, the piquant cutlet, the well-flavoured *rognons au vin de Madère*, the stimulating grilled pheasant, the simple eggs and bacon, the savoury *omelette aux fines herbes*, the slices of dried salmon, the unpre-

tending fried sole; the sideboard literally groaning under the weight (I give the usual newspaper phrase) of cold eatables; the baron of beef, the pheasant, partridge, fowl, ham, and game pies, the *paté de foie gras*, *thon mariné*, and every other luxury of native and foreign produce. The purest white bread in every size and form, tea, coffee, chocolate, the newest cream, the best-tasted butter, finished a meal that would have gladdened the heart of an Apicius, of our late gormandising king, Louis XVIII., or any other *bon vivant* of ancient or modern times.

"During breakfast my noble host begged that his guests would arrange their plans for the day. The hounds were to meet within three miles of the house, and there were horses for those that liked to join in the chase, or accompany some of the young ladies to see the hounds throw off. There were pony carriages for those who preferred driving to equestrian exercise. The keepers were to be at the lodge gate at eleven o'clock for those who patronised shooting; and the parties, if they exceeded eight, were to be divided into two beats. The race-horse stable was to be open immediately after breakfast, and the tennis-court and billiard-table ready throughout the day for those who preferred indoor amusements. The ladies were to fill up their time in little 'nothings,' playing, singing, working, and sauntering in the summer-houses, orangeries, and conservatories until that all important female meal, luncheon, the early dinner of your ancestors, who supped at the hour you now

dine, was announced. No sooner was that meal finished, than the carriages were to be at the door to take anyone who liked shopping to the neighbouring county town. Such was the routine of the day.

"Being myself devoted to horses and the sports of the field, I availed myself of my host's kindness, to walk through the racing stable, and afterwards accepted a mount with the hounds. The stable was a splendid building, forming a large quadrangle, the stalls and the loose boxes the most perfect I ever saw. The trainer was a downright good honest man, who had the pedigree of every horse of note at his tongue's end, from the days of 'Flying Childers' down to the last winner of the Derby. He had an anecdote of every sporting character that had flourished at Newmarket during his time; but as I was reminded that the hounds met at half-past eleven, I was compelled to curtail my visit at the stables. The hounds met at a small wood not more than three miles from the house, and upon reaching the covert's side, I was presented to the master of the pack, a plain-spoken English country gentleman, a staunch Conservative, more especially of foxes, and a thoroughbred sportsman. The field was not numerous; it consisted of some dozen gentlemen in pink, and a few farmers, well-mounted, and anxious to display the powers of their steeds, with a view of pocketing a couple of hundred pounds for their young, though promising hunters.

"A party of ladies from the park arrived on

horseback, and we were indulging in what your clever authoress, Mrs. Gore, calls 'the coffee-house part of hunting,' when a cry was heard, and away we all scurried at an awful pace.

"'Gently, gentlemen, hold hard if you please,' exclaimed the huntsman. 'Woodman has it! good old dog! Hark to Woodman.'

"The fox made first for Warbleton Gorse, went through it, away to Eastdean Brake, and then over some fine grass fields in the direction of Beacon Hill, but being hard pressed, declined facing it, turned, and went to ground in a drain. From the drain he was quickly bolted, and then made his point at once for the covert where he was found, went through it, and on to Warbleton over nearly the same line as the first ring. Here a long check occurred; the hounds hit off the scent again, and after a run of forty-five minutes we killed in the open. As a foreigner I was presented with the brush; an honour, which though I say it, as should not, was fairly won by me, for being admirably mounted, I went all day, as one of my most popular countrymen now naturalized in England, I refer to Count d'Orsay, said, 'as if I had a letter for the fox, and was in a great hurry to deliver it.'

"Upon my return home I visited the kennel, and was delighted with the management of it, there was a place for everything, and everything was in its place. Warm baths for hounds and horses, with every other comfort and luxury that modern art and science have brought to bear for the benefit of the canine race. After seeing the hounds fed, I began

to feel that my own inward man required some refreshment; whether I looked half-starved and hungry, or whether the huntsman wished to try what effect a few glasses of strong ale would produce upon a Frenchman's head, I know not, but he begged me to walk into his snug parlour, where I found the table laid out ready for his dinner. Upon the sideboard was a huge loaf of bread, a Stilton cheese, with a brown jug of frothing October ale. I drank success to the hounds, then to the huntsman, and taking my leave of him, walked across the park. One of the greatest modern luxuries in England is a warm bath, which is kept ready at all hours during the day and night. At —— Park this was the case; both in the ladies and gentlemen's galleries were three baths, cold, warm, and shower, enabling one to indulge in this Eastern fashion at any moment.

"It would be tedious to recapitulate my evenings, I shall therefore pass over them, and proceed to give a sketch of the next day's *battue*. At eleven o'clock we met at the keeper's lodge, about a mile from the house, mustering six guns. A party of fine stalwart youths, amounting to about five-and-twenty, with large sticks in their hands, were drawn up as beaters; while to every 'gunner' three men were allotted, one to carry his ammunition, the other two to pick up and convey the game to the cart, they at the same time acting as beaters. In addition to the above, we each had our own man with a second gun, which he loaded throughout the day, as also a 'pocket-pistol,' as it is called, well charged

with Glenlivat whiskey or sherry. The beaters were then put into the wood, half the gunners accompanying them, the others going to the spot they were to beat up to. At the end of every cover the game was collected and placed in the cart. About two o'clock we suspended our warfare against the feathered race for half-an-hour, during which period cold meat, bread-and-cheese, and ale were distributed to all the party, gentle and simple; those who are apt to talk of the proud aristocracy of England, would have seen dukes, lords, and peasants enjoying the frugal meal, each partaking of the same quality both of eatables and *buvables*. The shepherd's boys who were placed to guard the game over the walls of the preserve, fared as well as the proprietor of many thousands of acres. It is thus that the aristocracy of your country win the hearts of the rural population. They mix in their sports, patronize their recreations, get familiarly acquainted with them and their wants, cherish and support them in their hour of distress, sympathising with their griefs, and alleviating, as far as lies in their power, the miseries and ills which human nature is heir to. After luncheon we renewed our sport. Upon our return to the park the game was laid out upon the lawn; it consisted of seven hundred pheasants, one hundred and fifty hares, six partridges, fifty rabbits, four woodcocks; total, nine hundred and ten.

"Tout à vous."

Thus ends the first letter. I entirely endorse my

friend's opinion as to the general lunch, but I regret to say the above is the exception to the rule. Generally speaking there is a hot luncheon prepared for the shooters; the keepers, beaters, and watchers, who have toiled heavily, and to whom a hot meal would be a treat, are obliged to content themselves with bread-and-cheese and beer.

"Mon cher Lord,

"The morning after the one referred to in my last letter, the harriers, a small pack belonging to one of the sons of my host, were to meet in the park; and, to the delight of those who underrate the "currant jelly" pack, on finding the hare, the hounds ran nearly ten miles over a magnificent grass country without a check, forming nearly a circle round the park and home-farm. The fencing was very severe, not a gate was kept unlocked; in fact, it was one of the fastest skurries I ever saw, and we killed nearly in front of the stables, where a host of grooms and racing boys were assembled to witness the death of poor puss. Being well-mounted, I was fortunate enough to be in the first flight; indeed, as the field was confined to the party staying in the house, with the addition of the farm-bailiffs and stewards' sons, we all got an equal start; it resembled a steeple-chase more than a hunt.

"I was delighted with my day's sport, but remembered that, whenever I talked of it as a wonderful run for harriers, a smile appeared on the face of my listener. There was a mystery, evidently,

which I was unable to solve. At last the secret came out, by one of the boys remarking (out of hearing, as he thought) 'how they had done the foreigner.' Upon further investigation, I found that our magnificent run, the sport which I had entered in my journal as decidedly the best I had almost ever seen, was not after even a timid hare, but—a red herring! The fact was, the young master of the harriers having had his pack disparaged, determined to show us a run. He had dipped a red herring in aniseed, which, after selecting a very stiff course, he gave to an active son of the soil to carry nearly a circle round the park, ending near the stable, where a live hare was turned out, or rather turned into the park. No wonder then that the foreigner was gulled; and I firmly believe I was not the only dupe, for one or two yeomen talked to me in downright earnestness of the splendid sport. So well was the affair managed, that wherever the red-herring bearer made a gap in a hedge, a labourer was placed there for the purpose of repairing it, who, prompted what to say, declared 'that he had "see'd" the hare cross close by, pressed by the hounds.' Our biped game had selected not only the stiffest bull-finches, but also the highest gates and rails; and I very much doubt whether the same number of miles over so severe and stiff a country was ever performed in so short a space of time.

"This gallant, though rather *fishy* run (as it was called by some) gave rise to a conversation upon the merits of the horses and men that had taken

part in it, and led a spirited individual to propose giving a whip, value forty guineas, open for any horse that had been present at the red herring hunt; four miles over a stiff country with an artificial brook; same weights as ridden on that occasion, posts to be placed with flags at a distance of a hundred yards, within which the horsemen were to go. An entrance of two sovereigns p.p., was to be paid to the second horse, and the owner of the last was to pay an additional two sovereigns to the gallant ploughman who had so successfully dragged us over a most sporting country. The entrances were fourteen; one only of the whole field having paid forfeit, and that for a very efficient reason—his horse had not yet recovered his appetite, still less his soundness.

"It has often been said that a wager is an Englishman's argument, and unquestionably the assertion is founded on fact. I well remember hearing, during the presence of Royalty at your brother's house at Goodwood, when the King of Holland, upon one occasion, and the Duke de Nemours, upon another, honoured his Grace with their presence during the races, the list of the following day's sport was read aloud, the moment the ladies had quitted the dining-room. The betting-books were then taken out, followed by that Babel-like confusion of tongues, which necessarily attaches itself to the "done and done" system. Upon the entry for our steeple-chase being declared, scarcely any conversation took place between the lords of the creation, except as

to the winner; nor were the ladies quite exempt from this feeling, as was proved during the evening by the numerous wagers made for gloves, studs, whips, pencil-cases, and gold pins.

"'I'll take ten to one,' exclaimed a young scion of the house, the moment the gentlemen were left to themselves to enjoy (or be bored as the case might be) their own society, 'that Paul Clifford wins.'

"'Done," responded a sporting baronet, 'two hundred to twenty.'

"'Done."

"The bet was entered, and Lytton's hero became first favourite.

"'What odds against Polka?' inquired the master of the harriers.

"'What do you want?' asked a good-humoured elderly gentleman, anxious to give the young sportsman a pull in the odds.

"'I want fifteen to one to a ten-pound note."

"'You shall have it, book me a hundred and fifty to ten.'

"The youth left the room to communicate to the stud-groom that he had taken the odds of which he was to stand half.

"Nell Gwynne, Moonraker, Cœur de Lion, Faulconbridge, were all backed at thirteen to one, while the remaining seven, myself included, were scarcely mentioned. Strange, thought I, considering the place I had in the run; so modestly addressing the company, I inquired what odds to twenty pounds they would bet against Marmion. Scarcely had the

question escaped my lips than a dozen voices at least responded; but there was such a confusion of sounds, 'What do you want?' 'I'll bet you the odds,' 'Three hundred and twenty to twenty,' that I could scarcely understand who addressed me and who did not.

My opposite neighbour, however, an old hand on the turf, quietly wrote on his betting-book, 'I'll bet you three hundred and forty to twenty,' passing it across the table.

"'Done,' I wrote in reply.

"'What do you want, Count?' again exclaimed a majority of the party.

"'I've made the bet,' I replied, 'three hundred and forty to twenty.'

"'I'll bet the same odds to five or ten.'

"'To five,' I replied, and closing my book, shut it and myself up for the evening.

"The important morning arrived when the steeple-chase was to take place. The whip, splendidly mounted by Hancock, had been sent down, cards were printed with the names and colours of the horses and riders, for we were all bound to ride in caps and jackets, the manufacturing of which had been entrusted to the ladies' maids, all of whom had been put into requisition. The odds still continued at seventeen to one against my gallant steed Marmion, while Paul Clifford, an infinitely slower animal, was backed freely at seven and eight to one. This was a riddle I could not at first solve, until the trainer told me, in reply to my asking him who he thought would win, 'that it was quite

impossible to say with gentleman jocks, as they were, generally speaking, such a bad lot, all legs and arms flying about like railway signals,' adding that 'what with tumbling off, or pumping their horses out in half the distance, it was quite a lottery. Moonraker ought to win, but Sir Francis knows no more about race-riding than my old woman does, and as for your lordship, we ain't seen many foreigneering gentlemen distinguish themselves much upon the race-course or across country.'

"Flattering, thought I, while the trainer continued:—

"'Lord Alfred on Paul Clifford won't be far behind, he is an undeniable good one for a gentleman; a good judge of pace and never gets flurried. Lord George on Polker, as they call the grey mare, will take a deal to beat him; he goes as straight as an arrow, and the heavy ground is in his favour, besides he gets a matter of two or three stone from some of you.'

"This statement was not very encouraging, still it did not unnerve me in the slightest degree, and having risen at daylight to take a gallop just to get my hand and seat in, after partaking of a slight breakfast, I found myself at eleven o'clock decked out in a black jacket and cap, booted and spurred at the starting-post. When I saw the concourse of people assembled, I began to think that steeple-chase riding was a more nervous affair than I had imagined. All being drawn up in a line, the articles were read to us, the principal one was that we were

to keep within the posts, and upon no account were we to have a gate opened or a fence broken down for us, save and except such as might be smashed by some of those in the race. We were then led back about forty yards behind the starting-post, and having previously decided by lot our respective places, the word 'off' was given. Away we went racing pace across the first field, at the end of which was as stiff a post and rail, with a ditch from it, as ever I wish to encounter. Our steeds were however fresh, and we were all not a little inspired by the presence of the ladies from the Park, who had placed themselves near this awful ox-rail; so 'screwing up our courage,' as Lady Macbeth says, 'to the sticking place' we put in 'lots of powder' and took it without a mistake. We now all began to settle down to our work; Polka, with her light weight, shot a-head, followed by Nell Gwynne, Paul Clifford, Cœur de Lion, and last the gallant Marmion, the rest waiting patiently on us. At the fourth fence the undaunted Richard came down, floored his rider, and the lion-hearted animal was put *hors de combat*. We now approached the artificial brook, a regular yawner; here again were the same party assembled to see whether we took to the water kindly—Polka cleared it like a deer, followed by Paul Clifford, Marmion third, and an outsider, Bacchus, fourth. My orders at starting were to wait upon Paul Clifford until the last field, and then try my speed with him. Polka, it was imagined, would dance herself out with the severe play her rider had determined to make. All got well over

the brook with the exception of Monkey, a horse not mentioned in the betting, who, on leading, missed his footing and fell back into it. I own my courage began too oze out a little when I first saw the water, and had it not been for the undaunted pluck of my steed I should inevitably have got a good ducking. Do you remember telling me a good story of Mat Milton, he of the *mews*, not Muse, who when he was selling a hunter to a cockney sportsman, after extolling the merits, said,

"'He has only one fault, Sir.'

"'A fault!' responded the other.

"'Yes, Sir, if he does see water he will have it, there's no stopping him; be it ever so wide, he'll take no denial.'

"Now, whether Marmion was a descendant of this wonderful horse I know not, but certainly no sooner did he see the brook than he went at it with such downright earnestness that, resigning myself to my fate, I let him have his own way, and greatly to my surprise and delight found myself safely landed on *terra firma*. We kept our respective places for the next two fields, when symptoms of distress began to be felt by King Charles's beauty Nell, Faulconbridge, Moonraker, and the others. The race now was between Polka, Paul Clifford, Bacchus, and Marmion, the former still leading at a terrible pace. There were now only two fences to be jumped before the last flight of hurdles in the winning field. At the first of these, Polka's lungs seemed to be a little disordered by the killing pace; and although she got over it, she floundered upon

landing, the young jockey giving her a pull to recover her wind. Paul Clifford then tried to take her place, but 'bellows to mend' (you see I have adopted your slang) was also his cry. I now made all the running I could, and was closely pressed by the Bacchanalian monarch; we took the second fence together, Polka, slightly recovered, following a few yards behind us with Paul Clifford still going. As we approached the hurdles, a voice that I recognised as that of the trainer, exclaimed, 'Hold him together, and you've a good chance.' Unfortunately the advice came too late; whether I or my steed was flurried I know not, but he made a rush at them, got entangled in a broken hurdle and the furze that was placed round it; this gave Bacchus and Polka a chance, for Paul Clifford was quite pumped out. The two now set to work in earnest, and the outsider being the freshest of the two finally won a fine race by a neck, Polka second, Marmion third. The fun, however, was not over; for a desperate struggle took place between the rear-rank, no one liking to pay the additional penalty attached to the last horse. Cœur de Lion, Monkey, and Faulconbridge, were neck and neck at the fence before the hurdles, they cleared it together; Monkey rushing through the gap I had made was first in the winning field. The two other riders went gallantly at the hurdles, knee to knee they landed at the same moment, and setting to work in real Newmarket fashion ran a dead heat for last; thus dividing equally the penalty and mutually sharing the disgrace. The result of this

steeple-chase amazed me not a little, for the still 'small voice' of conscience told me that, had I or my horse not blundered, the first or at all events the second prize must have been mine; nor could I honestly attribute the untoward event to my steed; the fact is I for a moment lost my head and the race. I was, however, delighted that the youngster ran second, as he pocketed the eight-and-twenty guineas. As a matter of course, no other conversation took place the rest of that day, or during the evening, and I could plainly see the general opinion was in favour of Marmion, had he been properly piloted. My disappointment was greatly lessened by the owner presenting me with a silver-mounted whip, which he said I had fairly earned.

"No sooner had the ladies left the room after dinner, than the whole race was run over again. This led to an animated discussion, which ended in a sweepstake of twenty sovereigns, each carrying ten stone seven pounds, between Bacchus, Marmion and Polka, the only variation being that the crack rider of Paul Clifford on the first occasion, was on the second one to take my place, as I could not reduce myself to that weight, the other jockeys as before. Some imagined that the rider of Bacchus had not in the early part of the race sufficiently nursed his horse, or he would have won easier; Lord George on Polka was fancied by many, the continuance of rain, with the heaviness of the country, being in favour of that animal, while Marmion, with a first-rate jockey on his back, was considered a good thing.

"The race was to come off in a week, and as the wet weather continued, Polka became first favourite. The eventful day arrived, the sun shone out beautifully, and an immense concourse of people flocked through the Park at an early hour towards the course. The fences had all been made up, gates and hurdles repaired, and the brook was somewhat swelled out by the rain.

"'Don't take too much out of your mare at starting,' said the trainer to Lord George, as he walked by the side of him; 'the country is very heavy; make steady running to the brook, nurse her over the two next fields, and then get home as quick as you can without flurrying her or yourself.'

"The horses were now drawn up in their places, the word 'Off' given, and away went Polka, leading at a smartish pace, Marmion waiting upon her at the distance of about two horses' lengths, the 'rosy monarch of the vine' acting as a sort of squire to the 'Lord of Fontenaye.' It was evident from the line Lord George took that he had not allowed the grass to grow under his feet, for since the last steeplechase, morning, noon, and afternoon had he walked over the course, selecting the lightest ground; this, then, accounted for his steed not sinking fetlock high as the others did. They approached the brook; the respective jockeys, collecting their horses' strength, took it gallantly, Polka still leading, the others lying close behind. Here the youthful sportsman, remembering his instructions of getting home as quick as he could, coursed

away at an awful pace. For a few fields his competitors kept still well in the race; when within half-a-mile from home it was quite clear that Bacchus was beat—he had fully proved the truth of the Leicestershire saying, 'It's the pace that kills.' Still he went on, upon the chance of any accident happening to the leading horses. They now neared the last fence; Marmion, 'wet with sweat and mire,' took it, but not without a fall—Polka still some twenty yards ahead. The hurdles were alone to be got over; the mare flew at them like a deer; shouts re-echoed through the Park as Lord George passed the winning-post. But where was the flower of English land? Of him we might say, in the words of 'untutored Blount,' 'Good night to Marmion;' for so dead beat was he at the last hurdle, that he floundered at it, fell, and was some minutes before he could recover sufficient strength even to make a walk of it. This, I am ill-natured enough to admit, pleased me much, for it clearly proved that accidents will occur, not only as the proverb says, 'in the best-regulated families,' but also to first as well as to second-rate gentlemen jockeys. In the latter, or rather in a third class, I must rank myself; I lost the first race by one fatal error towards the finish; and Lord Alfred, who was number One, letter A, in the pigskin, was beat in the second by taking too much out of his horse at starting.

"I must here put on my seven-league boots, and step from my winter country-life to the Goodwood Races of the following summer; suffice it to

say that my anticipations, great as they were, were more than realized, for there I found the *élite* of company, the *élite* of horses, and the most perfect of all courses in England, both as to beauty of scenery and the excellence of the turf. There was everything that could be wished for; a galaxy of beauty that no other country could produce, and a superabundance of sport for the million. The arrangements, too, were of the first order; there were no unnecessary delays; at the moment fixed for the weighing and starting, woe to the trainer or jockey who was late; a heavy fine, or, worse than that, the certainty of not being waited for, attended the offender. There was something too about the noble owner's manner that delighted me, he was gracious and affable to all, from the Prince of the Blood to the most humble labourer—your brother, the Duke of Richmond, had a kind word for each. To say that his Grace is popular in his own county is to say little; he is adored and respected by every friend to the soil, and it was highly gratifying to hear his praises echoed forth wherever I went in the county of Sussex. One tribute, though couched in simple language, emanating from a tiller of the land, made a lasting impression upon my mind. On mentioning the name of the Duke, the peasant said,

"'He's a brave man, a good, generous and liberal landlord. He fought and bled for his country when others of his class were eating the bread of idleness at home; and now he clings to the soil from which he derives his wealth, like a limpet to the

rock; moreover, he is as kind-hearted to the plough-boy as he is to his richest tenant.'

"This sentiment, which, although varied in letter, is kept up in spirit throughout the county, has entitled the Duke to the name of the 'Farmer's Friend,' and never was an appellation more truly deserved. I must now return to the races, which certainly were conducted in the most admirable manner. The sport was first-rate, and could not be surpassed. Without entering into the detail of the sport itself, I will merely remark that there were forty well-contested races, that the sums run for during the four days amounted to £34,900. Open house is kept at Goodwood, and there are few of the ancestral homes of England where unostentatious hospitality is more carried on than at the above mansion. Your sister-in-law, the noble and, distinguished hostess, daughter of the gallant Marquis of Anglesey, is endowed with that natural graceful manner which wins the hearts of all, and added to her extreme beauty, renders her an object of universal admiration. The Duke, too, is the very essence of affability, possessing a peculiar charm, that of interesting his hearers by discoursing to them on subjects nearest their hearts; thus whether the questions of racing, hunting, shooting, farming, politics, corn-laws, poor-rates, military affairs are agitated, his Grace, to use a sporting phrase, is 'sure to be there or thereabouts.' During this gay week, covers were daily laid for sixty in the ball-room, and the manner in which the feasts were conducted reminded one of the Philoxenia of

former days, with the additional refinement of those we live in. The temporary banquet-room is a noble apartment, ninety feet in length and thirty in width. The marble mantle-pieces came from the palace of the modern Sardanapalus, George the Fourth; if they could speak, what tales would they tell us of the royal orgies kept up at Carlton House by the Prince—'the prince of princes at the time.' Return we to the banquet. The plate is gorgeous; in the centre may be seen a superb candelabrum, presented by the farmers of Sussex to the Duke. By its side is a vase, formed of the gold snuff-boxes which were given to his late noble father during his Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, from the corporations of the following towns:—Bandon Bridge, Cork, Clonmel, Dundalk, Kilkenny, Limerick, Londonderry, Youghall, Waterford, and the Goldsmith's Company of Edinburgh.

"The names and arms of the above towns are engraved upon the vase. Among the pieces of plate that grace the table are the Orleans Cup, given by his late lamented Royal Highness, which was won in 1841 by the Duke of Richmond's celebrated horse Mus, the Mazeppa Plateau won by Lord George Bentinck's Yorkshire Lady in 1843, and presented by that truly popular and liberal nobleman to the Duke; the Goodwood Cup, 1825, won by Pantomime, ridden by Captain F. Berkeley, afterwards Lord Fitzhardinge, and a variety of other gold cups. The race-horses are kept not only at the stables belonging to the house, but also at the far-famed dog-kennel where the trainer, John

Kent, resides. It is not my intention to bore you with a further description of a house you are so well acquainted with, but I cannot refrain from giving my impression of a meeting which afforded me so much pleasure.

"For the present farewell.

"Tout à vous."

"Regent Hotel, Leamington.

"Mon cher Lord William,

"Here I am at this far famed Spa, the head-quarters of the Warwickshire hunt. For a man that wishes to unite society and hunting, there are few places equal to Leamington; the hotels are excellent, the stabling first-rate, and the meets within easy distances. There are numerous dinners, balls, concerts, plays, and whist parties. Having taken up my quarters at the Regent Hotel, I immediately sent for the local newspaper, and found that the hounds were to meet the following day at Mitford Bridge; there I found myself at eleven o'clock, having joined a party who were leaving the hotel at the same time I did, and who, seeing I was a stranger, politely volunteered to show me the nearest road to the place of meeting. 'A well mounted foreigner from Melton,' was very soon bruited about; and I received not only the greatest attention from the popular master of the hounds, but from all the principal gentlemen of the hunt. Not much time was left for an exchange of civilities, for a gallant fox was shortly found. We had a splendid run, fifteen miles from point to point, killing in the open. Upon the above occasion I

was mounted by Solloway, of Warwick, to whom you gave me an introduction, who did full justice to your recommendation.

"Leaving Leamington, I proceed to Liverpool, arriving there in excellent time for dinner. To the *gourmet*, the Waterloo Hotel has peculiar charms, for the turtle is super-excellent. There is a delicacy of flavour about it that I have never seen equalled. The soup is the very essence of turtle, free from those thick clammy ingredients that so often spoil the taste of this occidental luxury, and which makes one fear that instead of being *real* it is only a *mock*ery. The *punch* is as piquant as its witty literary namesake, in which by all accounts a considerable quantity of *spirit* and *lemon* (Mark Lemon) is introduced.

"Upon the following morning the great national steeplechase took place; at an early hour the whole town was in a state of bustle and confusion. Strangers were pouring in from all quarters, Dale Street was full of life. Here at the club-house door might be seen a well-appointed team, upon the box and roof of which might be recognised the *élite* of the sporting community. Before the Waterloo Hotel appeared the Earl of Sefton, with a turn out worthy of the noble owner, and by its side was the phaeton of that truly popular Cheshire baronet, Sir William Massey Stanley; his brother John, who hunts the hounds, is in a neat travelling chariot with his young and pretty wife, who being a native of France, I, as a countryman, may well be proud of.

"No sooner did the owner of Hooton hear that I was in the hotel than a waiter brought in the card of Sir William, who welcomed me most kindly, inviting me to his home. After expressing my thanks and regrets at being unable to avail myself of his hospitality, he inquired how I was about to proceed to the race-course, and ascertaining that I had no other conveyance save that provided by the proprietor of the 'Waterloo'—a Liverpool fly, he immediately transferred me to the box of a coach and four, belonging to one of his friends. I will not attempt to give an account of the steeple-chase, which is most graphically described in 'Bell's Life' and the 'Sporting Review,' suffice it to say it was one of the finest spectacles I ever witnessed.

"Upon my return to London, 'the season,' as it is called, *par excellence*, was setting in, balls, operas and dinners were the order of the day. May arrived, and with it came many of the early race-meetings, Hampton Spring and Gorhambury, both of which I made a point of attending. At the former we had some good gentlemen riders, when for the first time in England I appeared in the racing-saddle. As I was not fortunate enough to be placed, I will not further allude to the commencement of my career as a jockey.

"The Derby, which is quite a national fête in England, was shortly to come off; and I was about to make arrangements with Newman for a carriage and pair to take me to Epsom, when a young Melton friend called upon me, and asked how I was going to the Derby.

"'By the road,' I responded. 'I have already written to Newman on the subject.'

"'Oh, come with us,' replied the young nobleman, just emancipated from Eton, and only a month previously appointed to a cornetcy in one of the crack regiments of the Household Brigade, 'we have a team, we start from the Barracks at eleven, have a relay at Sutton. I'll book you for an outside place, and you'll see lots of life, only I advise you to insure your neck.'

"Thanking my young friend for his kind offer, which I gladly availed myself of, I promised to be at the Regent's Park Barracks the following morning at the hour named.

"'You'll find breakfast from ten upwards, only recollect we start punctually at eleven.'

"At ten o'clock the next morning I found myself at the barracks, where a most substantial breakfast was laid out in the mess-room. Two teams were to start from there, the regimental one, and that of a sporting nobleman who had served in the corps.

"A guard, or 'shooter,' as he was called, was appointed to each, whose business it was to blow the horn, play the key-bugle, fasten a buckle, bear up a leader, alter a curb-chain, or, as the advertisements say, 'make himself generally useful.'

"The 'shooters' on the present occasion were Sir St. Vincent Cotton, a right good-hearted sporting baronet, formerly an officer in the 10th, or Prince of Wales' Own Hussars, and a young officer of the Life Guards.

"'I've kept the box-seat for you,' said Sir St. Vincent to me, taking out a paper made to resemble a regular way-bill in the days that stage-coaches flourished.

"'Let's have it read,' shouted a dozen voices.

"'Here it is,' responded the ex-Hussar, 'outsides,' and he gave a list of those who had been booked for the day. 'Insides,' he continued, 'the mess-man, four dozen of champagne, four pails of Wenham Lake ice, four cold pies, eight tongues and fowls, four quarters of lamb, four bowls of salad, four dozen bottles of soda water, four jugs of cyder cup, two of claret ditto, four dozen plovers' eggs, two jugs of sherry cobbler and mint julep.'

"Ample provisions, thought I, for the day, and then began to think that my young friend's warning as to insuring my neck, might, on our return, not be quite so much of a joke as I had treated it.

"At five minutes before eleven, both teams were at the door.

"'Gentlemen, take your seats!" exclaimed the guard, 'all right,' and as the clock struck eleven, we trotted across the yard, both guards playing 'Away, away to the mountain's brow,' upon their keyed instruments.

"No very hair-breadth escapes occurred upon our journey down; we now and then grazed the bars of the leaders, frightened an old apple-woman near the Vauxhall turnpike, nearly took the linch-pin out of the wheel of a cockney's dennet, almost upset a light taxed cart, and scared the wits, if he hap-

pened to have any, of a young East End swell, with a gaudily-dressed damsel by his side, who was driving a tandem with a refractory leader, which said leader so turned round to stare at us in the face, that we gave him a broadside, and nearly threw the whole concern into a miry and fœtid ditch. The road was replete with life; there was every sort of vehicle; the well-appointed thoroughbred team, the barouche and four, the post-boys decked out in satin jackets and white hats; the phaeton and pair, the light dennet, the unassuming tilbury, the snug britzka, the overloaded coach, the heavy 'bus,' the gaudy van covered with green boughs, forming a sort of perambulating arbour, the 'Hansom' cab, the tilted cart, the 'cat's meat' barrow, horsed, or rather 'dogged' by two fine specimens of the mongrel breed, while the owner fully realized the lines of the late Horace Twiss's song:—

> "'And the very next day at Epsom he was seen,
> In a nice new suit of velveteen;
> How well he's dressed, so spick and span,
> My eye, wot a swell is the dog's-meat man.'

"I know not if I have quoted the lines correctly; I give them from memory, having once heard them sung by the author, who not only possessed every requisite for a great lawyer, but who in private society was one of the most agreeable companions I ever had the good fortune to meet.

"Then there were stage coaches of every description, with every sort of horse, from the ten mile an hour trotter down to the limping pacer, who was

evidently making 'his last appearance on any stage' previous to a visit to the knacker's yard. Equestrians and pedestrians swarmed along the road. There was to be seen the three hundred guinea park hack, the strong cob; there trotted along an East-ender on a hired horse, with a blue saddle cloth, a snaffle bridle, a nose-band. Now came a young Life Guardsman, pounding along the road upon his high mettled steed, a stripling from Eton on a 'fiery Pegasus,' one of Tilbury's best. A party now dashed past, consisting of three sporting looking men accompanied by two dashing Amazons; then a gent with a smart four and sixpenny 'Gossamer' hat, a green cut-away coat from the emporium of that poetical schneider Moses, mounted upon (as far as knees went) a well *broke* charger. Next came a regular swell with mustachios, an Albert paletot, from a 'reach me down' shop in Fleet Street, his red and black satin necktie ornamented with a huge diamond pin, a pair of trowsers with large black and white check, looking for all the world like a draughtboard; his costume being between that of a Leicester Square lounger and a levanting blackleg at Boulogne—he is a keeper of a roulette table. His nag is rather a spicy-looking one, the present owner having probably taken it for a bad debt. Numerous grazier-looking men from the purlieus of Smithfield now appear, mounted on strong useful animals. The pedestrians consisting of gipsies, tramps, thimble-riggers, and sharpers, shop-boys, cads, touters, beggars, ballad-singers, Jew boys, ostlers, prize-

fighters, black-legs, and a class of seedy-looking sporting gents, often to be seen hanging about Tattersall's or Aldridge's yards.

"After a rather dusty journey we reached the course, taking up a position on the hill; we then mounted our hacks and galloped off to the betting ring, where the scene baffled all description. Amidst such a confusion of tongues it is quite a miracle how anyone could make up his book. We then proceeded to the post, where, as Dibdin sings, 'All on the *downs* the *fleet* were met.' The knowing ones now take a look at their favourites, and shutting up their books, resign themselves to their fate.

"The word is given, and away start the horses to decide an event upon which so many thousands are depending; the equestrians, unmindful of danger to themselves, or to the less fortunate trampers on foot, gallop across the hill. Everyone is in a state of breathless anxiety. 'The favourite is beat!' shouts one, as they pass Tattenham Corner. 'He beats anything for a thousand!' cries another, anxious to hedge some of his money. 'Yellow wins!' 'There's an outsider coming up!' 'Peel wins!' 'Forth for a pony!' 'Gully's beat!' and such cries, rend the air. Now they approach the distance post; for a moment there is a dead silence, which is broken by a shout from assembled thousands, as the winner passes the post. Out come the betting-books; as the gamester runs his eye down the winning and losing sheet, he either breaks out in noisy excitement 'I win a thousand,' or utters anathemas, deep, not loud, against the fickle

goddess Fortune, who has now left him in the lurch *minus* many more thousands than his exchequer holds. 'Well, the Oaks will bring me home,' cries the now desperate better; alas for his peace of mind, and that of his creditors, it leaves him in a worse plight.

"No sooner is the race over than the whole course is converted into one huge luncheon-room. The roofs of all the coaches, the seats of all the vehicles are covered with the snowy damask, or the dirty-looking dowlas, according to the quality of the owners, and every sort of eatable and drinkable is laid out. The drag I was upon, furnished a fair specimen of the aristocratic meal; while a Whitechapel cart, which was drawn up next to us, gave a good idea of humble life. Whilst we were enjoying our *pâté de foie gras*, iced champagne, and claret-cup, our neighbours, consisting of two swell butchers, with their better halves, were indulging their appetites with a highly garlicked 'polony' sausage, a cold crab and salad, quenching their thirst with Barclay and Perkins' bottled stout. Eating and drinking for the million was thus carried on for a good hour, and the poor gained considerably by the quantity as well as the quality of the repast, which their richer brethren furnished them with. It was curious to see some half-starved mendicant devouring a slice of a Périgord pie, to witness a tattered fortune-teller revelling in the remains of a bottle of iced champagne, to watch the countenance of a sturdy tramp as he demolished the half of a cold fowl smothered with sauce *à la*

Tartare; to hear the remark of an omnibus cad on helping himself to a tumbler of cyder-cup, 'Rather sweetish and wishy-washy stuff, very cold to the stomach, it ain't to be mentioned the same day with a glass of gin;' and to look at the wry faces made by some swarthy imps of the gipsy tribe as they tasted a remnant of a *pâté de foie gras*, or sipped from a broken bottle some Johannisberg hock of the finest vintage. To one and all of these unpampered appetites, a crust of bread and cheese, a slice of cold meat, a glass of malt liquor, would have been far more gratifying than the choicest delicacies. One party alone seemed to relish our scraps, and that was a band of Italian men and boys with white mice, hurdygurdies, and organs; who having favoured us with all the most popular airs of the day, from 'Smile as thou wert wont to smile,' to the serenade from 'Don Pasquale,' were rewarded with a very handsome lunch; their countenances beamed with delight, their eyes sparkled with joy at the sumptuous viands. The sky was blue and serene, the sun scorching hot, and a thought of their own loved Italia probably came across them, as they expressed their gratitude in the following simple strain, 'Tante grazie, Signori miei.'

"As the object of our party in the two teams was to make a day of it, we did not leave the course until near six o'clock; during which period we indulged in the aristocratic amusements of shying sticks, pricking the garter, playing at roulette, risking half-crowns on the red or black. The result

was, at the end of the day we found ourselves *minus* nearly all our funds, and *plus* some six dozen toys, consisting of wooden apples, pears, nutmeg-graters, jacks-in-the-box, pincushions, tin snuff-boxes, thimbles, all of which would have nearly furnished a shop for some modern Tackleton, and would have gladdened the heart of that inimitable creation of Charles Dickens, the worthy Caleb Plummer. At ten minutes before six, the 'shooter's' horn gave notice that we were about to start; about five minutes from that time the 'dragsman' cried out 'All right, let them go, I've got them,' and away we bowled at a rattling pace across the Downs. No sooner had we reached the road than we found that the fun had begun in downright good earnest, for such a scene of confusion I never before witnessed. It is no exaggeration to say that nearly every driver, and the majority of post-boys, were considerably elevated. The gradations from dead drunk to what is called slightly inebriated were fully exemplified. See that swell-looking sporting 'gent' in the dennet, who has won a hundred by one of the Derby sweeps; he is as drunk as a lord. Why your aristocracy are thus libelled I know not, but I give a phrase very frequently in use. He has got his thoroughbred nag into a gallop, and is recklessly dashing by everything; now one wheel is against our leaders, then the other is in the ditch; the crazy vehicle is nearly overturned, when the driver's friend, who is only 'ten sheets in the wind,' gives the horse a pull to the right, and again lands him on the road. Now

an open barouche and four, filled with ladies of very questionable appearance, trots by; the leading post-boy is rather the worse for liquor, while the wheel one is what Bardolph calls awfully 'fap;' two 'horse chaunters' gallop furiously past in a light Whitechapel cart, and thread the crowd with amazing dexterity; like the horses they deal in, they are considerably 'screwed.' Next comes a sporting nobleman, rather fresh, in a phaeton and pair, going 'in and out' of the line of carriages, as his lordship was wont to do when taking a double ox-rail in Leicestershire. A van full of Bacchanalians now grazes our bars, while our 'shooter,' who could boast of a classical education, exclaimed, rather *dog*matically at least so far as his Latin went on this occasion, '*Cave cui incurras, inepte*,' 'Mind whom you run against, stupid.'

"'Halloa, Shooter,' cries a young Life Guardsman, 'you're coming it strong with your University education.'

"'All right, old fellow,' responded the other fresh from Trinity College, '*concessi Cantabrigium ad capiendum ingenii cultum*, which in English means I went to Cambridge to become a fast man.'

"What with music, joke, song, repartee, and looking at upsets, overthrows, tumbles, breakdowns, fights, and wrangles, we approached Richmond, where the 'shooter,' having played 'The Lass of Richmond Hill,' gave us another specimen of his dog Latin by exclaiming, '*Porcis volentibus, lactissime epulabimur*. Please the pigs we'll have a jolly good dinner.' We then drove up to the

Star and Garter where the landlord and a bevy of waiters were in readiness to receive us. The order 'dinner at half past eight for four and twenty' had been attended to, and we were ushered into a large room overlooking the river and the green meadows of Twickenham.

"No sooner had we got rid of the dust, which, despite the surveyor's notice, we had carried away from the roads without permission, than the bugle played 'The Roast Beef of Old England,' and dinner was announced. Instead of attempting turtle and difficult *entrées*, the spirited proprietor of this celebrated hôtellerie gave us a good plain repast—freshwater fish of every kind, in the highest perfection, stewed and spitchcock ells, water zuchet of all the different tribes of the river finny race, with flesh and fowl dressed in the best manner. The wines too were of the first quality, and I never remember passing a more agreeable evening.

"At twelve o'clock, the teams were at the door, and after an hour's drive, we were safely landed at Crockford's; around the supper-table were gathered all the choice spirits of the day. The Badminton, Horace Twiss's and other mixtures, formed of all the choicest concoctions of claret, curaçoa, orange juice, iced soda water, quite the modern nectar, passed freely round, keeping up the hearts of those who had been losers by the day, while it almost maddened with joy those who had come off winners. It was nearly daylight before I reached the Clarendon, highly delighted with my trip to Epsom.

"By way of a change, I accompanied a party by

the Brighton rail to the Oaks; it was, however, a dull, flat, unprofitable affair. There was no fun, bustle, or excitement; instead of the humours of the road, nothing was to be seen but a dingy workman, or a gaunt signalman waving a dirt-stained red flag, as we passed the different stations. I was rather amused with an elderly gentleman who sat opposite me, remarking that he was a great railway-traveller, and who expatiated not a little on the charms of steam-power over horse-flesh. Among other drawbacks, I ventured to remark that getting one's eyes filled with iron-dust was not the most agreeable thing in the world.

"'Wear goggles, as I do,' responded the blustering *railer*, 'and carry a magnet with you, which will extract every particle of metal that may happen to get within your eyelids.'

"Upon reaching the course, we found the scene far different from that of the previous Wednesday; there was an absence of life, and there were fewer persons by some thousands. Having a dinner engagement in London, I left immediately after the Ladies' race, and was safely landed at my hotel in ample time for dressing. Certainly few sights strike a foreigner so much as Epsom races; Ascot and Goodwood are more aristocratic, and it is truly pleasing to see at the former the Queen surrounded by elegant and lovely women, radiant in beauty, honouring the people with their presence. All, however, falls short of the Derby, which has the power of wresting the Englishman of every degree from his lethargic gravity, which makes him look

upon the event as one that, in a national point of view, must be kept up. You may as well attempt to deprive him of his 'rosbif' and plum-pudding on a Sunday as to debar him from this annual fête.

Ascot races were now approaching, unfortunately some legal business of importance compelled me to decline a most kind and pressing invitation to pass the week at a friend's house, near Sunning Hill. I was, however, in some degree compensated for my disappointment, by receiving a command to dine with your gracious Queen at Windsor Castle on the Cup day. Accordingly I made my arrangements, and ordering four of Newman's best horses to my travelling chariot, and four to be in readiness at Hounslow to take me to the course, and bring me back at night, I started at an early hour on the Thursday, so as to be in time for the Cup race. My expectations were more than realized, the weather was brilliant, the company numerous, and the racing excellent. After partaking of a most sumptuous lunch in Her Majesty's stand, I proceeded to Windsor, where, after some difficulty, I engaged a room to dress in. At the time named on the card I was at the Castle, and having occupied myself during the usual tedious half hour before dinner, as also during the evening, in looking over this splendid regal residence, I must give you a few rough notes of the impression it made on my mind.

"St. George's Hall is upwards of two hundred feet in length, and about thirty-five in width.

The ceiling is divided throughout its whole length into compartments, whereon are emblazoned the armorial bearings of all the knights of the Garter, from the first institution of the Order. The knights on the corbels, in complete suits of mail, are Edward the Third and his son the Black Prince, in addition to which there are portraits from the first James to the last George. Along the sides of the hall, on shields, are emblazoned the arms of the various knights; in other spaces are large brass shields, bearing the cross of St. George, encircled by the garter and its well-known motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." A hall more likely to revive associations of by-gone days, and bring to the mind's eye a review of the stirring times and warlike deeds of the proud aristocracy of which your country may so truly boast, does not exist. It brought to my remembrance some bitter reflections connected with my own native land.

"At each end of the apartment, arranged as a banqueting hall, were buffets, seventeen feet in height and forty in breadth, covered with crimson cloth, and encompassed by carved gothic framework upon which the massive gold plate was tastefully arranged. Immediately opposite the seat appropriated to Her Majesty, within a recess, was a pyramid of plate, comprising the tiger's head captured at Seringapatam; over it the Tluma, formed of precious stones, presented by the late Marquis of Wellesley to George the Third. Above the Tluma was a cup, made out of a shell, mounted in gold and silver, surmounted by the figure of Jupiter resting on an

eagle, the base supported by Hippocampi, several vases rich in precious stones and ivory; and the national cup, with figures of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, the patron saints of England, Scotland, and Ireland, the emblems being formed of rare jewels. The tables extended the whole length of the room, and covers were laid for a hundred. Gold epergnes, vases, cups, and candelabra, the latter containing a profusion of wax-lights, were ranged down the centre of the table. The celebrated St. George's candelabra was placed opposite the Queen; it is perhaps the most beautiful specimen of plate in the world. The upper division contains the combat of England's patron saint with the dragon; the lower has four figures in full relief, supporting shields bearing the arms of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the plume of the Prince of Wales. In describing the plate, I must not omit to mention the shield of Achilles, and the massive gold salt-cellar made to represent the White Tower of Windsor's proud castle. The wine-coolers are copies of the Warwick and other well-known classical vases. The hall was splendidly illuminated; on duty at the entrance were the yeomen of the guard, now called 'beefeaters' from the word '*bouffetiers*;' the bands of a cavalry and infantry regiment, quartered at Windsor, were stationed in one of the galleries. The company assembled in the drawing room by half-past seven; from a prearranged official list, made out by the lord in waiting, each person knew whom he was to take in to dinner; my lot fell to a distinguished foreign

minister's wife. Precisely at a quarter before eight, Her Majesty entered the drawing-room, and after graciously recognising her guests, took the arm of the Duke of Cambridge, and, followed by Prince Albert and the Duchess of Kent, led the way to the banquetting hall; the remainder of the company in succession according to their respective rank. During dinner the band played some popular marches, overtures, waltzes, and quadrilles from the works of Mendlessohn, Beethoven, Labitsky, Mozart, Ries, and Musard. The repast, served entirely on gold plate, was faultless.

"The attendance was complete, there was less bustle and confusion in this party of one hundred than I have often seen in a small circle of eight or ten. The wine of every description was handed round during dinner; while that first-rate artist, Francatelli, who presided over the culinary department, walked about to see that his respective *plats* were served in due order. At a quarter before nine, grace was said, the cloth removed, and the dessert placed upon the table. No sooner did the wine 'sparkle on the board,' than the Lord Steward gave 'The Queen.' All stood up with the exception of Her Majesty, who gracefully bowed her acknowledgments. The National Anthem was then played. Again the Lord Steward rose, and gave 'His Royal Highness Prince Albert,' the toast was drunk standing, the band playing the 'Coburg March.' The sight was most imposing, the martial strains of the music, a hall replete with every attribute of regal magnificence, a well-dressed

company of the *élite* of society the ladies sparkling with diamonds and other jewels, encircling a table one hundred and thirty feet long, produced an effect more like that of a fairy dream than a substantial pageant. At half-past nine Her Majesty rose from table, the ladies of the company grouping round her, and proceeded to the drawing room. His Royal Highness again took his seat, the wine was passed round, in five-and-twenty minutes the Prince and the guests joined Her Majesty. The Waterloo Chamber was thrown open for music and refreshments. Its pictorial treasures are historically connected with the deeds of your countrymen during the last fifty years. I took the deepest interest in the north corridor, which is arranged with much taste; in it is a fine collection of arms, consisting of Oriental matchlocks, helmets, shields, spears and swords. Among the latter are those worn by the Chevalier St. George in 1715, and by the Pretender in the fatal year 1746.

"In the guard chamber are whole length figures clothed in armour. The coats of mail include those worn by Charles, Prince of Wales in 1620; Lord Howard in 1588; Duke of Brunswick in 1530, Lord Essex in 1596; and Prince Rupert in 1635. At the north end, on part of the mast of the 'Victory,' stands Chantrey's bust of Nelson. There are also busts of Marlborough and Wellington, with the banners from Blenheim and Strathfieldsaye; one of which their representatives are bound annually to place in Windsor Castle. In failing so to do, on the anniversaries of their two

great victories, their English estates would be forfeited. I gazed with extreme delight at the exquisite silver shield inlaid with gold, executed by Cellini, presented by our monarch, Francis the First, to Henry the Eighth of England, on the far famed Field of the Cloth of Gold. The concert of instrumental music was all that could be desired, it consisted of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Mozart, Beethoven, Lindpainter, Mendlessohn, and Marschner; at a little after eleven o'clock, Her Majesty, bending gracefully to the assembled guests, retired, leaning on the arm of the Prince Consort.

"I now entered my carriage, and throwing myself into the corner, soon fell into a profound sleep. The race for the cup, the splendid banquet in St. George's Hall, the dignified affability of your Queen, the strains of Mozart, all flitted before my eyes and sounded in my ears, when I was suddenly awakened by an altercation carried on in a most angry tone; putting down the window I found myself at the door of the George Inn, Hounslow.

"'Ten pounds for de horses,' exclaimed my valet Hippolyte, 'vy dat is von grand sheet.'

"'Cheat, mounseer!' responded a stout burly ostler, 'we are not to be bamboozled by your foreigneering folks, master always charges ten pounds for horses on the Cup day.'

"My enraged 'help,' as the Americans would say, 'was getting awfully ryled,' when I put my head out of the window and called the ostler to me. 'If the charge is usual,' I said, 'of course I have no objection to pay it; here are ten pounds.'

"'The boys and gates are paid," chimed in Hyppolyte.

"'Please to remember the ostler,' said the now humble man. I was about to give him something when the excited valet shouted,

"'Go on, all right, or no pay.'

"The latter sentence seemed to act like magic upon the postboys, who started off at a rattling trot, leaving the ostler to anathematise upon 'them 'ere French coves wot don't understand how to do the handsome thing.'

"In rather more than an hour I found myself at the door of the Clarendon Hotel, not a little fatigued with my day's pleasure, but highly gratified with my visit to Ascot and Windsor. Adieu, mon cher Lord, je pars après demain pour Paris, demain vous pouvez disposer de moi, et si vous ne venez pas me voir le matin, j'irai certainement vous trouver le soir au club."

Francatelli, to whom my correspondent refers, was at that period in the service of Her Majesty. It is within a few days that I have heard of his death. Born in London, of Italian extraction, he was trained in France under the celebrated Carême. He afterwards became successively *chef de cuisine* to the Earl of Chesterfield, Earl of Dudley, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Rowland Errington. Subsequently he managed Crockford's, the St. James's, and Reform Clubs, and more recently the Freemason's Tavern.

RICHARD TATTERSALL.

CHAPTER XV.

RICHARD TATTERSALL—HIS FATHER CALLED "THE HONEST MAN"—HIS EPITAPH:

"Placidâque ibi domum morte quievit."

"There calm at length he breathed his soul away."—VIRGIL.

HYDE PARK CORNER—SALE OF A FAVOURITE HACK.

"An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds."

SHAKESPEARE.

FEW men were better known or more highly respected than the late Richard Tattersall, grandson to the man who by never-flagging industry, strict integrity in all his dealings, and a spirit of genuine philanthrophy gained for himself the proud appellation of "Honest Richard Tattersall." Honest Richard came from the western borders of Yorkshire, upon the edge of Lancashire, about the year 1743. Possessing all the acute faculties of those born in the first mentioned county, and the business habits of those brought up in the latter, he lived to the green old age of seventy-one; ending his days at the Corner on the 21st of February, 1795. The following is

a copy of an epitaph written on him by some friendly pen; which I have no doubt he fully merited:

"Sacred to the ashes of Richard Tattersall, Esq., late of Hyde Park Corner, in the county of Middlesex, who by his indefatigable industry, irreproachable character, and unassuming manners raised himself (from an humble though respectable origin) to independence and affluence. To the rare excellence of bearing prosperity with moderation, he, by his inflexible integrity, united (as he justly acquired) the exalted appellation of HONEST MAN, and continued uncorrupted even by riches. Thus universally respected and beloved by all who knew him, he lived; and died as universally regretted. But though his perishable part together with this final tribute to his ashes shall decay, yet, as long as the recollection of honest worth, social manners, and hospitality unbounded shall be dear to the memory of man, the remembrance of him shall live; surviving the slender aid of the proud pyramid, the boasted durability of brass, and the wreck of ages."

The spirit if not the letter of the above would be equally applicable to the subject of my memoir. The original premises were opened about the year 1775, and underwent little change until removed from the site of St. George's Hospital to Knightsbridge Green—a green with a vengeance, "Lucus a non lucendo." In the centre of the old yard stood a pump (now removed to the new building) surmounted by a dome, supported by stone pillars,

on the top of the dome or cupola is a bust of Prince George, afterwards George IV. He appears in the fashion of the day, with his hair and *toupet* as worn at the end of the last century and early part of the present. The Subscription room in the yard was opened about the year 1789, when the number of subscribers did not amount to eighty; but amongst that small and select body were the names of all the most distinguished patrons of the turf. The Dukes of Grafton, Kingston, Portland, and Beaufort; Lords Darlington, Scarborough, Fitzwilliam, Foley, Clarendon, Oxford; Sir Charles Bunbury, Major O'Kelly; Messrs. Mellish, Delmé Radcliffe, and all the racing aristocracy of that day.

One of the most distinguished turfites of that day was Mellish, who might be seen at every gathering of sporting men. He often betted largely with the Prince of Wales, with whom he was on terms of great intimacy. About the year 1800 the betting ring was established at Tattersall's, and was supported by all the professional speculators of the day, then amounting to about twelve or fourteen; for the lordly breeder or owner of the racer never at that period dreamed of making a book, he only backed his own horses, or others he took a fancy to, thus supporting the turf as it ought to be supported, not alone for lucre but as a noble and national amusement. There was no "plunging" as it is now termed in those days; with the exception perhaps of Epsom and Doncaster the meetings were more or less private, confined to the resident

noblemen and gentlemen of the county, the yeomen, the farmers, and their families. Races for gentlemen-riders were much in vogue, but these races were strictly confined to officers of the army and navy, and members of the leading clubs. Bibury was the most fashionable gathering for amateurs—next to that, Goodwood, Lewes and Brighton.

A writer in "Household Words" gives a very graphic description of "the Corner," as Tattersall's was formerly called, as will be seen by the following extract:

"Few people are so serious in their amusements and so easy in their business transactions as the English. A Frenchman buys or sells stock, or merchandise, in gross with the air of being engaged in a deadly duel; while Capel, who concludes an affair of ten thousand pounds with apparent indifference and perfect good humour, is only to be found truly grave and unhappy at a ball or concert.

"Even the Germans, the most industrious and penetrating of foreign travellers, who dive into cellars, study life in temperance coffee-houses, coalheavers' taps, and other resorts still less known, but not less worth the studying by the common race of travellers generally, miss an exchange or mart, which combines to a large class of Englishmen all the charms of gambling on the Bourse, of lounging on the Boulevards of Paris, the casinos and gardens of Hamburg and Baden-Baden, at once a place of business and of speculation to the

extent of hundreds of thousands; while to an unlimited number who neither buy nor bet, it is a regular promenade and lounge at least twice a week.

"This place, hitherto overlooked by bookmaking visitors from abroad, is Tattersall's. The Garraway's of horses, and the Stock Exchange of racing men; where the supporters of two leading national institutions, fox-hunting and horse-racing, most do congregate."

The writer is unjustly severe in his comments upon the Subscription room.

"Here," he says, "the vilest and the proudest meet on equal terms, equality and fraternity can only exist in and be created by the spirit of gambling. The man on your right was boots at an inn, the man on your left is a peer; the man opposite to you keeps a gambling house; the man behind you talking to an M.P. has been tried, convicted, and sent to Newgate for fraud. Every crime and every grade has here its representative; but all pay honourably, the greater the scamp the safer the bet."

The above is evidently written by one who has never entered the Subscription room, which I should strongly recommend him to keep away from. There are many most honourable men connected with the betting ring, and although occasionally a black sheep may be found among them, what profession is there free from blemish. It is rather hard lines that the good should be censured for the faults of a few.

The late Richard Tattersall was a very good judge of a horse, and was ever ready to be of assistance to a friend. I can speak from personal experience, for on two occasions I was indebted to him for his advice. It is now some forty years ago that I saw advertised a splendid park hack, and being anxious to possess one, I immediately proceeded to the Corner. I saw the animal, and as far as appearance and action went he was faultless. I sought Tattersall, who told me that the animal was for sale by private contract, and that if no purchaser was found he was to be sold by public auction on the following Monday. The price asked was one hundred guineas, in those days a fair price for a park hack. I own myself that I do not agree with many who say "Oh, almost any horse, provided he is good-looking, will do for the park," for an animal that you are in the habit of riding every day should, in my opinion, not alone be good looking, but have what the dealers call "good manners." What can be more annoying that a fidgetty, hot, fretful brute, especially in a crowded Rotten Row on a hot summer's day. As I only kept one horse, and worked him pretty well the whole year round in London and in the country, I made up my mind to purchase the splendid park hack. The next point for consideration was whether I should buy him at once, or risk getting him at the sale.

"What say you, Tattersall?" said I.

"I can hardly give an opinion," he replied, "I don't consider the horse dear at one hundred guineas, for he is young and warranted sound.

He may go for ninety guineas, or he may be run up to one hundred and twenty or one hundred and thirty guineas. I ought to tell you he has carried a lady."

After turning the affair over in my mind, and remembering what Tattersall had said about his not being dear at the money, I gave a cheque for the amount, and became the possessor of the horse, whom I named Amulet; never did I repent my bargain, for in addition to my having been offered one hundred and twenty pounds for him before he left the yard, he carried me for five years, at the end of which time I sold him for one hundred pounds. I believe, however, I was indebted more to my friend d'Orsay for the high sum I received, than to the merits of Amulet, who though still perfectly sound had done much work. At that time there was a man about town, well known in turf circles, who had been the proprietor of a gambling house, and who aped the manners of the Upper Ten. This gentleman happened to mention to the Count that he was looking out for a handsome park horse.

"I know just the animal," responded d'Orsay, "Lord William Lennox wishes to sell his, and he is well worth the money, 100 guineas."

The following morning I received a letter, offering me a hundred pounds for Amulet, saying the writer would call upon me for an answer at twelve o'clock. He came, mentioned the recommendation he had received from the Count, and tendered me a cheque.

"I told d'Orsay a hundred guineas," I said,

but I am willing to take your cheque for a hundred pounds."

The bargain was completed, the horse handed over, when in less than an hour my friend re-appeared.

"I forgot, my lord, to say that my wife is so much struck with the beauty of Amulet that she is very anxious to possess a painting of him, and as I saw one over your mantelpiece, I mentioned it to her. Perhaps you would throw that in."

Not caring very much for the painting, I consented, adding, "I do not think the Count told you to offer me pounds instead of guineas, or to ask for an additional boon."

"You are too obliging," responded my companion. "I'll take it home with me if you will allow me. My wife will be charmed."

Nothing more occurred that day; but upon the next I found that the purchaser of Amulet was one of those who, "if you gave him an inch would take an ell," for he coolly wrote to say that, as he had not a saddle or bridle that would suit the horse, he trusted I would throw them both in. I took no notice of the letter, but when I met my grasping friend in Rotten Row, "witching the world," as he thought, "with noble horsemanship," I merely said, "Although Count d'Orsay recommended you to buy my horse, I do not think he suggested my throwing the saddle and bridle in."

My other transaction with Tattersall was as follows: I was anxious to buy a good useful harness horse, and consulted him. He told me that I might

pick up a very good one at his weekly sales; but that if I preferred purchasing one from a dealer, he knew one that would suit me.

"I have had him on job for two months, and a better or sounder animal I never drove. He belongs to Kirby of Upper Berkeley Street West, and if you can get him for seventy guineas you will do well."

Off I started to Kirby's, having previously received a description of the horse, and begged he would let me look at any horse he had to dispose of quiet in single harness.

"That's a nice roan mare," he said, "a splendid stepper, cheap at a hundred guineas."

"I don't quite fancy the colour" I responded.

"Well," he continued, "there's that brown horse. I call him 'The Drum;' he's rather tucked up—just off a job."

"And what do you ask for him?" I carelessly asked.

"Eighty guineas; warranted sound, and quiet in double or single harness."

"He's done some work," I responded, "but I tell you what I will do, I'll give you seventy pound outright, and ask no question."

"Impossible," said Mr. Kirby; "I fancy there's a gentleman after him."

"Good morning," I said, "I'm sorry we cannot have a deal."

Before I got out of the yard, Mr. Kirby caught me up, and after remarking that I was rather hard upon him, accepted my offer. The purchase turned

out well. Why he was called "The Drum" I know not, for "Rataplan" was not then in existence, or he might have claimed kindred with him. For a horse that was always *beat*, "The Drum" would not be an inappropriate name.

Although Richard Tattersall has ceased to exist, the establishment is still carried on in a manner worthy of its most palmy days.

CHARLES DAVIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

CHARLES DAVIS—HER MAJESTY'S LATE HUNTSMAN—SPORT IN BYGONE DAYS—ROYAL MEET AT ASCOT RACE-COURSE—THE QUEEN AND PRINCE CONSORT PRESENT AT IT—FRANK GOODALL.

"What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear,
Then sing him home,
Take thou no scorn, to wear the horn;
It was a crest 'ere thou wast born,
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it.
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn."

SHAKESPEARE.

AMONG the old familiar faces of the hunting-field, few were better known than that of Charles Davis, Her Majesty's huntsman. Before, however, I enter into his merits, it may not be out of place to refer to hunting in olden times. In every age of the world, men have, not only in their savage, but also in their civilised state, been devoted to it. In the heathen mythology we find the sports of the field constantly alluded to, as in the cases of Diana, the goddess of hunters, Apollo,

Cephalus, Actæon, Chiron, Meleager, Adonis, and Sason. Perseus was looked upon by the Greeks as the oldest hunter, although Castor and Pollux disputed this title; the first of those twin brothers being a horse, and the other a dog breaker.

Return we to mortals. Alexander the Great was fond of hunting, as was Cyrus. In the piping times of peace, the latter monarch not only took all the officers of his court out on hunting occasions, but ordered the soldiers of his army to accompany him that, by so doing, they might become active on horseback, dexterous, agile, and vigorous. More than two thousand years afterwards, another great hero emulated the example of the son of Cambyses, for it is well known that the late Duke of Wellington encouraged field sports among his officers for the same reason that Cyrus did. Before the reign of Artaxerxes, no one but the master had the right to kill or to maim the animal pursued. That prince permitted all to strike, and to kill if they could, the game they had in pursuit. Xenophon, the philosopher and general, after his famous retreat, retired to Solontum, where he amused himself, his sons, and his friends with the pleasures of the chase. It was here also that he wrote his works upon that subject. He looked upon this exercise as best calculated to form a good soldier; that it habituated man to cold, heat, and fatigue; that it kindled courage, elevated the soul, invigorated the body, made the senses more acute, and retarded old age. The Romans made field-sports an important concern; it was the school in which

their warrior chiefs were formed. "The amusement of the Roman youth," writes Pliny, "was the chase. Courage made them hunters, and ambition heroes." Julius Cæsar praised the people of the north, as being expert, both in the pursuit of game and war. Pompey, after having "larruped the niggers," introduced among them the sports of the chase. In short, the encomiums that have been bestowed upon hunting even in its wildest state by Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, Appian, Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Pliny the Younger, Grotius, and others, clearly demonstrate how highly it was regarded in those days.

Homer perpetually alludes and derives similes from the different modes of hunting, and Virgil frequently mentions the subject. I shall quote one passage to show how it was looked upon in those days:

> "Natos ad flumina primum,
> Deferimus, sævoque gelu duramus et undis;
> Venatu invigilant pueri, sylvasque fatigant;
> Flectere ludus equos, et spicula tendere cornu."

The Greeks entertained their friends with that noble pursuit as one of their highest amusements. Cicero, speaking of intrepidity, thus writes: "But those persons who wish to become illustrious as sportsmen, regard no danger or inconvenience.

Pliny thus alludes to the hound: "His dexterity and sagacity are pre-eminent; he diligently seeks out the track, and pursues the game, drawing on the accompanying huntsmen to his prey; which as soon as he perceives, how silent he is! how still!

how significant is his discovery! his tail is first employed, then his nose." Shakespeare writes as follows:

"Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds;
Brach, Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd;
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.
Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good
At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault?
I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.
Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent
Trust me, I take him for the better dog."

Ben Jonson also eulogises the chase:

"Hunting is the noblest exercise;
Makes men laborious, active, wise;
Brings health, and doth the soul delight
It helps the hearing and the sight.
It teacheth arts that never slip
The memory—good horsemanship,
Search, sharpness, courage, and defence,
And chaseth all ill habits thence."

In the "Spectator" it is prescribed as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution and preserving a good one. Dryden confirms the above:

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade;
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food,
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood;
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

Addison says: "We find that those parts are most healthy where they subsist by hunting, and that men lived longest when their lives are so employed." Somerville, who writes with all the spirit

and fire of an eager sportsman, gives the most animated description of the chase:

> "Delightful scene!
> When all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
> And in each blooming countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health and universal joy."

To refer to more modern days. The Laplanders live almost entirely on fish and game. The Tartars too, according to the authority of one of their historians, "draw the whole of their subsistence from the chase; when there is a scarcity of game, they eat their horses and drink the *milk* of their mares." This, I presume, must be the real *cream* of Tartar. Reader, look out for your pockets; I have perpetrated a pun. In France, from the days of Charlemagne, the monarchs of that country have been "mighty Nimrods." The *fête* of St. Hubert, the patron saint of hunting, is still kept up annually in that country.

Jacques de Fouilleux and Robert de Salnove, whose works upon the chase ought to be in every sportsman's library, give most interesting details of foreign hunting. The former describes Francis I. as the father of hunters, and in his dedication of "La Venerie," the author, addressing Charles IX., says, "that among the various pursuits of men, whether in the arts, or in high or occult sciences, or in the study of philosophy, none can be compared in his estimation to the delights of the chase. St. Foix gives an anecdote of Francis I., which proves the daring conduct of that prince. When this monarch was at Amboise, among other diver-

sions for the ladies, he ordered an enormous wild boar he had caught in the forest to be let loose in the court before the castle. The animal, enraged by the small darts thrown at him from the windows, ran furiously up the grand staircase, and burst open the door of the ladies' apartment. Francis ordered his officers not to attack him, and waited deliberately to receive him with the point of his sword, which he dexterously plunged between his eyes, and with a forcible grasp turned the boar upon his back. This prince was then only in his one-and-twentieth year.

The partiality of many of our kings for the amusements of the field is well known, and among the royal sportsmen of "Merrie England" may be mentioned Edward the Martyr, whose tragic end near Corfe Castle is well known. Edward the Confessor was strongly devoted to hunting. "There was only one diversion," says the historian, "in which he took the greatest possible delight, namely, to follow a pack of fleet hounds in pursuit of their game, and to cheer them with his voice. Every day, after divine service, he took the field, and spent his life in these beloved sports." William the Conqueror was a most tyrannical master of hounds, having desolated and dispeopled a great part of Hampshire to form the New Forest, then called Ytene. Some idea of the Norman's enjoyment of this manly exercise may be formed from the princely donations he bestowed upon his servants. Domesday book records that Wateran, the huntsman, possessed fifteen manors in Wiltshire,

eight in Dorsetshire, with several in Hampshire; the same authority gives the names of other huntsmen, Croe, Godwin, Williamus, as the owners of extensive possessions. In those days, the fairer portion of the creation caught the prevailing passion; even the mitre deserted its functions, and the cowl quitted the retirement of the monastery to join in the pleasures of the chase. William Rufus fell a victim to the sport he was so attached to; King John, amid the turmoil of a distracted and inglorious reign, found frequent opportunities of indulging his passion for it; Edward I. may also take a prominent place among the royal hunters of England.

The following account of the comptrollers of the wardrobe of this monarch, A.D. 1299, will give the reader some little insight into the habits and customs of those days:

	£	s.	d.
Paid to William de Foxhunte, the King's huntsman of foxes in divers forests and parks, for his own wages and the wages of his two boys; and to the care of the dogs from November 20th to the 19th of November following, for 366 days, it being leap year, to each per day two pence	9	3	0
Paid to the same, for the keep of twelve foxhounds belonging to the King for the same time, each dog per day a half-penny	9	3	0
Carried forward	£18	6	0

	£	s.	d.
Brought forward	£18	6	0
Paid to the same, the expense of a horse to carry the nets from September 20th to the last day of April, 163 days, threepence per day	2	0	9
Paid the same, the expense of the horse from September 1st, on which day the hunting season, after the dead season, to the 19th of November, 80 days, threepence per day	1	0	0
Paid to William d'Blatherwyck, huntsman of the King's foxhounds, for shoes for himself, and two boys, to each of them two shillings and fourpence .	0	7	0
Paid to the same for his habit during the present year	0	13	4
Paid to the same, for habits for his two boys, ten shillings each . . .	1	0	0
	£23	7	1

If these sums are multiplied by fifteen, there will be nearly the due allowance made for the difference in the value of money between that and the present time, and consequently the whole of the King's annual expense, under this article, amounted to somewhat more than £350 of our money. Nearly two hundred years afterwards, about the year 1481, Juliana Berners, sister of Lord Berners, wrote three English tracts on hunting, hawking, and heraldry.

From an edition of this book, printed by Wynken de Worde in 1496, I give the following extracts: "The proprytees of a good horse—a good horse sholde have fifteen good proprytees and condycions, that is to wyte, three of a man, three of a woman, three of a foxe, three of a haare, and three of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardye; of a woman, fayre-breasted, fayre of heere, and easy to move; of a foxe, a fair taylle, short eers, with a good trotte; of a haare, a grate eye, a dry head, and well rennynge; of an asse, a bygge chynn, a flat legge, and a good hoof."

Return we to our sporting monarchs. Edward II., though effeminate in some respects, was particularly fond of horses; and the warlike character of his son, the third of that name, induced him to procure them from foreign countries. In the year 1363, this monarch invited the Kings of Scotland, France, and Cyprus to a royal hunt, which equalled a tournament in expense and magnificence. In the reign of Henry VII. little mention is made of hunting, although all orders of the community kept a certain number of horses, in proportion to their rank and circumstances. His successor, "Bluff Harry," paid particular attention to the breed of horses, which, considering his Blue Beard propensities, was highly to be wondered at. While upon the subject of this regal Giovanni, I cannot refrain from giving an epigram, which I met a short time ago, in an old work, and which is attributed to the King:

"Three Kates, two Nans, and one dear Lady Jane I wedded,
One Dutch, one Spanish, and four English wives.
From two I was divorced, two I beheaded,
One died in childhood, and one me survives."

Edward VI., convinced of the value of horses, was the first monarch who made stealing them a capital offence. Queen Elizabeth was extremely fond of the chase, and very frequently indulged herself in following the hounds; for this reason the nobility, who entertained her in her different progresses, formed large parties, which she usually joined when the weather permitted. Her Majesty," says Rowland White, in a letter to Sir Robert Sidney, dated September 12, 1600, "is well and exceedingly disposed to hunting, for every second day she is on horseback, and continues the sport long." It must be borne in mind that the virgin Queen had at that time just entered her seventy-seventh year, and the interest she took in the sport proves her fondness of it. Her successor, James VI. of Scotland and I. of England, was a thoroughbred sportsman, at least in theory, if not in practice, as may be gleaned from the following letter addressed to his son :

Deare Son,—Amongst all unnecessarie thinges that are lawful and expedient, I think exercises of the bodie most commendable to be used by a young prince in suche honest games or pastimes as may further abilitie and maintaine health. Bodilie exercises and games are verie commendable as well for banishing of idlenesse (the mother of all vice) as for making the bodie able and durable for travell, which is very necessarie for a king. The

exercises I would have you to use are running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, dancing. and playing at the cacoche, or tenisse, archery, palle malle, and such other like faire and pleasant field games; and the honorablest and most commendable games that ye can use are on horseback, for it becometh a prince best of anie man to be a faire and good horseman. I cannot omit here the hunting, namelie, with running houndes, which is the most honorable and noblest sort thereof; but because I would not be thought a partiall praiser of this sport, I remit to you Xenophon, an olde and famous writer, who had no mind of flattering you or me in this purpose; and who also setteth down a faire pattern for the education of a young king under the supposed name of Cyrus. As for hawking, I condemne it not, but I must praise it more sparinglie, because it neither resembleth the warrs so neer as hunting doth, in making a man hardie."

During the above reign, horsemanship was much encouraged; public races were established about this period, and it is probable that some kind of meeting existed at Newmarket, where the monarch erected a house which was destroyed in the Civil Wars, but afterwards rebuilt by that distinguished supporter of the turf, Charles II. According to Wellwood, James I., already referred to, divided his time between his standish, his bottle, and hunting. His son, Henry, Prince of Wales, was devotedly attached to equestrian exercises. The reign of the first Charles was too much distracted

to permit him to take part in the pleasures of the field. According, however, to the testimonies of historians, he was an accomplished horseman. The Merry Monarch patronised the turf, James II. was fond of hunting; William III. encouraged the *manége*, under the able direction of a Frenchman, Major Foubert; Queen Anne and her consort, Prince George of Denmark, took great delight in horse-racing; George I. and II. were not devoted to hunting; George III. was greatly attached to the chase, and the royal staghounds in his day were well kept up. When Sir John Cope's hounds, in 1839, killed a fox in the preserves of Windsor, the brush was forwarded to Her Majesty, who received it most graciously and forwarded ten pounds to the huntsman.

I have now given a slight sketch of the royal lovers of sport, and have endeavoured to trace the delights of the hunting field from the days of

> "Nimrod the founder
> Of Empire and chase,
> Who made the woods wonder
> And quake for their race,"

down to the present time; and it must be a high source of gratification to all true sportsmen to know that the heir to the throne extends his royal patronage to what the poet terms "the sport of Britain's kings." There is no character that stands in higher estimation among all classes of Her Majesty's liege subjects, than the man of exalted rank, who not only feels for and sympathises with the distresses of his less fortunate

brethren, but who does his best to promote the amusement of his neighbours; and in this the Prince of Wales shines forth pre-eminently great.

I must now return to my subject; but before I speak of Davis, I must offer a few remarks upon stag-hunting. Stag-hunting has in all ages and in all countries been considered as a sport of the noblest kind. I allude to that of the wild stag, which afforded infinitely more excitement than the tame uncarting system of our days does. In bygone times, large tracts of land and immense forests were given up as chases, in which the antlered monarch might roam at large. The arbitrary manner of making royal forests was as follows: "The King sends out his commission under the Great Seal of England, directed to certain discreet persons, for the view, perambulation, meeting, and bounding of the place he mindeth to be a forest; which being returned in the chancery, proclamation is made throughout all the shire where the ground lieth, that none shall hunt or chase any manner of wild beasts in that precinct without the King's special licence; after which he appointeth ordinances, laws, and officers fit for the preservation of the vert (*id est*, everything which bears green leaves) and venison; and thus it becometh a forest by matter of record." So writes Manwood in his "Forest Laws."

The Norman kings punished those who killed any beasts of the forest with the greatest severity. William I. caused the eyes of those to be pulled out who took either a buck or a boar; while his

no less brutal son Rufus would hang a man for taking a doe. Henry I. drew no distinction between killing a man or a buck, both were punishable by death; and to destroy game, even out of the royal preserve, called down from the humane monarch either loss of limb or forfeiture of goods. Henry II. amended the tyrannical code instituting imprisonment for the offence; but his son Richard I. revived the savage laws of the first William, for punishing those convicted of poaching in the royal domains, but which he eventually changed to expatriation. The historians of those times inform us that the New Forest, Hampshire, was formed by the destruction of twenty-two parish churches, and many villages and manors, to the extent of thirty miles; and to his royal depredations many attribute the misfortunes that befell several of the princes in that forest. It was here that Richard, brother of Henry I., was killed by a soldier; Rufus by Wat Tyrrell; and Henry I., the nephew of Robert, the eldest son of the Conqueror, was hung in the boughs of the trees. At one period there were sixty-nine royal forests in England; but these scenes of desolation and tyranny have been gradually contracted. Art, science, commerce, and agriculture have spread themselves over those wide-extended tracts, and the savage quadrupeds of those days, like their more ferocious monarchs, have long been swept from the face of the earth. The stag, in the present cultivated state of this country, is now no longer found in his original wild state, but is kept in parks among the

fallow-deer. In the Highlands of Scotland the red-deer still abound, and rove abroad over their native wilds, untrammelled by park fences. Of the fallow-deer, I will merely remark that there are two varieties, both of foreign extraction. I allude to the spotted kind, said to have been imported from Bengal, and those of a dark-brown colour, which came from Norway, and which James I. introduced into Scotland, and afterwards removed to the then celebrated chases of Enfield and Epping. An historical fact connected with a white buck may not be uninteresting, and it will prove the tyranny of our ancient monarchs. When Edward IV. was hunting in the park of Thomas Burdett, Esq., of Arrow, Warwickshire, he killed a store of deer, and amongst them a white buck. When Burdett heard of this, he wished the horns in his belly that counselled the king to kill it, for which words he was beheaded at Tyburn.

With respect to deer, they ought not to be hunted until they are three years old, and should be kept on good corn, beans, and clover. The paddocks should be dry and well sheltered from the weather, with a hovel in one corner, from which a door ought to be made to correspond with the opening of the deer cart, and into which the stag can be driven without any trouble. In a grass country deer may be hunted once a fortnight, but in a flinty country it may be as well to save their legs, by turning them out only once a month. The night before they are hunted the

muzzle must figuratively, if not literally, be put on; prison allowance being requisite—little food and no water. The horns of the stag should be sawed off before the hunting season commences, as it prevents mischief to men and hounds.

I now return to Charles Davis, than whom a better man in the kennel or field never existed. He possessed judgment, quickness, patience, ability, forbearance, and good temper, indeed, the two latter virtues were pre-eminently conspicuous in his character, and were often put to the test; to wit, upon some of the days when the meet was at Salt Hill, and consisted principally of London horse-dealers of the lowest grade, who hunted to sell their horses, and who cared little whether they sacrificed the whole pack so long as they found themselves in the first flight. No sooner was the deer uncarted than away started some dozen flying roadsters, riding over the hounds—the only thing they did ride over—galloping in every direction, hallooing and shouting, and the moment the hounds were laid on, such a charge of cavalry took place that it required the practice of a man like Davis to settle down at all to his work. As a rider, both for hand and seat, Davis was first-rate, and for talent and popularity he was second to none. He was born and bred to the chase, the office of royal huntsman being, as it were, hereditary in his family. Were all hereditary honours similarly supported, it would be a boon for which we should have cause to be grateful. In the field, Charles Davis was the best-mannered man

I ever met with; although often provoked by cockney sportsmen, he never uttered an oath; a mild appeal to the gentlemen to "hold hard" and not "ride over his hounds," was all that escaped his lips. What a contrast to that of a celebrated master of foxhounds, who swore so dreadfully at a young sportsman for an act of unpremeditated mischief, that the latter remonstrated, and in a bland voice said,

"I didn't come out to be d—d."

"Then go home and be d—d," was the curt reply.

Stag hunting in Davis's days was very different from what it was in those "when George the Third was King." The state in which the field was then taken was very imposing. The royal party arrayed in grey frocks with black collars and cuffs; the huntsmen and whippers-in in scarlet and gold, and the yeomen prickers, six in number, in similar liveries, with French horns slung over their shoulders, constituted the cavalcade. These yeomen prickers were the representatives of an influential body of yeomen, selected from men of substance, living adjacent to Windsor Castle, who found their own hunters, and who were required to attend regularly whenever the hounds met. The changes in the nature of the country and in the character of the chase by degrees rendered the services of these officials less and less necessary, till at length they became a part of things that were. But the buckhounds of the above reign were by no means fitted for the princely pageant in which they appeared.

They were leggy, lathy, ill-coupled, and long-eared, with good heads, but of an abominable colour. They were fast for a burst, but that over, a hand-canter enabled their followers to keep up with them. About the commencement of the present century, George III. gave up hunting, and the splendour of the royal hounds fell somewhat into eclipse till the year 1813, when my father presented his pack of fox-hounds to the Prince Regent. George Sharpe, huntsman to His Royal Highness when the Prince hunted Hampshire, was appointed to that office with the buck-hounds, and three whippers-in took the place of the old yeomen prickers. At that time the Marquis Cornwallis was Master of the Buckhounds; he was succeeded by Lord Maryborough in 1823. Among others who have held this post may be mentioned Lords Jersey, Hinchingbrook, Albemarle, Lichfield, Chesterfield, Erroll, Kinnaird, Rosslyn, Bessborough, Cork, and the present popular Master, the Earl of Hardwicke.

One of the most memorable events connected with the Royal Stag-hounds took place on Easter Monday, 1840. A public announcement having been made, that it was the gracious intention of Her Majesty and Prince Albert to honour the meet at Ascot Heath with their presence, it is needless to say that thousands were attracted that had not been led to the field by the music of horn or hound. The morning dawned as became it on so auspicious an occasion, and a day followed in every way worthy the scene. A breakfast on a scale of

true English liberality was given by Davis at his beautiful lodge at the Royal Kennels, where long before noon was assembled as gay and aristocratic a party as ever was seen before at a hunting meet.

At one o'clock, Her Majesty, driven in a pony phaeton by Prince Ernest, afterwards King of Hanover, and accompanied by a right royal escort, was seen approaching the heath, which was literally thronged by a multitude in holiday array. On arriving at the grand stand the Queen was met by her Royal Consort and his cortége, and being handed from her carriage by the Prince, ascended to the drawing-room and appeared on the balcony. At this moment the *coup-d'œil* was the most animating and national that it has been my fortune to witness.

In the balcony of the Grand Stand stood Her Majesty, the Duchess of Kent, Prince Ernest, Lord Melbourne, the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Kinnaird, the Ladies Paget, and a large suite, while the roof was peopled with a gay assemblage. In front, a large semicircular area was kept clear, and after the hounds had been shown on the lawn to the royal party, thither the deer cart was drawn, and the quarry enlarged. As the doors were thrown open, out bounded a superb hind; a moment she paused, as fixed by the most unaccustomed sights and sounds—a moment gazed, more in wonder than alarm, upon such worshipful good company.

> "Then onward stretch'd, nor rested till
> She made the shades of Hawthorn Hill."

His Royal Highness went well to Maidenhead Bridge, where he left, the scent growing weak and the deer beginning to run short. There was one feature in the Prince Consort's character, which was obvious to the most casual observer. His Royal Highness never forgot an act of respectful attention, and in proof of it invariably acknowledged it in a way not only delicate but gratifying. On the occasion of the Easter Monday hunt the Prince made Davis a splendid present of plate.

To follow such a huntsman as Charles Davis was no easy task; fortunately however a successor was found in the person of Frank Goodall, who now hunts the Queen's stag-hounds. Like his predecessor he possesses judgment, quickness, patience, and good temper, with a large amount of the "suaviter in modo," ay, and the "fortiter in re," when men who know as much about hunting as an Ojibeway Indian does of a polka, over-ride the hounds, or in other ways spoil the sport. The hounds are in first rate condition, as I can vouch for, having recently paid a visit to the kennels; Goodall keeps up the traditional hospitality of the Lodge in the true old English manner, as I can also bear testimony to; for no sooner had the gallant pack enjoyed their equine feast than we sat down to a midday meal which reminded one of a poem of Moore's slightly altered:—

"A side-board decked out where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in a harem, and then singles out,
A nice pigeon-pie just to tune up your throat,
And a hundred more things I shall ne'er have by rote;
Cold sirloin of beef, potatoes dressed plain,
With tankards of home-brewed and cups of Champagne."

During the time Lord Rosslyn was Master of Her Majesty's Buckhounds I applied to him for information as to the establishment, and received the following reply :—

"Dear William Lennox,

"Her Majesty's present pack of stag-hounds originally the property of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond, have since, particularly within the last four years been crossed with hounds from the packs of the Dukes of Rutland and Grafton, Lord Yarborough, Sir Richard Sutton, Mr. Foljambe, Mr. Assheton Smith, &c. Talisman, the sire of many of the best hounds, was by the Belvoir Factor, out of their Timely. Fairplay, another sire, was by Mr. Foljambe's Rummager out of his Faithful. The average number of working hounds is about fifty couples. Average of horses for the men about eighteen, and for the master from six to eight. The stable is in beautiful order in every respect. Mr. Charles Bryant, the stud-groom is worthy of every praise. Mr. Charles Davis, the huntsman, is a beautiful rider, he commenced his career under George the Third, when he began by riding the second horse of the equerry-in-waiting. Robert Bartlett is first whipper-in, Henry Freeman, second ditto, Henry King third ditto, all excellent servants, knowing their duties right well. There are usually about twenty deer in the paddocks at Swinley. It is to be regretted that such an establishment is not in a better country. It was formerly contemplated to have changed them into

foxhounds, and to have hunted the Quorn country. Northamptonshire now vacant would be a splendid country. It is fully believed that the Prince of Wales will inherit the taste of his great grandfather, George III., for this national amusement. Since the termination of the hunting season on Easter Monday, the usual annual draft has been selected from Her Majesty's buck-hounds, which with some few casualties through the season has reduced the number to forty-two couples. To replace the draft there are at present eleven couples of young hounds which have been selected and put forward, many of them already through the distemper. They are bred chiefly from the Duke of Rutland's, Assheton Smith's, and Foljambe's blood. Her Majesty's hounds are from fox-hounds, and have no cross of blood-hounds in them, as has lately been stated in some of the daily newspapers.

"Yours ever and truly.

"ROSSLYN."

April 18th.

From all I hear and see, the establishment is in the same satisfactory state that it was in Lord Rosslyn's time.

LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK.

CHAPTER XVII.

LORD FREDERICK BEAUCLERK — CRICKET—A ROYAL GAME OF BOWLS—FOUR BOTTLE MEN—CLASSICAL AUTHORITY IN FAVOUR OF DRINKING — MODERN PRACTICE OF BOWLING — CURIOUS MATCHES—ONE-ARMED AGAINST ONE-LEGGED PLAYERS—BIPED *v.* QUADRUPED.

"Hur was the prettiest fellow,
At foot-ball or at cricket,
At hunting, chase, or nimble race,
How featly Hur could prick it!"

D'URFEY.

"The youthful train
Who move in joy, and dance along the plain,
In scattered groups each favoured haunt pursue,
Repeat old pastimes, and discover new.
Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noon-tide sun,
In rival bands, between the wickets run,
Drive o'er the sward the ball with active force,
Or chase, with nimble feet, its rapid course."

BYRON.

"Come on, lads! come on, come on, one and all;
Now shoulder the bat, and spin up the ball.
Take the field like young Trojans, your prowess essay,
While the batsman cries 'ready,' the bowler says 'play.'
Then run like wild deer pursued by the hounds,
And ground your bat proudly just over the bounds."

IN early life I became acquainted with Lord Frederick Beauclerk, fourth son of the fifth Duke of St. Albans. During the Westminster

holidays I was playing in a match of cricket in Goodwood Park, the parish of Boxgrove against that of Berstead, when a party sallied forth from the house, headed by my father, including Lord Winchelsea, Lord Frederick Beauclerk, Sir Horace Mann, General Bligh, the Honourable Henry and John Tufton, and Richard Leigh. They had quitted the dining-room after imbibing a fair quantity of port wine, leaving instructions with the butler that clean glasses, deviled buiscuits, and a magnum of "beeswing" should be ready on their return from the cricket field. There was only one wicket to go down on the Berstead side, which was disposed of as the above choice spirits and excellent cricketers joined us.

"How stands the match, youngsters?" said Lord Frederick addressing my brother George and myself.

"Oh, we've beat them by twenty runs," I responded.

"I suppose you Westminster fellows are in pretty good form?"

Of course we answered "Yes."

"Look here," he added, "I'll put you to the test, you shall each have two overs (at that period six was the number instead of four as at present), and if you get me out I'll tip you a guinea."

We agreed, upon which he doffed his coat, borrowed a bat from Lillywhite our umpire, and stood manfully up at his wicket.

"You shall begin," said I to my brother.

We quickly discovered that great as we imagined our prowess to be, it came far short of that of our

opponent. Undoubtedly Lord Frederick was the first gentleman cricketer of his day, for although he could not equal David Harris in bowling, surpass Tom Walker in batting, or Hammond in wicket-keeping, he united in his own person all those three great points in the game to such a considerable degree as to be pronounced the Crichton of cricket. My brother and myself soon found that we might as well have endeavoured to bowl down the Monument as Lord Frederick's wicket, and were in despair that we should never see the golden reward, when fortunately at the last ball but one, he was caught out, bowled by myself.

"Well bowled, well caught," he exclaimed, "there's a guinea a piece for you, you have earned it fairly."

Our delight at beating the great player was only equalled by that of my father, who throughout life was devoted to this our national game.

"You must stay for to-morrow's match," said he, "I'll write to Dr. Dodd to tell him I have kept you. Sussex against Kent will be a match worth seeing, and after your exertions a glass of port wine will do you no harm."

We all retired to the house and passed a most delightful evening. Lord Winchelsea, who had been my father's second in his memorable duel with the Duke of York, was a good cricketer, a most liberal supporter of the game, and a man of elegant and accomplished manners; Henry Tufton was a remarkable good-looking young fellow, as agreeable as he was handsome; his brother John was full of

fun, the life and soul of every party; General or Skirmish Bligh, as he was usually called, possessed every quality to make him a worthy member of the above society; Sir Horace Mann called the king of cricket, principal maker of the different matches, who kept open house for the members of the club at his seat near Maidstone, was a high-bred gentleman of the old school. His rival in making matches at cricket was Richard Leigh of Wilmington, who substantiated his claim by my grandmother, the Duchess of Gordon, publicly saying, "Mr. Leigh, though I am the first, you are the second *match-maker* in England." I have in a previous chapter alluded to the Duchess's talent in the above line.

Lord Frederick was one of the best bowlers of his day at Cambridge, and it was said that the Earl of Winchelsea seeing him bowl there, brought him out at the Marylebone Club. His bowling, though extremely slow, was very effective; knowing exactly where to pitch the ball, he so delivered it as to cause a quick and abrupt rise. He was also a good batter, a fair fieldsman, and a wonderful fast runner. At the period I write of, the members of the Marylebone Cricket Club always appeared in their sky blue club dress.

It may shock the feelings of those who in the present day wish to deprive the humbler classes of their Sunday amusements, that my father encouraged cricket after the services of the day were over, as he considered a healthy manly game in the open air infinitely more conducive to their spiritual and temporal welfare than the polluted

atmosphere of the tap-room, and thought it was but fair that those who had toiled heavily throughout the week should have one day for that recreation the higher order could so uninterruptedly enjoy. He wished to see the Sabbath passed in a pious, not puritanical manner, not as a day of ascetic gloom, but one of grateful acknowledgment; he was opposed to legislative enactments for the better observance of the holy day, feeling that "the witness in the breast" of everyone would produce its legitimate influence. He was an enemy to the cant and hypocrisy of those who preached one doctrine and practised another, who indulging in frivolity, controversies, and animosities, put on their religion as they did their Sunday garb, and loudly censured those who with less profession and form, manifested the sincerity of their devotions by the spontaneous offerings of a grateful heart. He could not reconcile to his ideas the monstrous anomaly that excludes the labourer and mechanic from innocent places of recreation, while it enables the wealthy to enjoy their rides, drives, clubs, boating, and dining. I entirely endorse my father's sentiments; let me illustrate my case. A mechanic in humble life, or a drover arriving in London in the exercise of his duties, reaching the metropolis late on a Saturday night, houses of entertainment are closed upon him; and if upon the following day he enters a public house during worship a police report notices the circumstance. I should not object so much to the system if it was universally carried out, but it is partial. What then can be the feeling

of the humble-minded countryman, who has suffered from the above stringent regulations when he takse his walk through the West End on a Sunday. The first thing that strikes him is the employment of many men and horses in watering the Parks that the olfactory senses of the higher classes may not suffer from the dust. He passes the clubs in Pall Mall, Piccadilly, St. James's, and Regent Street, and hears that eating and drinking are going on throughout the day; if he had the Asmodean power of looking through the walls he might perchance see a pool of billiards or game of cards being played at some of these fashionable reunions. If he bends his steps to the Regent's Park, crowds of carriages, phaetons, and cabs, will tell him that the Zoo on Sunday is a favourite resort of the Upper Ten; if he enters Hyde Park, he will meet a few "drags" heavily freighted with the gentler and sterner sex about to start for a whitebait or turtle feast at Greenwich or Richmond. Let not my remarks be misunderstood. I wish no Pharisaical observance of the Sabbath, all I require is, that the humbler classes should not be deprived of that rational recreation enjoyed by their more prosperous brethren. While giving credit to the promoters of the Sunday Trading Bill, and to the late Sir Andrew Agnew's repeated attempts to infringe upon the rights of the working people for their honest but mistaken notions, I would, if in Parliament, have opposed them to the last. I feel that in closing shops devoted to the wants and necessaries of the public, such as barbers and

bakers, the work of a few would extend to hundreds, and it appears hard that a man who receives his wages on a Saturday should not be allowed before the hour of Divine service to purchase a bloater or some sprats in the New Cut, while an aristocrat can have his salmon or turbot from many a West End tradesman early on the Sabbath day. Nor do I see why cigar and pastrycook shops should be allowed to carry on their trade on Sunday when other more useful establishments are closed. My principle would be to protect those who wish strictly to observe the Sabbath by no compulsory measures, and to leave the rest as a question of conscience between the creature and the Creator to whom the secrets of the heart are known.

As a boon companion, my father was ever a welcome guest at the table of the master-spirits of the age; and if he had a failing, perhaps I ought to call it a vice, it was one looked upon as venial in those days, that of hard drinking.

I remember upon one occasion the question of the four bottle men was agitated at Goodwood, when one of the party from the Emerald Isle, a gallant colonel, thus defended it upon classical authority.

"Bedad!" said he, "you must all remember that Caius Piso, who flourished under Tiberius, was raised to a post of honour in Rome, because he sat two days and two nights enjoying the sumptuous feasts of his patron, eating and drinking continually at the festive board."

"Why you speak like a book," said Lord Frederick Beauclerk.

"And Pliny too," continued the other, "writes of one Novellius Torquatus, a Milanese, who was dubbed a knight by the name of Tricongius for drinking (uno haustu) a most incredible quantity of wine; and the Roman historian tells us that 'Hortensius left ten thousand barrels of Chian wine (so called from the Island Chio) to his heir.'"

"Pass the bottle, Colonel," said my father, "it's dry work telling, ay, and listening to such classical lore."

"Horace, too, mentions the same propensity of hoarding wine for the successor; I wish my governor had followed that excellent precept."

The warm-hearted Irishman, having filled his glass, proceeded to say that Tergilla challenged M. Cicero, son of M. T. Cicero, the celebrated orator, to a drinking bout.

"Ah! bedad, I should like to have made one of them. Marc Anthony was no teetotaller, and among the Greeks Abuliades was one of the four-bottle men of his day."

"Here's your health, Colonel, may your shadow never be less!" exclaimed one of the party, "but in contradistinction to the above boosers, you've forgot to mention the reply of Demosthenes to the ambassadors who boasted of the potations the Macedonian King could imbibe, 'That laudable faculty he has in common with a sponge.'"

"Well, then," proceeded the Colonel, "that Athenian orator ought to have been a member of the Temperance Society."

Foremost among national sports I place the noble

game of cricket, which requires strength, grace, quickness of eye and hand, activity and skill. It is, moreover, one that can be played by high and low, rich and poor, man and boy; and there is no recreation more calculated to cement a kindly feeling between the high-born patrician, the wealthy farmer, and the laborious tiller of the soil, the rich yeoman and the humble farm-servant, the gallant officer and the equally brave sergeant, corporal, and private, than this truly English pastime, which for fairness, manliness, and healthfulness cannot be excelled. Tom Brown writes:—

"The true charm of cricket is, that it is still more or less sociable and universal; there's a place for every man who will come and take his part."

How cheering it is to the young, the middle-aged, and the old.

What can be more delightful than to see some stripling with a pile of hats for a wicket, commencing his first lesson, or to witness the veteran, who no longer can take the field, "shouldering" his bat to show how "scores" were won. In this manly game a nobleman's stumps may be lowered without any levelling system following such an event; men may be *caught out* without any slur to their character, may run for their lives without an impeachment of cowardice; may "chalk up a long score" regardless of the consequences; may be "bowled out" without suffering more than a temporary defeat, and may forfeit their *bail* free from the fear of legal consequences. Despite the remark attributed to the French Countess, who after sitting out some

dozen "overs" exclaimed, "When does de game of creekit begin?" it is one that has been introduced with the greatest satisfaction in all countries in which Englishmen congregate. I myself have played in a match at Enghien, near Brussels, a week or two before another species of *ball* practice was got up between Wellington and Napoleon the First. I have made a fair score within a few miles of Paris, after the Allies had occupied that city. I have had an innings in the Prater at Vienna, have "gone in" on the plains of Abraham near Quebec, where Wolfe died victorious, have handled a bat within sound of the mighty cataract of Niagara, much to the amusement of the inhabitants of the countries I have referred to. Les braves Belges, the light-hearted French, the quiet Austrians, the loyal Canadians, and the wild North American Indians, were not a little surprised at seeing Englishmen of all grades taking part in this national recreation. I consider then that the game of cricket has a peculiar claim to patronage for the reasons I have given; it moreover possesses another advantage, that of bestowing upon mortal man that inestimable gift "mens sana in corpore sano."

Like every other institution and amusement, cricket has its detractors. In the "Connoisseur" of 1756, Mr. Toby Bamper's vulgarities are thus described: "Drinking purl in the morning, eating black pudding at Bartholomew Fair, boxing with Buckhouse, and playing at cricket in the Artillery Ground with Faulkner and Dingate, Mr. Toby Bumper is esteemed as good a bat as any of the

Bennets." As a set-off to the above, I find that previous to this, cricket was looked upon as a game in which the clergy might take part, for Horace Walpole, writing in 1749, says, "I would tell you of Lord Montford's making cricket matches, and fetching up parsons by express from different parts of England to play on Richmond Green." In 1806, I can bear testimony to the support given to cricket by the then Bishop of Chichester, the Right Rev. John Buckner.

The ball presents itself in many varied forms. In early youth we have cricket, hockey, trap-ball, fives, and football. As we enter manhood, it delights in the old-fashioned bowling-green, flies over the smooth green baize of the billiard table, or the less exciting bagatelle-board, golfing, rackets, tennis diversifying the amusement, while of late years that most delightful out-door amusement, lawn tennis, has been introduced. Thus, in every form, the ball may be kept up with the greatest satisfaction as one of the games of Old England.

China is famed for its ball practice. Homer sang of it as it was played by the maidens of Corcyra. Strutt informs us that hand-ball was from very early times a favourite pastime in Great Britain among young persons of both sexes, and in many parts of the kingdom it was customary for them to play at this game during the Easter holidays for tansy cakes. The last-mentioned authority gives a plate from an ancient MS., in the Royal Library, of the date of the twentieth year of the reign of Edward IV., which represents

bowls as early as the thirteenth century. It was at one time a fashionable game, and even in our day there are well-frequented bowling-greens in many principal towns, which are attended by the most respectable residents. Some of our former monarchs took part in this recreation, as may be seen from the following extract from the "Life of Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas," written by herself, in which mention is made of a house at Barking, called Barking Hall, belonging to her great grandfather, Richard Shute, Esq., a Turkey merchant, and one of the members for the City of London. It is described as an antique building of a castellated form, situated at the end of a long avenue of elms, near the town of that name.

"Here," she writes, "Mr. Shute made one of the prettiest and most commodious bowling-greens ever seen; and Charles I., who was partial to the amusement, having heard of the fame of this new bowling-green, told Mr. Shute, when he next came to Court, that he would dine with him the following day and have a game. Mr. Shute made the best preparation that the shortness of the time would allow; and the King was so well pleased with his entertainment, that he would frequently lay aside his state and resort thither with only two or three gentlemen as his attendants. They generally played high, and punctually paid their losings; and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the King would at one time bet higher than usual, and having lost several games, gave over.

"'An if it please Your Majesty,' said Mr. Shute, 'one thousand pounds; some rubbers more, perhaps luck may turn.'

"'No, no,' replied Charles, laying his hand gently on his shoulder, 'thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children.'

"How happy would it have been for this country if every monarch had followed this wise remark.

In the "Memoirs of Count Grammont" I find the following allusion to bowls: "The game of bowls, which in France is the pastime of mechanics and servants only, is quite the contrary in England, where it is the exercise of gentlemen, and requires both art and address. It is only in use during the fair and dry part of the season, and the places where it is practised are charming, delicious walks, called bowling-greens, which are little square grass plots, where the turf is almost as smooth and level as the cloth of a billiard table. As soon as the heat of the day is over, all the company assemble there; they play deep, and spectators are at liberty to make what bets they please."

I have referred to Mr. Shute, a Turkey merchant, which reminds me of an anecdote of Horne Tooke, who was the son of a poulterer. When called upon by some proud stripling at Eton to describe himself, "I am," said young Horne, "the son of an eminent Turkey merchant."

Much attention has been called to the modern practise of hurling instead of bowling the ball at cricket, an innovation not only truly dangerous,

but one that in a great measure destroys the science of the game. The players of bygone times did not think it necessary to encase themselves in tubular india-rubber gloves and leg-guards, but appeared in their white duck trousers and jackets, with no other implements of defence against the flying ball save those which nature had given them; yet the game was quite as well played as it is in the present day. A man now goes in with the fear of having his human stumps shattered, an arm broken, teeth knocked out, or one of his optics damaged; and unless his temperament is entirely free from all nervous apprehension, I question much whether he could attend to the first rule in batting, which according to a well-known authority runs as follows :—

"Fix your right foot just near enough to the crease to be put in your ground, and as near the black hole as you can without being before either stump; then fix your left foot slightly on the ground, as wide as you conveniently can, immediately between yourself and the bowler." This quaint author then proceeds :—"Now stand up on the carpet for attitudinizing; take some mark in the seam as the spot for fixing your right foot, and place the left on another part of the same seam; never mind appearing awkward. You will now find that you have more power to hit on the 'off side' than on the 'on.' Secondly, that your left shoulder will be sufficiently forward to prevent you from swinging up your bat towards the cieling. Now, probably, it seems to you that you are cramped,

and not as free as you used to be. Quite so; before you were free to play badly, now you are constrained to play correctly. This, then, will be the first lesson. Stand fixed according to these directions, and poke away as clumsily as may be, day after day, till you have played some eight or nine hundred balls, taking care never once to allow the point of your bat to be turned the least upward. A little of this exercise will lead you into old Nysen's rule of keeping the left elbow well up, and nearly in the direction of the bowler. Now I think I hear you say, 'Did ever any one see a good player in such an attitude, poking and pushing, rather than hitting freely?' You must know that a man of elegant deportment never puts himself into the attitudes of the drill-sergeant; yet, however forced and awkward these movements at first appear, the habits they produce are consistent at once with elegance and ease. The case is the same with cricket; the movements enjoined will at first seem awkward enough, yet the habits proceeding from them will give great power and facility in hitting. So much then for my first rule, attempt nothing till this, which I call my drilling exercise, has taught you to hit with your bat upright, and its point never as near the bowler as its shoulder. It teaches to cover the ball, a point in which the best players occasionally err." I now subjoin the able letter of the late Mr. Bishop, of Bond Street, with this remark that, if the present system of bowling is continued, I should strongly advise that suits of armour from the Tower of London be for-

warded to the members of 'Princes's,' 'Lords,'' and other cricket clubs. Indeed, the Household Brigade might turn out in jack-boots, gauntlets, cuirasses, and helmets to contend against the Zingari in chain hauberks, steel head-pieces, and iron armlets."

"Dear Bell,

"I have seen many letters in your paper of late on the system of bowling now in fashion; and, as this is a subject which has occupied much of my attention, I shall feel obliged by your letting me have my say. That the over-hand throwing is dangerous to the batsmen, I think nobody, even among the professional players who are interested in the continuance of that system, will attempt to deny. Nothing more forcibly illustrates this fact than does the universal repugnance to stand before an over-hand bowler, except in a regular match. A gentleman who is a member of 'Lords,' and a first-rate player to boot, told me that once at practise one of these high bowlers asked whether he would like to take a few balls. 'Oh! dear no!' was the answer, 'if I have to meet you in the field, I must take my chance. That would be another matter entirely.' The feeling among amateurs in general is accurately represented by the reply. There are many who like to play cricket as a game, but decline to practise it as a science involving considerable personal risk. Those who may have a fancy for incurring bodily injuries may do so to better effect in a stand-up fight. How many

fathers do I know, who without desiring to see their sons milksops, pray that they may never take a bat in hand until an alteration in the laws of cricket shall have taken place. The Hon. Robert Grimston, than whom no one is better qualified to take the matter in hand, has given notice of his intention to propose a change in the law No. 10. The terms of his suggestion are as follows:—The ball must be bowled. If thrown or jerked, or if the bowler, in preparing to deliver, or in the actual delivery of the ball, shall raise his hand or arm above his shoulder, the umpire shall call 'no ball.' To this proposition, I see your correspondent, Mr. Letby, only in part gives his assent. He thinks that the ball should be delivered with the hand below the shoulder, but that no restraint ought to be put on the bowler beyond the enforcement of this rule; that is to say *before* the actual moment of delivery, the hand may be above the point indicated. Mr. Letby, in effect, contends that the bowler has a right to exercise any peculiar knack he may possess of giving the ball a greater impetus, and that, so long as he adheres to the principle of delivering the ball with the low hand, he may in the act of giving it force, lift his hand as high above the shoulder as he pleases. Why, Sir, that is the very point of the objection! It is this mode of giving terrific power to the jerk or throw which we condemn. As a fact, very few of the high-bowlers deliver the ball from a point above the line of the shoulder, nor is it of any great consequence whether

they do or not. It is in the way of acquiring the momentum that their dangerous advantage lies. As for the argument that round bowling is necessary in order to give the acceptive bias, I do not see that it has anything to do with the question of high bowling. This is entirely a matter of giving force to the ball. When this terrible custom is practised by a left-handed bowler the danger is increased. The batsman cannot tell how the ball is to come; for standing before a left-handed bowler is like sparring with a cross-eyed man. I trust, Sir, that the names of those noblemen and gentlemen who have interested themselves in the projected alteration will have their due influence. It is from such quarters that we must look for the laws of the game. With the utmost good-feeling to professional players I say that the patrons of cricket are those best qualified to form and amend its rules. Among the prominent advocates of the change of system are Sir Frederick Bathurst, the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, and the gentleman I have named as the proposer of a new law to supersede that which is now in operation. Let us, then, hope to see cricket once again as it deserves to be, the foremost of national games. Let us hope, I say, that under an improved, or rather a restored system, umpires will do their duty honestly and fearlessly. Let players go to the wicket as they used years ago, cheerfully, and with their limbs and bodies unencumbered by pads and guards of every conceivable description. The sight of a

man so encased is in itself a sufficient suggestion of the danger he is about to tempt.

"Yours &c.,

"WILLIAM BISHOP."

170, New Bond Street.

The "Bishop of Bond Street" (as he was familiarly called) had evidently the best of the argument with Mr. Letby—what an ominous name for a longstop, let-bye?—for the above sensible letter met the full approbation of the Marylebone Club, and was greatly influential in bringing about a change in the law of cricketing therein referred to. The meeting at Lord's, to take into consideration the proposal of the Honourable Robert Grimston, was unanimous on the subject, not a single hand being held up in favour of the practice so strongly reprehended by Mr. Bishop, who gave utterance to common sense when he argued that a gentleman who may wish to play the manly game of cricket, cannot reasonably be expected to pay a professional bowler for the mere privilege of standing in jeopardy of life and limb from that bowler's violent and unfair hurling of the ball.

While upon the subject of cricket, I cannot refrain from laying before my readers the account of two curious matches at which in early days I was present. The first was for a thousand guineas, as was stated in the sporting prints (albeit I fancy it was not for as many shillings), between the one-armed and one-legged pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. It took place at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, and created much diversion, as several

lost or broke their wooden walls. The following is the return of the match :

One-Armed Players.	
First Innings	20
Second do.	65
Third do.	32
Total . .	117
One-Legged Players.	
First Innings	31
Second do.	25
Third do.	21
Total . .	77

As soon as the umpire declared the match to be in favour of the "fewest hands," the winners drove off to Greenwich in a triumphal car, ornamented with flags, banners, and laurel leaves, "laughing," I presume, "in their empty sleeves" at the discomfiture of the one-legged fraternity. The losers speedily followed them, and consoled themselves with "splicing the main-brace" with prog and grog that had not undergone the scrutiny of the purser, and which left them (to follow out the nautical metaphor) "three sheets in the wind."

The other match was between Lord Charles Kerr and J. Cock, junior, Esq., to play a game of cricket; his lordship backing his servant, James Bridger, and his water spaniel "Drake," against Mr. Cock with Mr. Weatherell. The match, which was for fifty guineas a side, was played at Holt

Pond cricketing ground, near Farnham. The post assigned to Drake was that of fagging out for the ball, the only way in which his services could be rendered available, and as he always caught it at the first bound, he proved himself quite as good a fieldsman as many a biped. The following was the result of the game:

First Innings.

Lord C. Kerr.

J. Bridger . . 50—Caught out by J. Cock.

" Drake . . . 0—Instead of " not out," I may say, " never in."

J. Cock, Esq.

J. Cock . . . 6—Caught by J. Bridger.

W. Weatherell . 0—Run out by Drake.

Mr. Cock then turned " shy" and gave up the match. The way in which the spaniel ran Weatherell out was this. Weatherell hit the ball smartly for a run, but " Drake" played across the ball so much faster than the former expected, stopped it so well, and delivered it so quickly to his partner Bridger, that Weatherell's stumps went down without a run.

In conclusion, I am indebted to the author of that excellent book, " Cricketana," for the following statement:

" The Laws of Cricket were first revised at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, February 25, 1774, by a Committee of Noblemen and Gentlemen of Kent, Hampshire, Surrey, Middlesex, and London.

Committee.

In the Chair—Sir William Draper. Present—His Grace the Duke of Dorset, Right Honourable Earl Tankerville, Sir Horace Mann, Philip Dehany, John Brewer Davis, Henry Peckham, Francis Vincent, John Cooke, Charles Coles, Richard James, Esquires; Reverend Charles Pawlet.

THE END.

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